



THREE YEARS IN CAMP AND HOSPITAL.

BY E. W. LOCKE.

AUTHOR OF THE POPULAR SONGS, "DOWN BY THE SEA," "I FEEL I'M
GROWING OLD, LIZZIE," "THERE'S A FRESH LITTLE MOUND NEAR
THE WILLOW," "HEAVEN OUR HOME," "HAS FATHER BEEN
HERE?" "SWEET CHILD OF THE GLEN," "KITTY
MANEE THE QUADROON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Bear witness, our sires, beneath the turf sleeping,
Forever your flag shall wave spotless, untorn;
Your long-rusted swords from scabbards are leaping,
To follow and smite where our banner is borne.
While Bunker's spire guards its patriot ashes,
While Lexington's grandsons have arms to be nerved,
While foam from the sea o'er Plymouth Rock dashes,
The Union, it must be, it shall be preserved, —
The Union, the Union, the Union forever!
The bond of our fathers no treason shall sever:
The star-spangled banner shall ever wave o'er us, —
From fortress and steeple reëcho the chorus, —
Hurrah! hurrah! the Union forever!

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PREFACE.

THIS book is published more especially for friends and acquaintances, many of whom may be found in nearly every town in the Northern and Western States. Having met with most of the "boys in blue" in the Army, delivered many thousand temperance lectures in different States, devoted from two to four months to almost every important political campaign since 1856, and sung for more than a million of children in the Public and Sabbath Schools of the country, it will be seen that, for a man of medium gifts, I am very extensively known.

I am well aware that the sphere I have occupied is regarded by most people as a humble one. It is common to commend humility, as an abstract virtue, but to pass by the one who practises it. The mass of mankind, though destitute of claws, seem born to climb. The boy is not out of his skirts before he climbs to the top of the highest fence he can find; anon he seeks a tree, the house, if not the chimney, top. The builder must watch his staging, or the boys are astride the ridge before the roof is boarded. Men climb above each other all through life; and the constant aim of most men and women is, not to enjoy what they have, but to stand higher than their neighbors. To get to the head in the school-room, to be an officer in the town or some society, — in short, to be ahead and attain distinction, seems to be one of the leading characteristics of many of our race.

Notif. Prof Hyman

In my Bible and Sabbath-school books I early learned the beauty of humble serving; and thirty busy years of manhood, spent mostly with those in the humbler walks of life, in an earnest endeavor to minister to their wants or pleasure, have demonstrated that this virtue is not only beautiful, but, like most others, a paying one. It returns luxuries money will not purchase. In the following pages there is more about the common soldiers than officers, for the reason that I spent most of my time with this, the working class of an army.

Though mainly for friends, if others see fit to purchase the book they will have my gratitude. In giving the language of different persons, uttered from five to ten years since, I cannot, of course, pretend to strict accuracy. If those who have been quoted shall find any fault, they will please excuse; for it has been my aim to be strictly truthful, and that I have been nearly so I am the more confident, inasmuch as my memory is very retentive and accurate.

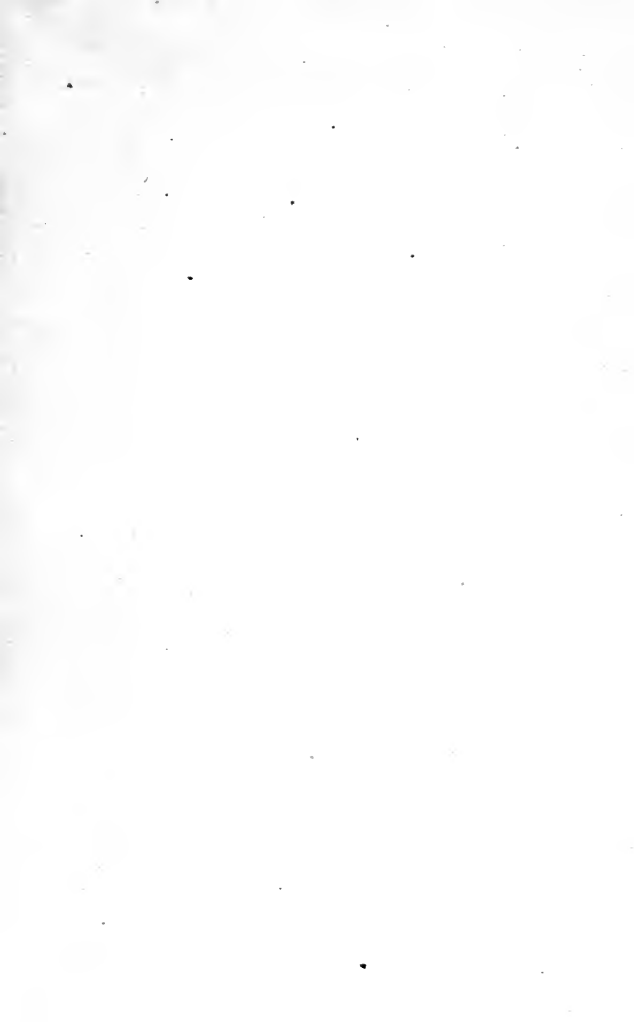
The songs, with music, scattered through the book, are some of those most sung by the soldiers. I am asked for them by members of the Army whenever met. The entire book will cost less than these songs alone in sheet music. Those without music are inserted for such as take an interest in simple ballad poetry.

In conclusion, I will say that, in all my intercourse with officers and men in the Army, with political committees and politicians, with Sabbath-school superintendents and scholars, with school-teachers and pupils, and with clergymen and their vestrymen, my intercourse has been of the pleasantest character. I have met with but one class of public servants who have left

very painful impressions. I refer to the higher officers of prisons. If I should ever present the public with another book, it will be on the prisons of our country. In Jeffersonville, Indiana, there is a Prison Warden who tries to carry the spirit of Christ into his every-day work. His Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Sullivan, is a meet companion; and the prisoners love them as they would their fathers. But observations made in a large number of these institutions compel me to say these men are exceptions.

I am sensible of many blemishes in composition. Some of them shall be removed in future editions. But the book was not written for critics; and if it shall be found to any extent enjoyable, and shall pay the uncritical reader for his time in perusing it, I shall be content.

THE AUTHOR.



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THREE YEARS IN CAMP, AND HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY. — SINGING IN THE ARMY.

HOWEVER little the world may prize the singer or the musician, music seems, on very many occasions, nearly indispensable. It has a wonderful charm for most persons. Hand-organs do not go out of use like "one-hoss shays" and velocipedes. They are as dear to our children of to-day, as they were to us in our childhood. People who regard the players as beggars, or a nuisance, and refuse a penny, throw up their windows, that they, as well as their children, may hear the music. It forms a large part of worship among most nations; and at festivals, social, political, patriotic and religious gatherings, accomplished musicians are sought, to add interest to the occasion.

The factory-girl sings at her loom, the blacksmith at his forge, and the teamster whistles by his slowly-plodding team. Only at a quarrel, and a birth, is music never heard; or, if there is any in the latter case, the business is appropriated entirely to the new-comer. Some sing before they can talk, others never. Some patronize music because they love it, others because they are ashamed to have it known that they have no musical taste. Many who scarcely know one tune from another, and certainly not harmony from discord, are liberal patrons of musical artists, but from what motive it is hard to tell.

In my first book of history, I read of balladists who accompanied armies to battle. They told the story of the struggle, and the victory, and it took deeper hold of the senses than the words of the most eloquent orator. Exquisite ballad singing is the highest form of eloquence. In every age, events that have stirred the hearts of the people have given birth to innumerable songs. The history of any people, with their songs omitted, is imperfect. These, better than almost anything else, show their thoughts and feelings.

When Moses and his people had escaped from the Egyptians, and their pursuers had been swallowed up by the sea, they sang unto the Lord a song, — "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The

Lord will reign for ever and ever. For the host of Pharaoh went in with his chariot, and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea. And Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Sitting, in my childhood, on the knee of some veteran of the Revolution, I could always win a more tender embrace, and start the tears from his dim old eyes, by singing, "*The Taxation of North America.*" It had some fifteen eight-line stanzas, yet once singing seldom sufficed: it took him back to the days when he fought at Bunker Hill, and suffered at Valley Forge. Through childhood and youth, I ever had day-dreams of marching with armies, to fight for some loved principle. I never heard the *Marseillaise* without wishing to spring into the ranks as a soldier, and fight to overpower some wrong. But when war came upon us, it found me unfitted for military duty, having been disabled by a fall three years previously; and, though being able to walk quite well, going to the field as a soldier or an officer was out of the question. Think-

ing there might be something for me to do, I wrote Senator Wilson asking for an appointment, however humble, assuring him that my services should be rendered without expectation of pay or honors. His answer was that he knew of no place for me. This was mortifying, and made me indignant. Other men obtained situations with pay and honors. I asked for neither, and was refused. Yet if there should be a serious war, as many predicted, there might be a place in the hospital before the end.

I determined, then, to ask for an appointment in the civil service, under Mr. Lincoln, for he had promised me at his home, in Springfield, assistance, at any time it might be needed. With a straightforward letter from Mr. Washburn, then Governor of Maine, in which my qualifications and services were duly set forth, I proceeded to the White House for an office. If Mr. Lincoln should forget his promise, here was my Governor's letter to intercede for me; if that failed, here were the signatures of a good part of the Maine delegation. Who had a better chance for an office? Arriving at the marble building, there was no sentinel to pass at the outer door; and any one who had business with the President could pass through the hall into the large waiting-room on the left, send his card into the smaller room beyond, by a messenger in attendance, take a seat among the

crowd, who have mostly come for an office, and in due time he will be admitted.

Until I saw the crowd, and watched their anxious faces, and overheard the importunities of each to the other for help, begging this one to turn awhile for the sharpening of his axe, when, in due time, the favor should be reciprocated with large interest, I was elated. But the office-seekers disgusted me, and the letter to the President was torn up at once. Yet it would be pleasant to speak with him. Waiting for my turn to go in, there was an opportunity to study my companions. One wanted the collectorship of New Orleans. But what had he done to merit such a fat office? Some extraordinary thing out in Illinois, for the Republican party; and Mr. Lincoln could not be so ungrateful as to deny his request. He claimed that he had expended a number of hundred dollars for the party; and how was he to get his pay, but by an office? Another wanted a berth at Niagara Falls, connected with the Customs. Another wanted to supplant Gen. Bulger, of Baltimore, who purchased army supplies. Another claimed, that by his zeal, money, and tact, he had carried a doubtful county in Pennsylvania, and nothing short of a good paying office would satisfy him. Here was one from Illinois, who had been a Democrat all his life, fighting side by side with John A. Logan. But now, as John had

gone to fight the rebels of the South, he wanted to fight the rebels at home ; and, to do it successfully, he must have a good paying office. " O shame ! where is thy blush ? " I was ashamed of my company, and ashamed of myself, without looking in one of the great mirrors that hung in the room.

Taking my memorandum-book, looking a few minutes at the anxious crowd of patriots, and including myself in the number, the following doggerel was pencilled while waiting for my turn : —

Noble, patriotic men !
Maimed and scarred in bloody strife ;
Loving country more than self,
Leaving all more dear than life ;
Counting thousands spent as nought,
Willing yet to dare and do ;
" Give an office, Uncle Abe,
Then we'll be as good as new.

" Think of us while on the stump,
Braving Democratic hail ;
Think of speeches we have made,
And the tons we've sent by mail ;

Still there's fearful work to do,
Stopping Democratic foam ;
Give an office, Uncle Abe,
Then we'll join the guards at home.

"We have brothers in the war,
Or, at least, our wives have some ;
If we're wanted we will go,
When the time to draft shall come ;
Let those go who like the fun,
We have other work to do ;
Give an office, Uncle Abe,
Then we'll put the rebels through."

At length the President was ready to hear my business. Who that looked at the care-worn man sitting at his desk, pen in hand, could but pity him, and wonder why any one should ever desire such a position as his? The weight of a nation was on those small, round shoulders ; the lives of tens of thousands in those thin hands. Men of humble life sleep the whole night, and wake refreshed, their faces showing no line of care ; at the setting of the sun they lay down their responsibilities with their tools, and give the evening to recreation. Not so with that weary servant of the nation, who watches, prays, and works,

while others sleep. And yet I, like others, had come to take up his time. Giving his hand, and saying he recollected me, he asked what he could do for me.

"I want no office, Mr. President; I came to ask for one, but have changed my mind since coming into this house. When it comes to turning beggar, I shall shun the places where all the other beggars go. I am going to the army to sing for the soldiers, as the poets and balladists of old sang in war. Our soldiers must take as much interest in songs and singing, as did those of ancient times. I only wished to shake hands with you, and obtain a letter of recommendation to the commanding officers, that they may receive and treat me kindly."

"I will give you a letter with pleasure, but you do not need one; your singing will make you all right."

On my rising to leave, he gave his hand, saying,— "God bless you,—I am glad you do not want an office. Go to the army, and cheer the men around their camp-fires with your songs, remembering that a great man said, "*Let me but make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws.*"

Calling me back, he said it would be necessary to procure a pass at the Provost-Marshal's, on Twenty-first Street, which could be done on the recommen-

dation of Senator Morrill, or any of the members from Maine, and that, with the object in view, there would be no difficulty in reaching any of the armies, East or West.

Procuring a cork bed, which could be rolled up and slung like a knapsack, and getting out a large edition of my songs, with music as well as words, each song being printed on a large thick sheet, and sold at five cents, I crossed the Potomac on my new enterprise. My feelings were new and strange. It was attempting something for which there was no modern precedent. When a minister or a justice marries his first couple, he can consult a form, and commit it to memory. If one were to give a concert in any town or city, he had but to get out posters, and he could draw a crowd.

It was difficult to determine what to call myself in this new role, provided it should be successful. There were fife-majors, drum-majors, and band-masters; but there was nothing in the Army Regulations about singing-masters. It mattered not that there ought to be,—it mattered not that France has been thinking of teaching singing in her navy,—it matters not that Key, who wrote the "Star-spangled Banner," is immortal, as well as Washington, though the difference in the position of the two persons is as great as can well be imagined. Yet mine was a mission that

had no name, nor could an appropriate one be thought of.

My first effort came near being my last. I called on the colonel of a regiment from the city of New York, told him my business, and asked permission to speak and sing with his men. He gave me a very chilling reception, and was anxious to have me leave. Telling me that his chaplain could do all the speaking and singing his men wished to hear, he yet said, if they wished to hear me, he should not prohibit my singing. "Yet," he continued, "if you cause any row in the camp, you must leave at once."

Stepping upon a cracker-box, in the centre of the camp, I told the men that if there were no special duties to take their attention, I would be happy to entertain them for a short time.

"Are you a tract peddler?" says one. "We don't want any tracts,—we make our own."

I told them I would sing them a new song or two, if they would gather about me and make an audience; but some one replied "that they had men in the regiment who could beat the world singing, and that I had better go and *do re mi* to the country-boys." They came from the city of New York, where the best music of the country was made. I was about leaving, when it occurred to me that it might be well to try a stanza or two, without an audience. Before

the second stanza was completed, there were more than two hundred men about me; and as I was about to take up the third stanza, a Lieutenant, a short distance away, thinking I was a bummer, and wishing to annoy me, while at the same time he could give a specimen of his wit, called out,—

“I say, old fellow, have you got any soap to sell?”

“No sir; but if I had expected to find a chap that needed it as much as you do, you should have been supplied.”

A shout was raised that brought more than five hundred men about me. It was a successful hit. Not only must the singing be continued, but the Lieutenant came forward and helped to sell the songs. Hundreds of the men sang with me, and it was almost impossible to get away from the camp. Even the Colonel and surgeon came out and listened, while the officers joined in promiscuously with the men, all singing as if it were a religious, instead of a military camp-meeting.

This was my introduction. With a little pluck, and lucky repartee, my untoward beginning became a successful ending. It would need another day to decide whether my mission was to be a success or not. The second and third trials the following day were successful, and I felt myself a fixture. Room in any tent, and such fare as others had, were free. I was

wanted at headquarters, at the band-room, at the guard-house, and the hospitals. Why have not other and greater men preceded me? It was not only pleasant, nay, exhilarating, but it paid. My first thought was to organize a troupe; but more mature reflection told me I had better paddle my own canoe. The band-masters arranged my songs for their bands, and in a short time some of them were sung in every part of the country, both in and out of the army.

I believe that my enthusiasm never made me entirely forget myself, but once, while in the army. It was a cool day, the last of March, or beginning of April, when Slocum's Brigade, of Franklin's Division, broke camp where they had wintered, a few miles southwest of Alexandria, and marched down the hill to take the cars for "On to Richmond," via Manassas. The rebels had retreated from the latter place, and been followed to the Rappahannock. When the long roll was beaten, the officers of the line, and the men, believed they were going where an engagement was probable. There were four regiments and a battery. The 96th Pennsylvania headed the line, its band playing one of my new songs, and most of the men singing it. I marched near the head of the column; and when we came to the chorus,—

O, we're marching down to Dixie's land,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
And our flag shall wave to the Rio Grande,
And treason shall go down,

we made it ring out grandly over the Virginia hills. Forgetting who and what I was, I determined to march where the soldiers marched, sleep where they slept, and fight where they fought, as soon as there was a spare rifle. My appearance, as I look back to it, seems comical. But, had we gone to battle, my stout arms would have been useful with the stretcher, or in the hospital, as was found on very many occasions afterwards, and the officers knew it; therefore, they welcomed me.

At Harper's Ferry there was, at one time, an Irish regiment, brigaded with some New York troops. With the latter I had become quite well acquainted, and spent a number of successive evenings in giving my entertainments. Passing by one of these regiments one evening, an Irish soldier accosted me, and wished to know if this was the man who had been singing for the troops across the stream, for a few evenings past. Being answered affirmatively, he said the Adjutant of his regiment wished an entertainment with them, the first evening it would suit me. Having no engagement for that evening, and

being promised an introduction, I accompanied him to the quarters of the said officer.

Reaching the tent, and being introduced, I found myself a lilliput with a giant. Had he been a Scotchman, he would have been taken for a lineal descendent of William Wallace. But he was an Irishman, and of most herculean proportions. Asking me if I could spend a short time with him and his friends, and getting an affirmative answer, he sent out for the Colonel and the chaplain, a Catholic priest. Instead of sending for others, and having the bugle sound the "Assembly," as was customary in many of the regiments visited, he commenced questioning me sharply, thus :—

"Who employs or pays you for the services rendered here in singing?"

"No one employs me, sir; and my pay comes from the sale of music."

There was something about the manner and eye of this huge inquisitor, that aroused my suspicion. I determined to be on my guard, say what he might. He continued, —

"Will you please sing for us 'the John Brown song?'"

Knowing that was the last song an Irishman would want to hear, I said to him, —

"I do not know it, sir."

"What! in the army making song-singing a business, and not know the John Brown song?"

"That is so, strange as it may seem. I have often heard it, but not considering it a suitable song for the army, never learned it, and consequently cannot sing it."

"Why is it not a proper song for the army?"

"It may not be easy to tell you, further than this: There are a great many anti-John Brown men in the army, whose feelings might be hurt by the song; and, being here to sing for all, irrespective of politics, it would be impolitic,—in fact improper,—to sing the song."

"But, sir, that is the very song we wish to hear, and we do not care to hear any other until you have sung that. Can you not give just one stanza?"

"No, sir; not even a stanza; is not one refusal sufficient?"

"Unless my ear deceived me, I heard you sing that song last evening. To be sure, I was twenty rods away, but the air was still; and if you did not sing it, it was some one whose voice is marvellously similar to yours."

"If you please, I will sing the song you heard last evening. It has the tune and chorus of John Brown; but the words are no more alike than Tam O'Shanter and Rory O'More."

Giving them the Rallying Song, at the end of the second stanza they joined and sang Glory Hallelujah, as lustily as the best abolitionists from Boston could have done. They were perfectly satisfied. The Adjutant then acknowledged that he had endeavored to entrap me; that he suspected I was a second edition of the Hutchinson family, poisoning the young men of the army with abolition songs; and that, inasmuch as that batch of "namby pambies," as he called them, had been sent outside the lines, by order of Gen. Franklin, he intended to see that I was taking their tracks, if he found me of their stamp.

Could he have looked into the depths of my heart, he would have seen every verse of John Brown carefully kept for every needed and proper occasion; and could he have known how much I revered John Brown, though condemning some of his rash and wicked acts, and how I loathed such men as the giant before me, no doubt he would have given me such a thrashing, on the spot, as would have compelled me to hang up my harp for at least one campaign.

Coming from Frederick City to Baltimore, a few days before Banks's defeat in the Valley, the cars were filled mostly with soldiers; but there were some civilians and a few ladies. In the crowd was a Quarter-master, shining in his first suit. His cloth

was of the richest fabric, and his buttons bright from the mould. He occupied a seat with a talkative, confiding Virginia damsel, and they appeared so much pleased with each other, it seemed an evidence that the stern features of war were relaxing, and that the time might not be far distant when the lion, etc.

The soldiers importuned me for a song, and I gave them "McCLELLAN IS OUR MAN," they joining in the chorus. Our Quarter-master took offence,—I had hurt the feelings of his *compagnon de voyage*. Addressing me very pompously, he said, —

"We object to any more singing in this car."

"Why, I thought you were so absorbed you did not hear it."

"It is exceedingly annoying to some of us, and we do not intend to have any more of it. And, furthermore, if you are so patriotic as you profess, why don't you shoulder the musket, and become a soldier at once?"

"Why, sir, the muskets gave out long ago, and there is nothing left for us patriots but Quarter-master's berths. But a hundred dollars a month, and a quart of brass buttons for my coat, would not pay me, so I make and sing songs, for my part in putting down the Rebellion."

Springing up in his seat as if to seize his pistol, or

to attack me, he was very glad to sit down at the quiet invitation of an officer, who told him that he was the aggressor, and he could not harm me.

Whether he remained long enough to tarnish his buttons, or went home to tell of his exploits in a campaign that needed no gunpowder, I do not know ; but this I know, that during the first years of the war there were thousands of men in the army who would do more to propitiate a pretty Secesh woman, than to defend the flag of their country.

Standing in an army-wagon without cover, in the camp of the 5th Vermont, a day or two before the retreat to the James, I was singing for the regiment, most of whom were gathered about me,—perhaps five hundred men. Ping-e,—a bullet close to my head ! Not certain whence it came, for flying bullets were by no means rare at that time, I paid but little attention to it. In a few minutes there is another, even nearer than the first ; an officer has discovered that the rebels in yonder thicket, three-fourths of a mile distant, are making my crowd their target ; and my concert is speedily adjourned to a more convenient place and season.

In the army, and out, I have had most splendid opportunities to turn for some one to grind his axe. A would-be Governor, knowing what a hold a little song sometimes obtains upon the common people, is anx-

ious to see his strong points thrown into singing shape, in such a taking style as will captivate the masses till after the election; and the man who will make the song, and set the people to singing it, gets his pay, on the part of the people, by the sale of the songs, and, on the part of the politician, by a nod, if there is no distinguished person to see it, and, once in a great while, a shake of the hand. But if the aspirant gains his point, the poor poet is seldom thought of; and, if ever, as a very clever fellow with versatile genius. If any of our patriotic poets have been rewarded with political honors, I have not heard of it. Perhaps it would not be a bad plan to try some of those in the berths that have been disgraced by the numerous Government defaulters.

After a battle, almost every commanding officer thinks his troops displayed extraordinary heroism. After a victory, it is quite common to find two or three officers claiming the chief honor of the result. "If I had not ordered that charge!" "If I had not pushed forward through that enfiling fire!" or, "If I had arrived a minute later, all would have been lost!" These, and similar expressions, are common, and often honestly made. When men feel that they have done anything particularly praiseworthy, it is natural that they should crave commendation. If officers, they wish a favorable mention in the report

from head-quarters, and in the press. Few praises are more gratifying to a successful commander than those which are sung by the people; and in all ages the most popular ballads have perpetuated the heroism of warriors.

It often happens that the exploits of both officers and men, in battle, are of such a nature that the less said of them the better. A case in point shall close this chapter: A few weeks after the battle of Stone River, I visited one of the notable field-batteries, commanded by a dignified officer, educated at West Point. If there was any organization in the army of the Cumberland that was regarded, or regarded itself, as *élite*, that was the one. Being invited by some of the men to sing, I first went to pay my respects to the officer in command, show him my pass and credentials, and obtain his sanction.

He received me with stiff politeness, making as few words as possible, simply remarking that his men were men of culture, accustomed, at home, to entertainments of the highest order; "And as to singing," said he, "I doubt not many of them could better entertain you, than you them."

"But, Captain, the more cultivated the better I shall like them. I have sung with five hundred regiments and batteries."

Smiling at my persistence, he asked for one of the

songs I proposed to sing, when I handed him the following :—

BROTHER, WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK?

The shadows of evening bring home to the hearth
The loved ones who, patient, have toiled through the day ;
Though glad be the greetings, and hearty the mirth,
Our hearts ever turn to the brother away ;
We ask, is he pacing the sentinel's beat,
Intent on his duty, his face to the foe ?
Or, wearied with marching through mud, rain and sleet,
He lies in his blanket, his pillow the snow ?

CHORUS. — Brother, dear brother, when will you come back ?
Back to the hearts ever loving and true ?
While your camp-fires are burning,
Our fond hearts are yearning,
Brother, dear brother, we're praying for you.

The cold winds of winter sweep down from the hills,
With wailings more dismal than ever before ;
We think of the blast that our soldier-boy chills,
And sigh to divide him our basket and store ;
We know that but little he heeds his hard lot,
His long weary marches, his coarse scanty fare,
The cannon's loud thunder, the death-dealing shot,
But nerve him to suffer, to do, and to dare.

There's many a soldier lies smelt, alone,
Uncoffined, unshrouded, beneath the damp clay ;
His kindred search vainly for head-board or stone,
Or some one to tell where his life ebbed away ;
Though sad be the tidings from fields red with gore,
And Death reaps a harvest of brave and true men,
Dear brother, stand firm till the contest is o'er,
Then rush to the arms that will clasp you again.

Perusing the words, and looking at the music very carefully, he inquired, "Who is the author of these words?"

"Your humble servant, sir."

"Who is the author of the music?"

"The same, sir."

"I hope you are not in a hurry. I have something to propose to you that I think may be of importance to both of us. Did you witness any part of our great battle?"

"I did; but was most of the time so far to the rear, that I can tell but little about it. I knew more by the sound than the sight."

"Near what part of the line were you, mostly?"

"Near the left and centre."

"Do you know anything of the action of my battery on the occasion?"

"Not much."

"Well, sir," (taking a stick, and making a diagram on the ground-floor of his tent,) "here was Bragg's

Army, and here was ours. Here is my battery, and opposite, are some of Bragg's choicest troops."

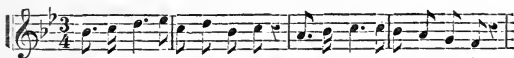
But I need not go into detail. His "men bore a most conspicuous part in achieving victory." The point of this pretension can only be seen by reading a chapter in a book issued by the State of Ohio, entitled, "OHIO IN THE WAR." I will not quote the paragraph, lest I should do the battery injustice. But it is there asserted that this same battery committed, on that occasion, one of the most inexcusable blunders of the war, by firing upon, killing and wounding a number of Ohio troops, taking them for rebels. And this man wished me to weave the heroism of his boys into poetry and song, and thought it would be doing not only justice to them, but a good thing for myself.

Even while he was making his diagrams, I was on the point of asking him where the Ohio troops were that he fired into. The charge was current before the battle was over. But it always seemed strange that the officer was not overhauled, if the charge was true. But there it is in the book referred to. I did not write any ballad for the occasion.

Before the war closed, some of the most distinguished men and women of the country visited the Army, to speak, read, and sing; among whom I may mention Thomas Buchanan Read, and Murdock, the Tragedian.

34 Hark, To arms ! our Country calls us.

ARMY SONG.



Hark! To arms ! our Country's calling! Treason strikes, our brothers falling !



Mill and Workshop, cease your rattle, Send your working hosts to battle.

CHORUS.



Hark, To arms, Our country calls us, Dangers rouse but naught appals us.



Northern blades, and northern metal, Test them, traitors, now we settle.



2. Tradesmen, close your doors and speed you
 To the field, your brothers need you!
 Herdsmen, leave your flocks and cattle,
 Arm and hurry to the battle!

Cho. — Hark! To arms, &c.

3. Young men, lithe and strong we want you;
 Quail, and age and cripples taunt you!
 Seize the golden moments flying;
 Meet your duty, living,—dying!

Cho. — Hark, To arms, &c.

4. Women true, no tears or sighing!
 Ease and luxuries denying!
 Loving words and Spartan valor,
 Not a lip or cheek of pallor.

Cho. — Hark, to arms, &c.

5. East and West, they shout “We’re ready”!
 On the columns, firm and steady!
 True as were our Sires before us,
 Marching steady to the chorus—

Cho.—Hark! To arms, &c.

CHAPTER II.

NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

SHORTLY after McClellan's advance on Manassas, to find it abandoned, that portion of the army under McDowell was encamped awhile near Catlett's Station, on the railroad from Washington to Richmond. But previous to the arrival of these troops, a brigade of Banks' command, then in the Shenandoah, had come across the mountains, and been assigned to the front position in McClellan's Army.

These troops were the 12th and the 13th Mass., Cols. Webster and Leonard, the 16th Mich., Col. Stockton, the 13th and 16th Indiana, and the 9th New York, the Commanders of which I do not remember by name. There was also one battery, and in a short time this force was strengthened by the addition of the New England Cavalry, from Providence, R. I., and vicinity, the 8th Illinois, and one half of the 1st Maine, likewise cavalry. The Irish Brigade was somewhere in the vicinity, but I do not know precisely where.

This seemed a very inadequate force to check Lee, should he assume the offensive. But, in a short time, a large body of troops began to move forward towards this point, though very slowly indeed; and, as far as an outsider could judge, we were going on to Richmond by the most direct route. Next to the troops already mentioned, and occupying either side of the railroad, at Catlett's, were Franklin's Division, Kearney's Brigade, and the Pennsylvania Reserves, consisting of twelve regiments and three batteries. But suddenly the plan seemed to be changed; and, while Franklin's and Kearney's troops returned to Alexandria, the Pennsylvanians, and many others, were sent across the country, under McDowell, to Fredericksburg. Those that returned to the Potomac were to embark, with the main army, for the Peninsula.

A few days after the Brigade from the Shenandoah had pitched their tents at Rappahannock Junction, I made a call one morning on Company B., of the 12th Mass., who were doing provost duty, the same being under command of Captain Bates, of Weymouth. The rain was pouring down, the mud was deep, the weather cold, almost to the freezing point, and everything gloomy indeed. If I had been asked what motive brought me here, what could have been my

answer, but a love of adventure, and a disposition to go to the front.

I was about to enter one of the Sibley tents, which accommodate some twelve men, when my ears were saluted by a stentorian voice, which, on looking away some ten rods, I perceived came from a dark-complexioned, thick-set, resolute-looking man, with a Captain's strap on his shoulder.

"This way, sir! Who are you? This way, sir!"

Starting for his tent, and coming into his presence, touching my hat with as much military style as my brief experience enabled me to execute, I inquired of the stern officer whom I had the honor of addressing?

"I am the Provost Marshal, sir, of this Department, and it is my duty to arrest all unknown or suspicious persons. Now, what is your name; and where are you from; and what is your business?"

Giving my name and residence, I continued: "I furnish the Army with postage-stamps, work in the hospitals when feeling like it, and, when wanted, give free entertainments of singing, and lectures on temperance, and get my pay by the sale of music."

"Where are your stamps?"

"Here, sir—" opening a tin water-tight cylinder that would hold five hundred dollar's worth.

"And do you sell them at cost?"

"I do, sir."

"Are you aware that there is a penalty for selling postage-stamps above their face?"

"I am, sir."

"But why do you carry them, if not to make money?"

"To accommodate those who need them."

"Has the Government sent you to the Army for this purpose?"

"No, sir; I did not need to be sent. Most of the Sutler's refuse, or neglect to keep them on hand. I saw the wants of the men, and have endeavored to meet them."

"I suppose you have a pass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it."

I found, on searching my pockets, that I was in the condition of the servant-girl who had lost her *character*. It was not to be found.

"So you cannot find your pass? Out to the front, with no reasonable business, and without a pass, looks, to say the least, rather suspicious. Your disinterested kindness is of a pattern we are not accustomed to. I shall be under the necessity of presenting your case to the General in command."

"I shall be most happy to make his acquaintance if he is a gentleman, and no doubt he is."

The provost had attempted to frighten me by a loud, sharp voice, and an imperious but unnatural manner, the reason for which was not understood at the time. I found, afterwards, that this was the method usually adopted to disconcert men arrested as spies. I took the liberty to tell him that all such harsh words were unnecessary : that, while they made me feel unpleasant, they could do no good ; he could not disconcert me, and he might take me to the General as soon as possible.

A short walk to an old farm-house brought me into the presence of General Abercrombie, a small, gray-haired man, sixty years of age, erect as a well disciplined soldier at dress parade, voice soft and sweet as a woman's, manners uncommonly affable for a West Pointer, but with an eye that took in the character of the person scrutinized at a glance.

"General," said the Provost, "I have arrested this man as a suspicious character. He seems to have no legitimate business, and is without a pass. I submit him to you."

With great pleasantness of word and manner, he asked me my reason for visiting that outpost of the Army, saying that it seemed very extraordinary indeed to find a civilian from the North there. I gave him the same story previously told to Captain Bates.

"Why are you without a pass?"

"I left it, by mistake, with other papers, in the 4th New Jersey, Kearney's Brigade, back towards Manassas."

After putting all the questions he could think of that might serve to enlighten him as to my character, he said, —

"You seem to be a Northern man. Your answers are very frank. There is but one one bad feature to your case that I can discover: I cannot understand what motive brings you here, and alone. There is nothing here to buy, and you have nothing to sell but some postage-stamps, which afford no profit, and a few songs, which can give you but little pay for the hardships and dangers encountered. As you have no pass, I think I shall be under the necessity of detaining you until we can learn more about you."

"General, with your permission, I would like to sing you a song."

Staring at me a moment, with a look that indicated both astonishment and amusement, he replied, —

"We will hear you with pleasure. Proceed."

I struck up my song, then new, *We're marching down to Dixie's Land*. I had sung but one stanza; when Captain Bates interrupted by asking if he could see the music. . .

"Yes, sir. Here it is."

"Adjutant, this way if you please. You take the

tenor, I will sing the bass, and this man will sing the air. Repeat the first stanza.—All right.—Proceed.”

And the concert commenced. The Captain, who had a fine bass voice, became exceedingly interested, and the Adjutant made his sweet tenor prominent.

The first stanza went off quite well, the second much better, the third brought the General to a laugh, and a clapping of the hands, and we had to repeat it :

March on, march on, our cause is just,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land ;
With loyal hearts, and God our trust,
To put Rebellion down :
The blood of martyred brothers cries,
From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
Avenge, avenge our sacrifice,
And put Rebellion down :
The trumpet sounds, the war-cry rings,
In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land,
'Mid clashing steel each brave heart springs
To put Rebellion down.

O, we're marching down to Dixie's land,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
And our flag shall wave to the Rio Grande,
And Treason shall go down.

The General rose to his feet; and, seeing that I had him on my side, it made me forget that I was under arrest. I seemed to be singing at a grand concert, and felt myself the most important personage in the crowd. The song concluded, the General gave me his hand most cordially.

"I understand you now, sir. If you can stir our hearts as you have, you will wield a vast power over the common soldier, who is more emotional, and perhaps better than we are. Captain Bates, you will furnish this man with a pass; and you, sir, may consider yourself at home as long as you please to remain in my Brigade."

Right here, as well as anywhere, I may say, that the army had few better officers than Captain Bates. He was promoted to the command of the regiment, and was one of the fighting-men of the army. Both he and his men have a noble record.

When I started for the front I was with the New England Cavalry. Ten miles, or more, beyond Manassas, the regiment bivouacked for the night. The weather being damp, and not feeling well, I called at a house for lodging, hoping to avoid sleeping on the ground. Rapping several times before receiving a reply, I at length heard the customary inquiry, "Who is there?"

It was evident the inmates were in bed, though it

was scarcely dark. I answered,—“A stranger, unarmed, who wishes lodging, and is willing to pay a reasonable price.”

“We have no place for you.”

“Brother,” (emphasizing that word,) “I am quite unwell. True, I am a Northern man, and one of our regiments is stopping for the night near by; but I am a gentleman; and, I trust, a Christian, with ample means to pay, and will sleep on the floor, while you shall never regret your kindness to a stranger.”

“Have patience till I can strike a light, and I will do what I can for you.”

The door was unbolted, and there stood one of the most prepossessing old men I ever saw. He had no bed, but a plenty of blankets with which to make one on the floor, and in half an hour I was as happy as though I were at the Tremont. Rising early, and knowing I had but a short time to stay, as the regiment would move as soon as the men and horses could finish their morning meal, I offered the old gentleman a greenback and prepared to leave. “No, stranger, no money, but if you could procure for my family a quart of salt, you would do a kindness we shall never forget.”

Taking a tin pail, which he called a bucket, and seeking the proper wagon, I soon procured two

quarts, and presented it to my host. Stepping into the adjoining room, he soon returned with a handful of bills, four inches or more in thickness, holding them so that I could see, as he turned up the ends, that they were of various denominations, from five dollars to a hundred.

"My dear sir, here are thousands of dollars of Confederate money, and you may take any sum you please, if you will procure for me of your troops one bushel of meal. I have potatoes, pork, a little wheat, a few other articles of food, but no meal; and none of my neighbors have any to spare. This may probably be of use to you some time; but, had I a bushel of it, it would not avail me to feed my family."

"I do not think so much could be procured, — perhaps not any. I will see what can be done."

But before I reached the camping-ground, the train had started. I returned, and remained long enough to hear his experience in the war, and, as it interested me, it may the reader :

"I had no heart in this Secession. I am a Botts man, sir. John Miner Botts is my friend. He lives about forty miles south, between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. He is a gentleman, and a man of much greater influence than I. The government at Richmond annoyed him a great deal. He was arrested, but he proved smart enough for them. I

thought to propitiate them, and avoid trouble, by selling them my stock, and buying other stock for them during the time the army was in this vicinity. This pile of Confederate notes is the proceeds of my horses, mules, cattle and swine, and of my net profits on purchases and sales. When the army left, my granary was bare. It stripped most of us, but me in particular. Now your troops are on the south of me, and, were I in Alexandria to-day, I have nothing that would buy corn or flour.

"I have but one thing to regret, and that is, that I was not more decided and outspoken against the course of our leaders. The more I see of their conduct, the more I loathe them, and now, sir, I abandon their cause. Henceforth I am a Union man; and I will leave all I have here to the fortunes of war, and go North, where I have friends, and, if I can find nothing to do, will throw myself upon their hospitality until this wretched work is ended. There is not an animal about my premises that will give sustenance to a family. I have one hope that is a little comforting: the husband of that young woman you just saw, with a little boy by her side, is in the rebel army, and I have some hope that the villain may die, or be shot."

"Why, sir, if he is a bad man, why do you not, or why did you not before this, procure a divorce for

your daughter, as I presume that is the relation she bears to you?"

"I think you do not fully understand the nature of young women. Most of them will suffer the most brutal treatment, especially if quite young, for years, before they are willing to resort to the revolting steps of procuring a divorce. They prefer to endure the brutality of a husband, who is sometimes passably kind, to the coldness and suspicions of the world, that seldom speaks of them kindly, and never with pity. Her husband is everything that is mean and loathsome: a liar, a shirk, a sluggard, a poltroon, destitute of honor, and a drunkard. But she does not see him in his true light. She thinks he will improve with age; that he is 'now sowing his wild oats.' But, sir, he is rotten; and if I lose my farm I will take my family North, and, if possible, where he will never see my child again. Brutes like him grow worse, instead of better.

"O, stranger! we little think, when our girls are children, what we are raising them for. When they are in pain we leap from our warm beds into the cold, make haste to kindle the fire for warm drinks, ride, if need be, through the pelting storm for a physician, with the image of our suffering child confronting us all the way to the town and back; in childhood, father and mother are detained from church,

and places of entertainment, because she is unwilling to remain at home with the servants; in her youth we lavish money on her in many ways, schooling her at an expensive seminary, supplying her with a costly piano, and the accustomed dress and ornaments of females of good society, money for a visit to New Orleans, and mercy knows what not, — and for what? With three months' acquaintance with a brainless swell, she becomes a wife, and, in time, a mother. Without a father, my daughter's condition would be worse than that of the Hindoo widow who mounts the funeral pile. She is on the funeral pile, and lives. But I declare most solemnly she shall never live with that wretch again. Hurry on, Northern soldiers, if only to hack, shoot, or hang the cowardly brute who has made my family wretched. Stranger, I see you are impatient to leave. Do you know the way to the place where your regiment is bound?"

"I can follow its trail, of course."

Bidding him good-by, I was soon on my way, and in an hour was with the regiment, which had been detained in crossing a creek.

I accompanied McDowell's troops to Fredericksburg. These were the troops McClellan wanted for reinforcements on the peninsula. He received a small part of them, the Pennsylvania Reserves, at Mechanicsville.

At Fredericksburg I saw little worthy of note. It looked seedy, but had not been much injured by the Confederate troops that had occupied it. I think our advance met with little opposition. At any rate, when the main body arrived, the city was in peaceable possession of the troops that had preceded us.

I found entertainment with an old gentleman, who was not only talkative, but intelligent. In fact, he knew more than any Virginian I had ever conversed with. Asking him how he felt about the war, I received a reply somewhat like this :

"Like most Virginians, I was opposed to Secession, but, being outvoted, and my State going with her sister Slave States, I intended to bear my portion of the burden. I have three sons, and a son-in-law, in the service. My property is at the service of my new country, as it was to that of my old."

"Do you expect to succeed in establishing an independent government?"

"Most assuredly I do, as indeed we all do. All history promises success to us. We are a great, and unlike the North, a united people; and we are fighting on the defensive, — for home, independence, and right; yes, sir, *right*."

"But if you are a great people, aside from your slaves, who are an incumbrance at this time rather than a help, *we* are twice as great. We can raise

two men to your one, equip them perfectly, feed and pay them; and then we have a Navy (while you have none) that can demolish every city on your coast, or, which is much better, take possession of them at our pleasure. And, as to divisions at the North, you will find, as we have already found, that, with few exceptions, one political party feels as keenly as the other every insult to the old flag. If you will go with me among our troops here, while I ascertain who are Republicans and who Democrats, the number of the latter will astonish you. If you have flattered yourself that the Democrats at the North are not going to fight to put down this rebellion, you are much mistaken. Why, our highest and best Generals are Democrats. Generals McClellan, Franklin, Hancock, Wool, and others I could name, are Democrats."

"That is a good one! That pleases me. Your great Generals!—who are they? Wool is in his dotage; McDowell,—well, to look at him,—a chuckle-head stupid,—is enough, without his exploits at Bull Run, to tell what he is; McClellan,—a mere pet of a vain old man, who could subsist for a month on a little flattery and a picture of himself in full military dress to gaze at,—what has McClellan done, that he should be set up as the American Napoleon? I tell you, stranger, that when Lee

has whipped the conceit out of him, as he surely will do the first opportunity that offers, your people will treat him as men do all their idols, when they find they are not gods, and he will wish he had confined himself to building railroads; a business, I doubt not, he understands."

"You are severe on our commanders."

"No more so than you will be a year hence. You may raise, or the war may develop, some Generals; but you have none now. I know most of them personally, as I know ours. Robert E. Lee, providentially, is neither too old nor too young. Extreme age is worse than extreme youth. He has rare talents, ripe years, has had a broad field of observation, and considerable military experience. There will probably be a great loss of life, but you cannot conquer us. And what are you fighting against us for? Have we ever injured you? Did we ever prey upon your commerce? Have we not bought your manufactures? Have we not shipped to you our cotton, made you our factors, allowed you to spin and weave it, received the cloth from your looms, paying double transportation, commissions and profits? We have not troubled you. If you saw fit to send to England, France, Ireland, or the British Provinces for operatives to work up the cotton we sent you, it was none of our business, and we did

not make it such. But for thirty years the North has been meddling with our system of labor, attempting to beget discontent, circulating incendiary documents through the mails, keeping up an underground railroad to take away our restless negroes, and keeping up a continual agitation in Congress, until war, bloody war, is the result."

"Who fired the first gun?"

"No matter who fired the first gun. You might as well inquire who fired the first gun when a robber is entering your house."

"I do not see the parallel. I believe Anderson and his men, at Sumpter, were not attempting to enter anybody's house or territory. But we will not argue the point. The time of argument has passed; war, stern war, must settle the question now."

"I am acquainted at the North. I can see no material difference between the white laborers there, and the black laborers here. As soon as your merchant or manufacturer makes one hundred or two hundred thousand dollars, he makes as broad a distinction between himself and laborers, as there is between the master and slave. I have been at Central Park, and Fifth Avenue, and I never witnessed in all the South such airs as I have seen there. If our substratum is the black, yours is the

foreigner. If we have our Cuffees and Dinahs, you have your Patricks and Biddys. Why, sir, I have seen in a little town in Massachusetts, of less than eight thousand population, a successful manufacturer riding in his carriage, driven by an Irish coachman, displaying a cockade, like his city brothers, who drive the snobs of Fifth Avenue. Emancipate your own poor, before you come down here to trouble ours! Before the war, there was scarcely a slave in Virginia that was not in a better condition than a large part of the sewing women of New York. Do the people of the North think we are ignorant of these things? What hypocrisy! And, most unaccountable and insulting of all, men and women, professed Christians as well as others, who take no notice of their own suffering sisters and children, are ever croaking about the poor negro of the South. I never heard that these people were ever distinguished for their interest in the free negroes of the North."

"Sir, the free negro of the North takes care of himself, as I expect the free negroes of the South will, if this war shall result in his emancipation."

"That is a mistake. The free negroes may be tolerably well fed and clothed in New York, and especially in Boston, but in the cities and large towns of Southern Ohio and Indiana, and in Canada, they

are an indolent and vagabond race. They live in the meanest houses, herding almost like pigs, begging and stealing in preference to work."

"You are extravagant in your statement of the case; but suppose you were not, the free negroes of these places are uneducated, and the whites have done all they could, for generations, to keep them down. They have had no incentives to rise. Even the white children are allowed to insult negroes of all ages, and if the injured party dares to resist, a riot might ensue that would lead to the extermination of the hated Africans.

"In Boston, Salem, Lowell, Portland and Fall River, though they select occupations requiring less physical power, they are quite as industrious and thrifty as the foreign whites. And, furthermore, in all these cities there are the fighting neighborhoods, but these are not the negro quarters. But, sir, when you come North again, if you will visit me I will take you over my city, and others, and show you what education has done for the black man. We do not claim that we can make a white man of him; he has his characteristics, which may never be obliterated. But your children and mine may see the day that shall determine the capabilities of the negro race."

Finding that McDowell's force was to be but a

guard for Washington, I prepared to follow the main army to the Peninsula, whither it was being transported. When leaving the city, I learned that a female soldier had been found in one of the regiments. I had a glimpse of her as she was being sent away; but could learn no particulars, so will not pretend to give any. She was sent off as quietly and speedily as possible. Good-by to Fredericksburg.

CHAPTER III.

UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

ABOUT the last of April or first of May, 1862, I was at Fortress Monroe, waiting for a steamer up the York and the Pamunkey to reach the army encamped at Whitehouse Landing. Being obliged to wait a few hours, I spent them on a steamer, bound, perhaps, to Annapolis, having on board a large number of the sick and wounded. It had just come down the river. The wounded were from the battle of Williamsburg. After talking and singing there a short time, I was told that, over in one corner, there were ten or fifteen wounded prisoners. Calling to chat with these unfortunates a few minutes, I found them quite sociable, and one, in particular, very ready to talk about the trouble that had brought him there.

His name was Charley Tuttle. He had a bad flesh-wound near the knee, that gave him a great deal of pain, but he was in good spirits, and entirely cured of Secession. He cursed the leaders of the

rebellion, and everybody that encouraged it. He said he deserved all his affliction, and wished that all the "big Indians" who brought on the war might get a Minie two feet higher than he got his.

As I was about to leave him, he said, "Stranger, would you do a boy in my fix a great favor?"

"To be sure I will, if possible. What is it?"

"I would like to have you write a little letter for me. I don't want you to think, however, I am such a heathen that I can't write myself. But somehow, it aint handy. No paper, pen or ink, and I would have to be waited upon a heap; so if you would just do it for me you would oblige me much."

"Of course I will."

The pencil and paper were soon ready.

"Now, what shall I write?"

"Stop a minute. Let me tell you a little about myself, and then you can fix it up to suit the case. I live in Shenandoah County, Virginia. When the war-fever was at the highest pitch a year ago, I was in Alabama, and, like all the other fools, enlisted. You see where I am, and what I got. My parents know of my enlisting, but I presume they have never heard from me since. Have written two or three letters, but reckon the mails aint of much account South, whatever they may be North. But nonsense! why can't I come to the point? Just tell

the old folks where I am, and about my leg, and I don't care if you tell them I am glad I was hit; for I have had soldiering enough. They that want more can have it. Tell them I shall go home as soon as I can get there. I don't know as I can get a discharge, but the doctor says I shall have a stiff knee, so I reckon I may get one some time."

Writing a letter as much to his liking as possible, I inquired, "How shall it be directed?"

"Nehemiah Tuttle, New Market, Shenandoah Co., Virginia. Write on the bottom, *six miles up the pike towards Harrisonburg*, and he will get it."

"But, my boy, I am going up the valley in a week or two, and what do you say to my going to see your parents?"

"Do you mean it? Why, if I had any money I would certainly divide with you, if you would go. They are poor, but will give you a hearty welcome."

Telling him I would post the letter, and, further, if it were possible would see his parents, I was about to leave him, when some of his comrades spoke up, and wished me to write for them. But one lived in North Carolina, another in Culpepper, and a third in Leesburg, Virginia; and I told them it would be useless to try to get any letters to any one of those places; and thought it very doubtful

about the letter in my hands reaching the place intended, but it might. But the steamer for the Whitehouse was ready, and there was only time to say good-by.

I found the army in fine spirits. The successful issue of the little battles at Williamsburg and Yorktown, had inspired all with fresh courage. Every one seemed impatient for an advance, that a decisive blow might be struck before the weather became hotter; for even then, at mid-day, it was often scorching. Who that saw that grand army of nearly a hundred thousand thoroughly equipped and well-disciplined men move out by different roads on that memorable Monday morning, can ever forget the scene? Infantry, cavalry and artillery, in due proportion. There were the Springfield rifle, the breech-loading and the Spencer. There were the six-pound Napoleons, the twelve-pound howitzers, and the large siege guns. There was the little Coffee-mill Battery, with eight guns, that threw four-ounce balls, and there was the Lowe Balloon. The Berdan sharpshooters, the terror-striking Zouaves, and the Irish Brigade, were all there. The long roll began before daylight, and by eight o'clock there was little to be seen at the Whitehouse, but sutler and hospital tents.

Meeting no opposition till within some ten miles of Richmond, nothing of moment occurred till the

battle of Fair Oaks. Leaving the front, I returned to Baltimore, purchased three hundred dollars worth of postage-stamps, and started for the Shenandoah Valley. The cars took me with little interruption to Winchester, where I expected to find Banks' Army. But there were few troops in this old dilapidated town. Some German regiments were near by, but the town was guarded, principally, by the 10th Maine. The most reliable information I could obtain about Banks' troops located them some fifty or sixty miles up the valley. There was a stage running to Strasburg, eighteen miles, but its time of starting not suiting me, I slung my knapsack and started out alone. Three or four miles from the town I saw a large number of men half a mile from the road, busy at something which excited my curiosity, and went to ascertain what they were about. They were burying the dead killed in battle a day or two before, in the fight between the armies under Jackson and Shields. Some think it was at this battle that Jackson received the title of Stonewall. It is a mistake: he received it in Mexico.

The road was fine, the day not very hot, and Strasburg, my first halting-place, was easily reached; no signs of an army here. Passing on, in due time I came to Woodstock, and still farther, to Mount Jackson. There were some troops in each of these

places, but none could, or would, tell me where the main army was. But in two days, having travelled on foot seventy miles, I found General Banks' headquarters at New Market. The only noticeable thing about this town then discernible was a Yankee school-marm, who had a sort of female seminary; she was the most rabid Secessionist I could hear of.

I found but one division, — General Williams', — here, and a brigade two miles below the town, to guard the bridge at the Shenandoah; but most of the troops were still farther up the valley. Resting over night, then pushing on for the front, I found General Shields in his tent, not confined to his bed, though suffering from the wound received at Winchester. Though presenting my pass, I was arrested as a spy, and on the point of being sent back to head-quarters; but a Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, of one of the Ohio regiments, had recognized me an hour previous as an old schoolmate in New Hampshire, and this fact, communicated to the Colonel who arrested me, made all things pleasant. Distributing my postage-stamps, giving my usual entertainment of song and lecture with the different regiments and batteries, I started off in search of Mr. Tuttle. It was not an easy matter to find him. I knew his residence must be but a few miles from these troops, but which side of the pike I knew not, and could find no one who

knew him. But farther away from New Market, and farther from the pike than was expected, I found Nehemiah Tuttle.

On rapping at the door of a very small, poor house, a tall, old, unshaven and unshorn half-drunken Virginian made his appearance. My first thought was, if this is Charley's father I do not blame the boy for leaving home, or enlisting, and probably he will be in no hurry to come back. But having called the old man to the door, I must tell him my business.

"Is this Mr. Tuttle?"

"I reckon."

"Have you a son whose name is Charley?"

"I reckon."

"Did he enlist in the 24th Alabama?"

"Can't say precisely as to that; but, stranger, what yer driving at? What do yer know about Charley Tuttle?"

"Indeed, sir, indeed sir," chimed in the old lady, who had become so much excited she could not keep silent, "we have a boy whose name is Charley, and a good boy he is, or, leastwise, a good boy he was, when he went away. Has anything happened to him?"

I proceeded to tell her about him, and had given

her about all the facts in the case, when the old man interrupted :

"Stranger, yer are a Northern man, and I don't believe a word yer say. I reckon yer a spy, and have come with this story to git some whiskey and victuals. I've a mind to put yer out of my house, and git shet of yer."

"Don't do it. Treat the man kind. I knows he tells the truth. I knows it by the tones. I tells by the tones whether folks lies or not ; and," addressing herself to me, "it 'pears like you have seen Charley? And is he hurt bad? Will he lose his leg? Did you see the wound? Did it look very bad? Will he get well? Will he have enough to eat? O, that my poor boy should be in the enemy's prison ! And who is to pay you?"

"I have come out of my way but a few miles."

"You must stay over night."

The old man had got over his suspicion enough to invite me twice to try his whiskey. Declining both invitations, I positively refused staying, as the rebel pickets were scarcely two miles distant ; but promised to call again in two days, and take dinner, if the army remained in its present position. Calling according to promise, I found she had dinner nearly ready. No matter what it consisted of, the articles that most interested me were warm biscuit

and some honey. This time the old man was sober; his beard had been removed, his hair combed, and he presided at the table with considerable dignity, though his language was no more correct than on my previous visit.

The meal was scarcely concluded, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, followed immediately by many more. Springing to the open door, and watching the smoke of the guns, we could see that the pickets were skirmishing, and that the boys in the blue blouses were falling back. I was not long in comprehending the situation. A poor runner, and two miles from the main army, what was to be done? There was no forest to flee to.

"Old man, you must hide me. I have done you a favor, now it is your turn to do one for me."

"That I will, if I can. Ma'm, where shall we put this yere man?"

"Put me in the attic, and cover me with bedding."

"Why, man, we have no attic. Here, git yer inter this turnip and pertater hole, and I reckon yer will do well enough."

A second invitation was not needed. It was a sort of cellar, the only one he had, and I went into it on all-fours, as quickly as ever a soldier entered a bomb-proof. The skirmish lasted but a short time,

and before dark I was back with the army. One of the saddest sights I ever witnessed, was presented in camp that night: one of the 5th New York Cavalry was struck, during the skirmish, by a ball, cutting across the abdomen in such a manner that his bowels began to fall out, and he held them in place while he rode two miles, to die with the setting sun.

Before starting from Winchester up the valley, I found many things very interesting to me, some of which may be to the reader. I had been in no place but Baltimore, where the Secesh element was impudent and insulting. All through Virginia, where the different armies had been, the people were respectful and submissive. No men but old ones were to be seen, and the women, young and old, made but little conversation with our men. Evidently they had made up their minds to have as little to do with us as possible. At Harper's Ferry, though a large part of the houses were appropriated for army purposes, I witnessed no unlady-like demeanor on the part of the women. Not so at Winchester.

Men told me they had seen women spit upon soldiers, but I never believed it, for they did not dare to do it; they went, in the matter of insult, as far as they dared. If the women of New Orleans were more vituperous than those of Winchester, Butler was much too mild a governor. At this time,

they felt that Jackson could take the city at any hour he pleased, and they regarded Banks, Shields, and all the other Union officers they had seen, as beneath their notice. I heard there were Union people there, and presume there were, but did not meet any.

If there were any men who were proud of anything they had ever done, it was those who had been on guard, or in some way had assisted at the execution of old John Brown, in Charlestown, some twelve miles north of the city.

I visited Mason's house. It was occupied by a squad of soldiers, who seemed to have little veneration for the rebel minister-plenipotentiary to England. It was not a very imposing affair in its best days, not costing, originally, probably more than five thousand dollars. But they had made it a shabby-looking affair. They had not stabled their horses in it, but it would have been injured little more, used as a stable. Seeing a sign, "*Warm meals at moderate prices,*" on a good-looking house, I proceeded to investigate it. I was soon face to face with the landlady, who was as gracious as any Boniface could have been, and as much at ease as if she had been educated at the business of hotel-keeping. But it was a new calling. Her husband was a Captain in the Rebel Army; and, as I afterwards learned, when the Confederates were there she kept

open house for the officers; but when the Union troops were present, hung out her sign, and kept a boarding-house.

The meal was warm, and well it might have been, for there was but little to warm. Corn-dodgers, tough steak, and mean coffee, with milk that might have been good but for the garlic the cow had eaten, and sugar, but no butter,—this was the breakfast; and the *moderate* price, one dollar. While I ate I was entertained by the daughter, who sang and played “My Maryland,” probably for my special benefit. Perhaps it was a trick of her mother, to keep me in good humor till the bill was paid. The music of the song was so sweet, and she sang it so artlessly, playing the most simple and appropriate accompaniment, that I heeded not the words. Giving the customary compliments to the young lady, I was about to depart, when the mother wished to know if I played and sang. I assured her that though not much gifted in music, yet lyric poetry had a great charm for me, and that charm was greatly heightened by such sweet, artless singing as her daughter had treated me to.

“I have just written some verses, and have not thought of any tune they are adapted to. If you would not take offence, I would like to show them. Perhaps you could suggest an appropriate tune.”

The lyric had no title, but I am enabled to present the reader with the words, and he can give a title to suit himself:—

“Come on, you blue-back locusts,
You nutmeg-peddling braves,
We’ll give you Southern welcome,
To rot in Southern graves.

We give you scorn and loathing,
You mongrel-blooded crew;
The scum of all creation,
Vile, crawling worms in blue.

With maws like greedy horse-leech,
That always cries for more,
You have the taste for plunder,
If not the heart for gore.

A wench, and then a dollar,
Prime doctrines of your creed;
In fact, you need the wenches
To brighten up your breed.”

Studying this highly poetic, as well as very chaste and flattering poem, briefly, I told her the muses had

been not only liberal, but lavish in bestowing favors upon her; and that possibly, with a little time, I could think of an appropriate tune. While pretending to be hunting a tune out of my memory, I wrote the following:—

“My gentle dear, I’ve called in here,
With stomach faint and ‘holler;’
Your dodgers mean I’ve eaten clean,
And paid your price,—a dollar.

Right well I like your F. F. Vs.,
You beat us Yanks all ‘holler;’
You’ve such aristocratic ways
Of reaching our last dollar.

You’re such a darling poetess,
I’d like to be your scholar;
Hang out your shingle ‘poetry,’
Each lesson but a dollar.

Your temper’s so angelic, too,
So free from spite and choler,
Your picture, in your sweetest mood,
Would go quick at a dollar.

I'm grateful that I came to you,
A hungry morning caller ;
I now know how much coffee-grounds
Are worth a Yankee dollar."

Folding and returning the paper, I remarked that the muses had sometimes vouchsafed small favors to me, and that I had written an addition to her hymn ; that my part was to be sung in Yankee Doodle, and probably hers would go in Virginia Reel ; but, at all events, should we ever meet again I should be happy to exchange billets-doux or hymns.

CHAPTER IV.

HOSPITALS.

A GOOD army surgeon is a treasure, while a poor one is an affliction. Skill is not the only requisite quality. Sterling principles, a tender conscience, and a great heart, find daily opportunities for the exercise of their functions, carrying sunshine and comfort to the boys on the hospital couch, while he who is without them, though ever so thoroughly skilled in his profession, should be left to write prescriptions and use his scalpel at home. In the army, the surgeon stands in the place of parent, wife, or sister; and, if he have the heart of a Christian, his patients will feel it, and his heart-power will reach deeper than his medicines; and in this respect the soldier cannot be deceived. An ignoramus may be imposed upon a regiment, and the boy whose limb is to be amputated may not know that he is to be the doctor's first patient in surgery, but every one knows the difference between a kind man and one destitute of this quality. There is something in the tone of

voice, the touch, the bearing, that tells better than a certificate the moral qualities of the professed healer.

In the army hospital, Heaven help the sick soldier if his surgeon is an ignoramus, a drunkard, or is destitute of sympathy. It would seem that none but the duly qualified should ever have obtained a position like this. For the efficiency of the army, if for nothing else, none but the best qualified should have been appointed as surgeons: A sick soldier can neither fight nor work, and he may require a well one to take care of him; hence it becomes of great importance that he whose duty it is to look after the health of the men, should do all in his power to prevent sickness, as well as cure. The loss of an efficient soldier cannot be supplied in a day or a month. A recruit may be found, but he must be fed, clothed, drilled, disciplined and paid, at least six months before he is worth as much as the one lost.

There are tens of thousands of our "boys in blue" who remember, with undying gratitude, the noble men who cared for them, almost like mothers, in their sickness and pains; while there are many others, whose surgeon's name, spoken in their presence, fills them with loathing and anger. He stands before them the picture of indifference and incompetency, if nothing worse. They feel that they

are alive not through, but in spite of, their hateful doctor.

The surgeon's berth was no sinecure ; and I marvel that any good, experienced physician should have accepted the position, but from motives of humanity.

It was a poor home-practice, indeed, that did not yield an army surgeon's pay. But whatever the motive that took them there, the competent, the good and the true, were by no means rare. A great many young physicians went thither more for practice in surgery than for any other reason ; yet some of them, in a short time, ranked among the best. But among the surgeons, as well as all others, there were the good, the bad, and the indifferent. It was impossible to prevent all but worthy men from securing appointments, but one can but be amazed when he realizes that there are men who were army-surgeons to whose care we would not be willing to intrust a sick or disabled horse.

A civilian who visited the army at Arlington, in the winter of 1861 - '62, can never forget the new and strange impressions received. He was astonished at all he saw and heard : at the number of troops, the extent of ground occupied, the immense area of fresh-cut stumps, the trees from which had been consumed, the interminable trains of wagons that seemed to be always moving, the fog, the mud, and

the fairy-like music from a hundred bands, — music which, while all was enveloped in the densest fog, seemed to come, as indeed it did, from an invisible world. But what moved him most deeply, if he were a man of humane feelings, were the burials and the burial places. Yonder moves a little procession over the fenceless field. Its number is small. The bugler blowing from his instrument the most dismal notes, the chaplain, the bearers, a dozen others, and a lifeless comrade comprise the train. The burial service is read, the solemn work is speedily done, a head-board, bearing in knife-cut or red chalk, the name, company and regiment, is placed at the head of the grave, and that is the earthly end of the boy, who, but a few weeks since, left, in the bloom of youth, a happy home.

Even then, before there had been a battle, except that of Bull Run, the hospital was a solemn place. It was not uncommon to find one-fifth of the regiment unfit for duty. But when the time of conflict came, and the battles, the scorching days, with cool and dewy nights, the malarious air, and the poisonous waters of the Chickahominy, brought the men to the hospital, there were spectacles to make the stoutest heart quake. At Whitehouse Landing there were at one time not less than thirty burials at night, and as many, or more, in the morning. At Nashville the

daily burials for a long time averaged nearly fifty, though there had not been a battle in the department for months.

It always seemed to me that there was an unnecessary waste of life in our late war. I do not know that it was ever less in any war, but I cannot avoid believing, that, with proper care in sleeping, a large percentage of sickness could have been avoided. The trouble does not arise so much from want of covering, as from want of a suitable bed. Frequently there is nothing but some brush, and pieces of board saved from cracker-boxes and barrel-heads between the boy in his blanket, and the mud or frozen earth. It may be said that these things are unavoidable; sometimes they are, but often they are suffered for want of care on the part of the commanding officer or of the surgeon. I know surgeons who, when the regiment pitched their tents in a new place, never retired till they knew how every squad was to sleep. The guard-houses of our army were, in many cases, a shame to those who permitted their existence. Those who saw, as I did, and often, a regiment at dress-parade, coughing so violently that they shook the ground fifty feet front and rear, must feel that such things need not have been. There was an improvement in a year or two, but not what might have been.

A noticeable feature in hospital life was the uncomplaining patience of the sufferers; nearly all seemed to feel that there were many worse cases than their own, and bore themselves with praiseworthy fortitude. The amputating scenes, with exceptional cases, were not nearly so harrowing as we might expect. As a general rule, the patient was put under the influence of chloroform, and the work done without his knowledge. I witnessed some cases, however, where the torture was all that I could well conceive. In a cavalry skirmish, near Murfreesboro', one of our men was shot in the lower part of the body. The surgeon, before attempting to find the ball, gave him chloroform three times; but in each case he vomited and struggled so, that nothing could be done. At length the boy told the operator and his assistants that he could stand the pain, that they had better grasp him tightly, yet he could keep still without their strength. For a full half hour did the surgeon probe the wound, causing him most exquisite torture, when the ball was found. It seemed to me that it was akin to the suffering of being nailed to the cross; yet in six months he was a lively trooper again.

Men die in the same tent where you lie sick, and you do not know it until you see the attendants carry out the stretcher that was your comrade's dying bed.

You knew there had been no distressing coughing for two or three hours, a thing quite uncommon, and you had been dozing, perhaps sleeping, but Death had been at your side unobserved. That cough will never disturb you, or distress that consumptive boy again.

But Death does not always steal into the hospital like this. Sometimes a brother of the patient is in the same regiment, and is permitted to nurse and assist, if there is no urgent duty to prevent. This brother has been told that the end is near. Speechless, and almost motionless, he sits on a box by the cot of his dying brother, till the last spark is gone. Then, with a wail he can no longer repress, he pours forth his grief,—"O, my dear and only brother, my mother's idol, why did I urge you to come here? here to suffer, and here to die?" His grief is irrepressible, and the steward is obliged to take him away.

Watching with the sick in hospital is much the same as watching with the sick at home, with this difference: in the latter case, you watch generally over one patient, in the former, over a number; and, furthermore, in the hospital-tent the mother never surprises you by coming in on tip-toe, to assure herself that all is going well.

It sometimes happens that there will be two or

three in the same ward that are delirious. A sergeant imagines he is drilling a squad of recruits, and for an hour he is giving orders: "Attention!—Mark time!—Left, right, left, right, march!—Left, right, left, right, file right, march!—Halt!—Front!—Right dress!" An orderly is making up his detail: Bill Tarble and Amos Wood are to go on picket. Eben Pike, and Sol. Smith, for camp-guard. His book is lost, and he cannot tell whose turn it is for this duty, or for that. Another is fighting over the battle of last week, when a part of his scalp was shot away. Another is trying to load his gun, but his ram-rod is lost, and he cannot find it. And still another is singing "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground," or "Brother, when will you come back?"

The reader must not get the impression that hospitals are generally like a dead-room. In the cities, some of the wards presented the appearance of cheerfulness the greater part of the time. It is wonderful in how short a period a young man who has lost a limb becomes reconciled to it.

The patients are often more cheereful than the attendants. Jokes, conundrums, scraps of poetry, anything that will create amusement, are often as common in hospitals as anywhere.

"Well, boys, there is no great loss without some

small gain ; my shoe-maker's bill will not be so large as it has been."

"Sam Talbot and I are going to buy our gloves together."

"A good idea ; and if you know any chap who has lost his left, when we get out we will buy our boots together."

"But won't this stump be a pretty thing to take home for a show?"

"Why, man, they say a cork leg is better than the original."

"I am going home to marry a widow whose husband was a soldier-boy."

"Most likely ! Having got rid of one fool, do you think she would want another?"

"Why is a woman like an apple?"

"Because she improves by age, until she is *specked*."

"Why is a hospital like a saloon?"

"Because it has many *ails*."

"Why is a surgeon like our chaplain?"

"Because he is such a *feeling* man."

"Why is our cook like an emigrant?"

"Because he has to raise his bread among the stumps."

"Why is a stump-arm like a fool?"

"Because one is enough for a family."

"Oh, the weather is bad, and the whiskey is bad,
Bad luck to the mud and the drizzle,
Though they chop us up like sausage-meat,
The war is a murdering fizzle.

"The rebs have taken the best of me legs,
Bad luck to the chap that hit it,
If uncle Sam gives me a cork for me stump,
I hope 'twill be one that will fit it."

"O, Phin Taylor, dry up! If you ever have any cork it will be for your whiskey bottle; but what kind of Dutch blarney is that you're getting off for poetry? You are neither a poet nor an Irishman."

"I can prove that I am both, I will bet you the drinks."

"Agreed: now prove yourself a poet."

"Give me a subject. Anything from a beetle to an elephant, and I will make you an illigant poem on the spot."

"Tell us how you are going to earn a living with a stump leg?"

"There's a quarry that's been botherin' me head for awhile,
I've sought till I'm tired for an answer;
How's me bread and me mate and me grog to be arned,
But I have it, — I'll be a rope dancer."

"But how can you claim to be an Irishman when your parents were Massachusetts Yankees?"

"They took me to Ireland to have me born."

"I give it up, — I will pay the whiskey as soon as it is included in our rations and I get more than I want for my own use."

Yet cheerful, and even jovial, as some of the patients were, I never saw a hospital that did not present sights that were painful, while some of them were so horrible that they have haunted me in my dreams to this day. A poor Irish boy had his foot and ankle so shattered at Malvern Hills, that they were but a mass of crushed bone and flesh, black with powder from the bursting shell that wounded him. After all the wagons and surgeons had left Carter's Landing on the James, I found this sufferer in one of the little cottages near by. A negro told me of him, saying, "Dey is all done gone an' leab him, and what does ye reckon me an' de ole woman is gwine to do wid him?"

His groans were almost heartrending. Carrying him forward was out of the question. There were but two well soldiers, and the old negro, for help. My mind was made up. If the boys would assist, I would amputate the limb just below the knee. I had seen many such amputations, but had no instruments. While the negro was over at Colonel Car-

ter's house, looking after the best instruments he could find for the occasion, other negroes raised the shout half a mile above us that "*de rebs was a comin.*"

Telling the old colored woman to be sure and have her husband report this case to the first rebel surgeon he could find, the two soldiers and myself started across the ravine to the woods, and soon striking the trail of the wagons, in due time reached Harrison's Landing. But what became of Peter McLaughlin I never learned. But I have seen that black, fragmental foot, and heard that wail of anguish, a thousand times since. He was not the only sufferer left in the hands of the rebels. All the way from Gaines' Mill, in the farm-houses, in the barns, by the roadside, in the thickets, by the streams, the helpless or exhausted wounded, in great numbers, were left for the enemy to find.

There is no place where a burial is not a solemn and deeply affecting scene. In the churchyard, beside his kindred, be it one who has been gathered like a ripened shock, and for whom life had lost its pleasures, none but a brutish man can see the clay return to clay, in the dismal narrow house which no sun-ray can ever penetrate, without a feeling of inexpressible awe. But when the young, the manly, the beautiful, are cut down like a flower in bloom, when the solemn procession arrives at the home of the

dead, to leave the dear form there forever, who can hear the grating of the descending coffin, or the rattling of the falling pebbles, without a shudder that can scarcely be forgotten? And a burial at sea, how solemn! But there are scenes in war more harrowing than these.

Making a forced march through a wilderness country, we are sometimes ambushed, and some of our men shot down a long distance from human habitations. There is neither coffin, nor material to construct one. Time is precious, and ere our comrade is rigid in death, wrapped in his blanket, we have laid him in a wilderness grave. The sound from the first clods that strike the body is fearful; it seems that the falling earth must give pain, and we instinctively listen for a groan. But we must hasten our work, and weep, grieve, and talk of his virtues, and of his mother, whose heart will almost break when she gets the tidings, afterwards. A few stones at the head, his name cut in a tree, the bugle sounds the advance, and, sorrowing and watchful, we move on.

Less than two miles north of Murfreesboro', Tennessee, at the north-east of a little grove of oak, there is a graveyard, the resting-place of several hundred of the victims of Stone-River battle. In the grove was one of the field-hospitals; and for

two weeks or more succeeding the battle, the daily deaths were from five to twenty. At about the time the mortality was greatest, there came a terrific storm of rain and snow. Commencing early in the morning, and constantly increasing till sundown, the rain came down in torrents, and the wind was fearful. No canvas could keep out the water. The fires could not be kept up, for the smoke filled the tents. Beating in at the sides, dripping through the tops, rushing in at the bottom, there was a fearful deluge of water. And here were two hundred or more sick men, some of them dying, with a few attendants who could give them little but sympathy. Could we procure dry blankets, they would be wet in an hour. At midnight the rain ceased, and snow followed, with a chilling atmosphere.

Will not the sick freeze before morning? But nothing can be done. There are no dry blankets, and the wet ones cannot be dried. We must wait and suffer, and, perhaps, some of us perish. Slowly the night wears away. Only fifteen have died during the storm.

By noon the blankets have been dried, and a degree of comfort has been imparted to the sick. But here is a German, thirty-five years of age, perhaps, who has lived through the fearful night, but will see the dawning of but few more mornings. His end

draws near. With one of the sweetest countenances ever seen, and a beautiful blue eye, he made a deep impression upon me before he uttered a word. But when he answered my question, "*How have you stood the terrible storm?*" there was such a sweetness of expression, and his words were so well chosen, that I saw at once I was in the presence of a remarkable man. He could talk without difficulty, but he knew his wound was mortal. In his native country he was once a preacher, but, becoming a Rationalist, he abandoned the profession, and sought a living by some small business.

But not thriving much by trade there, he came to America, hoping for better success here. Yet all his efforts failed. Being offered a large bounty, he enlisted, and, in his first campaign, was mortally wounded. He had already lived ten days or more since he was shot. A chaplain came to talk and pray with him, and I was invited to remain. He could speak our language as well as his own. Taking his hand, the chaplain commences, —

"Are you aware that your case is almost a hopeless one?"

"O, Chaplain, I understand your kindness of heart perfectly, and that you wish to announce the certainty of approaching death as tenderly as possible. But I know that I must die, and shortly."

"Do you feel that you are prepared to die?"

"I hardly know how to answer that question. I never felt that I was prepared to live as I have wished. My ideal of what I might be has always been so much higher than I have ever been able to attain, I cannot feel that I was even properly prepared to live. When I have thought for a season that I was gaining strength, and rising higher and approaching nearer and nearer to my ideal, suddenly some passion has overcome me, and I have lost all I had gained."

"But you did not put your trust in the Saviour. They who rely upon themselves lean upon a reed, or a broken staff; while they who lean upon Christ, find Him an ever-present help in time of trouble. Look unto the Saviour! Look unto the Saviour! At this moment, the most awfully solemn of your life, look unto Him who is able to save to the uttermost."

"Chaplain, I would not pain so good a heart as yours. But I, who have lived sincere all my life, cannot dissemble now, while on the threshold of eternity. Will you hear me a few moments? In return I will be glad to hear all you may have to say."

"Most assuredly. Go on, if it does not pain you to talk."

"Chaplain, I have no fear to die more than to sleep. It is not because I feel that I have experienced the new birth, or that God, through Christ, has forgiven my sins. I have had my seasons of religious ecstasy. I have desired wings, with which I might fly away from this earth, where right living is so difficult, and where there always seems to be a leaden burden to keep us from mounting heavenward to find for companions a purer race of beings. I have always had my seasons of prayer. Often they have been sweet, and sometimes ecstatic, while at others they have been productive of no visible good. But it is not because I have not neglected prayer that I am not afraid to die. Awake or asleep, in sickness or in health, far away from, or near to, death, I am ever in the hands of a just God, who can never forget I am His child."

"But you must be God's child by adoption, or he will not own you when he shall make up his jewels."

"Chaplain, I cannot argue now. I can only tell you how I feel. A thousand creeds, explained by a thousand men, could never shake my faith that I am a child of God; I learned it with my first prayer, I feel it now as I never felt it before, and that I am hastening still nearer to Him than I ever yet have been."

"And are you willing to die?"

"Could I have my choice, I would prefer to live ; but that being impossible, I am going hence, grateful that I ever lived at all in this beautiful world ; grateful that I have lived so long ; grateful that I have enjoyed so much ; and grateful that I can leave all with resignation."

"Why, brother, you talk strangely. I cannot comprehend you. While your words proclaim the Deist, your patience and resignation, no less than your sweet spirit, give evidence of the Christian."

"Some of my friends have told me that I have not had the common share of blessings ; that I have always been hedged in ; and for years have been obliged to labor in spheres below my capacity and taste.

"This is partly true ; but, chaplain, you and I know what there is to be grateful for, if we are sometimes pinched, crossed, and crippled.

"There are the sunshine and the beautiful orbs of night ; the dew and rain ; the frost and snow ; the flowers, the young grass, and the fragrant hay ; the forest, with its many hues ; the mountains, the running streams, and the mighty ocean ; delicious odors, enrapturing music, the delights of social intercourse, the exhilaration of acquiring knowledge, the sweets of friendship and the bliss of love ; and, better than all, that instinct, which, in the bird, tells

when and whither to fly, spring and autumn, in the young lamb where to find its food, and in us of a watchful Deity and an hereafter.

"Chaplain, you have come to pray, and I am grateful, and love you for it. Do not think me a heathen or an infidel. I have followed all the light I have had. Let me hold your hands while you pray, and I will pray with you; but let your prayer be one of thanksgiving as well as of entreaty."

Such, in substance, was this strange conversation. I paid less attention to the words of the chaplain, than to those of the dying man.

No doubt I have failed to make a strictly accurate report, but the substance is preserved.

CHAPTER V.

TWO NIGHTS UNDER GUARD.

AFTER the battle of Antietam, the bulk of the Army of the Potomac was encamped at and near Harper's Ferry. A view from the top of Maryland Heights, in a clear, calm, September morning of 1862, was most striking and picturesque. The mountain seems upwards of a mile in perpendicular height, and the top is reached by very sharp grades. There is a road half-way to the top, over which the heavy guns were dragged by mule and hand-power. Where the road ends, there is a sort of plateau of thirty to fifty acres, affording good camping-ground for troops. There were not only large guns, but quite a body of troops there, both infantry and artillery. The top of the mountain was used as a signal station, and every day, in suitable weather, the signal-man, with his flag, might be seen from a distance of many miles, communicating, by his waving to the right and waving to the left, to those who understood the

signal-alphabet, the orders of the Commander-in-Chief.

Looking southward and eastward, we take in an immense landscape; but the part that interests us most is Pleasant Valley, for it seems covered with troops. There must be nearly twenty regiments; and as the larger part of them have never been in action, most of them are nearly full. There is a brigade fresh from Connecticut, and as fine-appearing one as there is in the field. Near by is another, of mostly New Hampshire troops. Turning to the southwest we behold Loudon Heights, at least a thousand feet below the rock we are standing on. There are troops on the very top, but the ground they occupy is so uneven, we cannot tell whether few or many. By the aid of our glass we can see a cannon, a six-pound Napoleon, on one of the highest peaks. By looking carefully at two flags, floating over the cheerless rocks, we can make out the 5th and the 7th Ohio. That mountain, as well as the one we occupy, is a point of great importance. With a few troops and cannon in that position, no opposing force can hold Harper's Ferry. Between us and those Heights is the silver Potomac, and at the northern base, the Shenandoah. Across this is a pontoon bridge; and then passing over the village, we gaze on the white tents and black mass of hu-

manity that cover Bolivar Heights. These are the men who fought the fearful battle of Antietam. The wounded are mostly in Frederick City; though most of the houses, for a long distance about the battle-field, are filled with them.

The regiments seem small. We can see even at this distance, that some of them are not half full. Though many are absent, the hill seems covered. More than a thousand square acres are dotted with tents about as close as they can stand. These troops are under command of General Sumner, but whither bound no one knows. If Lee was badly whipped, this army does not feel very proud of its victory. It is waiting to recuperate, receive shoes, and winter clothing, and probably a new Commander-in-Chief.

Turning our glass back to Pleasant Valley, we see a horseman galloping slowly along from the Ferry, with an attendant ten rods in the rear. His steed is large and dark; so is the rider. Not graceful in posture, or handsome of figure; his clothes are somewhat soiled, from the cloud of dust that is rising as the trains of wagons pass to and fro. His hat is of large crown, wide brim, and bears a long black plume. Can we satisfy ourselves who this is? Ah! now he removes his hat to cool his forehead. That is Ambrose Burnside, who commands the forces in the valley; and he is a noble man: minds his busi-

ness, does his duty, is loved by his men, and honored by his countrymen.

I had spent a day with the signal-men, and started, just before sundown, for the Ferry, but had not got off the mountain when I came upon a picket-guard, who refused to let me pass. They belonged to some new regiment. Their orders were to let no one by after dark, even if he had a pass, without the countersign. This was the first time I had ever been asked for it till after eight o'clock. Not having it, there was nothing to do but put up at their hotel. As landlords, they were polite, affable, generous. They gave as good a supper as they had themselves, and, in fact, opened a can of chicken which they had brought from the sutlers for a midnight lunch. They were from Livingston County, New York,—farmers' boys, intent on doing their duty, whether on picket or in battle; but being under the necessity of detaining me for the night, they determined to make it as pleasant as possible. Supper over, a bed was soon made by cutting some boughs near by, and there was nothing to do but to kill time, and watch the path. Had there been a candle, or could we have had a fire, some of the number might have tried the soldier's solace,—a game of "old sledge." Scarcely was my bed ready, when another man made his appearance. He too had a pass, but was without the

countersign. He was an artist from Massachusetts, and had been up reconnoitering the mountain preparatory to taking some views. He, also, was treated to supper, and invited to sleep in my wide bed, and we found him a great addition to our company. Having been, in former years, a clergyman, and having travelled extensively, possessing a most wonderful memory, from which it would seem nothing ever escaped, with a talent for story-telling so extraordinary that whatever he spoke of the hearer could see it almost as plainly as if he had been an eye-witness, he kept us so much interested, that there was not a sleeper in the squad for the whole night. He could imitate an Irishman, a Dutchman, or a Yankee, or, in fact, anybody, to perfection.

I have tried to put some of his stories on paper, but fail to reproduce them with the spirit they had when dropping from his lips. I cannot magnetize the reader as he did the hearer; but I will venture to relate, as well as memory will permit, a few of his entertaining narratives. Said he:—

"I have just come from Frederick City; was there a week, while my man took care of the business over on the Heights yonder. It is a dismal place just now. There are, at least, twenty hospitals, all filled with the wounded from Antietam. If any one is ever tempted to commit suicide, I wish he might

be compelled to visit one of these places, and remain half a day. It would cure him temporarily, at least, of his mania. I witnessed some of the most interesting incidents there that ever fell within my experience. As I went to the ticket-office in Baltimore, for a ticket to Frederick, a woman, some fifty years old, was just asking for one also. She passed out a fifty-dollar note, which was pronounced counterfeit.

"O, in Mercy's name, what am I to do? I care little for the money, but have a dying boy in Frederick City, and must go in the next train. Who will befriend me? If any one will lend me a little money, it will be paid fourfold, for I am not poor."

"I will do it;" but the agent was too quick for me. He had passed her, not only a ticket, but ten dollars in money, simply telling her that she could return the loan, if she chose, at her convenience, but that the ticket was a present.

"As I had offered her money, she thanked me with more gratitude than grace, inquiring if I were going to Frederick. We passed on together, and, before sundown, were with her son. Before we reached the hospital where he lay, the city was thrown into the wildest excitement by the rapid firing of half a dozen cannon on the outskirts. Men turned pale, women screamed, children fled to their mothers for protection, farmers leaped into their

wagons, or astride their horses, to escape : the cry rang through the streets that the rebels were upon us, and for a few moments there was a panic among all, and great terror among the wounded, as there were but few troops present to protect them. However, it was but momentary. Instead of the rebels, Mr. Lincoln and General McClelland had called on their way from Antietam, and a battery was giving them a welcome. Though the city has as many rebels as Unionists, it took but a short time to gather a crowd, to whom Mr. Lincoln made a brief speech. I said we found the boy in the hospital. The despatch sent to the mother did not exaggerate when it informed her that her boy was dying. She saw at the first glance there was no ground for hope. Her son had known it for two days. He could speak only in a whisper. Almost his only words were, '*Now you have come I am willing to die.*' She uttered no wail ; her grief found no expression in tears. Holding one of his hands, she knelt down by his cot and prayed, using such language as none but they who go often and happily to the mercy-seat can use. She seemed to see her Heavenly Father, and to feel His presence, making me think of a mother who had come with her child to a stream, passed it into the hands of one who could carry it over in safety, while she was to wait but a short time for her turn. Her boy died without

a struggle, while she was in prayer. She was the first to make the discovery, simply saying, 'He is gone.' Then the tears came, and her mother's heart seemed ready to break. But, in a brief time, her emotion was controlled, and she said :—

"I cannot help these tears, they give relief. But why should I be inconsolable? Death is not the greatest of afflictions. That countenance has not a mark of vice. Those ashen lips never uttered guile. Those eyes just closed never turned away when he was addressing me. They were two witnesses to confirm his words. He never cringed to wealth or position, or slighted the lowly. Some of his acquaintances thought him eccentric, and some that he lacked reverence for superiors; but there is not, in all our town, an humble man or woman but will mourn for him as for a brother. The children would run to meet him, striving for the privilege of his hand. All this is a great comfort to me. He is safely across the river. Much as I loved him, I would not have him return. What is my sorrow to that of a mother who sees her boy go down to vice and crime? Though, like David, I can say, "Would to God I had died for thee;" yet, I pray that when my time shall come, my end may be like his.'

"The following morning the body was in readiness to be sent home. While she was waiting in the

street for the express to make some little alteration in the manner of transportation, a wounded man, in a chamber overlooking the small assembly, beckoned to me from the window, saying that he wished to speak with me. Telling the sentinel there was a friend of mine in the room above, I skipped up the stairs to learn his wishes.

“Who is that woman waiting to accompany that body?”

“I do not know her name, but she is from Schoharie County, New York.”

“I am sure she is my sister. Will you ask her maiden name, and if she has not a brother she has not seen for thirty years?”

“With pleasure.”

“In a few moments that woman was in the room with her brother, who had deserted his home many years ago, because his father had threatened to disinherit him for marrying an orphan servant-girl, the daughter of some most excellent American neighbors not long deceased. He went to Texas, accumulated property, but was obliged to enter the rebel service, and, though a Quartermaster, was hit by a stray ball at Antietam, found after the rebels had retreated, and brought to Frederick with other wounded men. His arm was amputated; and the first time of leaving his cot to look into the street, he saw his sis-

ter, whom he left thirty years ago in the old homestead. The interview was most solemn and interesting. But for that body in the coffin under the window, that meeting would have been one of wildest joy. As it was, few words were spoken. No life histories were related. She held his only hand till the express was ready for the train, gave him a parting kiss, told him she had a home to whose comforts he should be welcome through life, and passed on to the cars, accompanied only by the chaplain, who had been very kind to her. She requested this good man not to tell the conductor, or any one else, about her sorrowful mission. She made this request that she might be free from the gaze of sympathetic strangers; saying, that while many persons seemed to enjoy displaying their sorrows to the multitude, she wished to mourn alone, until she reached the home circle, where every tear and sigh would be as sincere as her own.

"Perhaps you might be interested in an incident of a different character which I witnessed one Sunday, a few miles out of the city. The day was so charming that I wandered off five or six miles, and fortunately came to a little country church. It was evident that something uncommon had drawn the people together, for nearly the whole population, black and white, were out. The sermon told me the cause of

so large an assembly: it was the beginning of a revival, and the first convert was to receive the solemn rite of baptism that day.

"The preacher was a mere youth, perhaps a little past twenty. This was the first year of his ministry; and the one to go forward in baptism, his first sheaf in the field of his Master. He was modest, single-minded, but earnest and eloquent; with the most pertinent passages of Scripture at perfect command.

"His convert was a tall, white-haired, venerable man of sixty years, with a sweet smile that proclaimed that beautiful August day as one of the happiest of his long life.

"The water-side was reached, five hundred persons stood on either bank; the prayer was offered, the hymn sung. The old man gave his left hand into the minister's left, while the youthful servant of God threw his right arm lovingly about the venerable man's waist, and they moved forward solemnly and slowly, with downcast eyes, to the water. Not a breath stirred the leaves over the placid stream. Even the birds had ceased their songs, and seemed to be interested witnesses of the solemn scene. The children, that had been chasing butterflies and grasshoppers, stopped to see that youth lead the old man

down to the water. The singers were gathered in a group, with open books, to strike,—

‘O, how happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey!’

as the two came from the water, when all were startled by the loud, shrill cry of the old wife,—

“‘Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Tarbox, take off them new shoes. You’ll spile your new shoes!’ Men, women, and children, broke out into uncontrollable laughter; the poor minister was so disconcerted he forgot the words of the service, but the old man heeded her not, and as he came up from the water struck up, in a rich, trembling voice,—

‘Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.’

“The minister was reassured, the multitude lost their levity, and sang with a power they had never known before; and ere they left the bank, a season of refreshing such as they had never before experienced was vouchsafed, and I heard that on the next Sabbath, instead of one, the young minister baptized twelve, who had found rest and peace.

"Are you in the picture business over on Bolivar Heights?"

"I am."

"What do you charge for a good photograph?"

"Eight dollars."

"Is not that high?"

"Well, that depends upon where you are. At home, I can afford a good one for three dollars; but here, circumstances are different. I know a town in Massachusetts where a denominational school has just been established; and, though it was a thriving place before, as soon as it was settled that the school was to be established there, real estate went up, as it were with a bound, from twenty to a hundred per cent. A citizen had a horse to sell, and met with a customer, who inquired the price:

"'Two hundred dollars!'"

"'Why, man, you amaze me! I cannot see a dollar more than one hundred in the beast.'"

"'But you must remember,' continued the dealer, 'where you are. Outside of this town, a hundred dollars is a fair price; but here I must have two hundred, to bring my horse on a par with everything else.'"

Our squad consisted of the artist, a sergeant, two privates, and myself. One of the latter said nothing, but each of the others contributed his share to the

entertainment for the night. The other private was a character, and had a hobby which he was willing to trot out whenever he could find any one to examine it. Taking advantage of a lull in the talking, he commenced :—

"Mr. Artist, do you understand astronomy?"

"Only to a limited extent."

"Well, you understand that some of the fixed stars have disappeared?"

"Certainly."

"And that they seemed to burn with great brilliancy for a long time, and then disappeared, as though they were literally consumed?"

"Yes."

"What do you think about the sun? Is it a mass of hydrogen gas?"

"I never tested it."

"Do you not think that this earth is liable to be destroyed at any moment?"

"Possibly. But the Amazon, and the Mississippi, the Nile, the Orinoco, and the St. Lawrence, the five immense oceans, to say nothing of the innumerable lakes, and other rivers, would smother a pretty big fire."

"Do not the Scriptures teach this theory?"

"Theologians give different answers to this question."

“But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat.”—II. Peter, iii. 10. ‘And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll.’—Isa. xxxiv. 4. ‘And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together.’—Rev. vi. 14. ‘And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire, and pillars of smoke.’”

“Do you understand Geology?”

“Not enough to do me any good.”

“Well, sir, a little reflection will teach you that we are living in the last centuries, if not the last days. Did you ever think that the wood and coal of the world are being rapidly exhausted?”

“They will probably last as long as *we* shall need any.”

“That is evasive, if not irreverent. The forests are disappearing, the coal-fields are surely not inexhaustible, and, at some time, the world will run short of fuel.”

“There will be at least three resources when wood and coal fail: one is to burn water. Paine, of Worcester, Massachusetts, got all ready, twenty-five years ago, to do it. The only difficulty he encountered was to get the hang of kindling it. As

soon as that little obstacle is overcome, water will burn as well as petroleum. My father remembers the time when the idea of burning black rock, as coal was then called, was regarded as absurd as the proposition to burn granite would be now. When the coal gives out, we shall probably be able to burn granite. But if neither water nor granite can be made to furnish fuel, there is an inexhaustible supply always to be obtained with sufficient labor."

"Where is it to come from, I would like to know?"

"Why, the earth, all but a thin crust, is molten fire; and tapping it, as we bore an oil-well, is all that will be necessary for a supply. I conjecture that is what the fire inside the earth is kept for. Would not we like to live to see the first hole drilled? Would it not cause a sensation like spanning the ocean with a cable?"

"Sir, I think you are an infidel; and you did a good thing when you left the ministry. But is it not awful to think that that this world may be destroyed by fire at any moment?"

"I should think you would be more concerned about the balls and shells you have got to meet in battle, than the burning of the world."

"What is a battle, where a few thousand die, to the conflagration of a world, where hundreds of millions would perish?"

"It would be all the same to you in both cases. Death would be no more terrible or painful to you, occurring with that of a million others, than alone."

"You talk like an unbeliever; and I do not care to continue the conversation."

Said the artist, addressing himself to the Sergeant:—

"I came here to make money; I suppose you came wholly to save the flag from dishonor."

"Well, my friend, I may as well tell you what motive brought me here. I think I am as patriotic as most men. I never see the flag run up, either on a ship's mast in the bay, on a flagstaff at home, or on a pole that we plant in our camp, without feeling my heart thumping at my ribs, and the tears on my cheeks. When I see it carried at dress-parade my chest heaves, and I have a strange feeling, while my hands grasp my musket with a tighter grip, and I am ready to give my last drop of blood for it. Who can tell the cause of this emotion? But, friend, it was not patriotism alone that brought me here. I came partly for the money,—the bounty. Had it been patriotism alone, I should have come before. I am one of a large class of unfortunates, who, at twenty-five years of age, have nothing in particular to do. Were I at home, seeking for employment, and you should ask me what I could do, the answer

most likely would be, 'Anything you want done.' That would be my first impression. But, really, I can do nothing well. My father gave me neither a trade nor an education. While I was approaching manhood he had a little petty business, at which I could earn him two dollars a day. I was promised assistance until he died. I am unskilled in anything. The blacksmith, the mason, the stone-cutter, the shoemaker, the printer, the merchant, all want help; but none of them want me, — a man in years, but a child in knowledge. I came here, then, largely because I had nothing to do. If I die, who will miss me? I shall leave nothing behind, as the work of my hands. Other men leave something to perpetuate their memories. Every house is a monument of mechanical skill. The proud ship coming into port, bears the labor and product of thousands of skilled hands, to say nothing of those who produced the freight she brings. He who has taken her across the trackless deep, and found the port as easily as the school-boy finds his home, is a man of skill, and his services are wanted. Yes, and so it is with his seamen. Even a sailor, though he be a drunken one, and the shipping-master obliged to send him on shipboard in irons, is wanted. Yes sir, a drunken sailor is of more account to the world than I. With no bad habits, and a disposition to

work, no one wants me. If I live to go home, I will tell every father I see to give his son an education or a trade. If anything will make a young man hate his father, it is neglect to give the necessary preparation to compete successfully with his peers in the business of life. As well might a boy be maimed as to have a hand without cunning, or a fool, as a head without useful knowledge."

As daylight was breaking, it was thought that a song might be sung without breaking any rule, when, it being my turn, I gave the "Frog Song," which had more in the introduction than in the body.

In July, 1861, being in Washington; I heard that the rebels were massing their troops at Mannassas, and that our army would move towards that stronghold the following day. If the soldiers were to go, so were the civilians, as to a country muster, or a horse-show. Somewhere near Fairfax Court House we passed a big frog-pond, and it being somewhat lowery, the frogs were out. While some of the troops were passing, it chanced that one of the largest of the frogs was on a log, and he seemed to take great interest in the procession. The band was playing an air he had never heard before, the banners were waving, the muskets glistened, and the sabres gleamed. Tramp, tramp, tramp, till the ground shook, and the poor frog's "home on the rail-

ing deep " seemed invaded by a power he had never feared. He had seen flocks of cranes, and boys with stones, and knew how to avoid both of these enemies ; but here was a visible power that shook his home like invisible thunder, yet he bravely kept his position. He saw the officers ride by, with grace and majesty in their mien, and heard their orders given with pomp and sonorosity. He felt like doing something to show his admiration of the spectacle ; but as it was not convenient to take off his hat, and shout "hurrah !" he did the next best thing, — essayed a song ; but he was somewhat puzzled in the matter of selection. Not knowing whether Abraham Lincoln or Jeff. Davis held dominion over his domain, he was at a loss whether to strike up the "Star Spangled Banner," or the "Bonnie Blue Flag," but, rejecting both, as it was uncertain whose hands he would fall into, he filled his bellows, and opening his huge mouth, articulated, in the deepest bass, "*Big thing! Big thing! Big thing!*" The troops heard it, and were captivated. Soon the song reverberated along the lines. We went to Bull Run, met the rebels, were defeated, and at night repassed the same pond. The big frogs had retired, and the peepers had taken their places. They gazed at us a few moments, soon comprehended the situation, and then struck up the chorus in their finest key, "*Can't see it! can't*

see it!" The army took the hint. They could not see it either.

On the Saturday evening previous to Banks' retreat from New Market, I called on General Williams' Division, encamped a mile north of the town, and half a mile below the pike. There was a brigade down two miles to the left of the town, to guard a bridge, while the bulk of this army was six or seven miles south on the pike to Staunton. Having disposed of most of my stamps, sung with all the regiments and batteries, and had one of my pleasantest visits, I was about to depart, when a soldier, with a bayoneted gun, approached and said that the Colonel wished to speak with me in his tent.

"Give my compliments to the Colonel, and say that, as it is late,—past nine o'clock,—I will thank him to excuse me to-night. I will call early in the morning."

"You are a prisoner, sir, by order of the Colonel, who suspects you are a spy."

"Take me to the Colonel's tent at once, that I may show my credentials."

But no, I was to be kept under guard till morning. He had ordered my arrest outside of his lines without any cause whatever.

"You are to speak to no one but me, and me only when necessary."

This was not the language of the soldier who arrested me, but of some subaltern, perhaps the officer of the guard.

"Can I go to a tent to sleep?"

"No, sir; there are no tents up, but those of the field officer's."

"Can I have some blankets?"

"You ought to carry your blankets with you when you travel with the army."

"That is so, no doubt; but, as I am not a snail, and do not carry my house on my back, and thinking I was coming among friends instead of enemies, I have none."

"Let me have your weapons."

"I do not carry any."

"What! no pistol?"

"Not any, sir."

"Any knife?"

"A small one; here it is."

"Any papers?"

"Here is my pass, also two letters from home; you are welcome to them. Here is a package of Union songs, and in this tin cylinder you will find about ten dollars worth of postage-stamps."

"What do you do with these stamps?"

"I will satisfy your curiosity in the morning."

Bring me a blanket, if you can find one, and I will make the best of my situation till morning."

The May air was cold, and the ground damp. Sleeping was out of the question. There were neither logs nor chips to sit on. About two o'clock my keeper was replaced by another. As I was passed over to the new guard, the orders to hold no conversation were repeated. We sat near together, both suffering from the cool night air. At length he inquired:—

"Have you a little whiskey about you?"

"Not a drop."

"Have you any tobacco?"

"Never used any. Do not know its taste."

"That is bad. This is mighty lonesome for both of us, isn't it?"

"Suppose I tell you a true story, to wear away the time?"

I will not trouble the reader with the story. It rehearsed the facts of wandering out into a Wisconsin forest on the Mississippi while a steamer lay at the bank nearly a whole day making some repairs on one of the engines; and being left alone in the solitude of the forest till morning, when, by the sound of a rifle, I found a white man who had lived a hermit's life ten years, scarcely seeing a white man, except the employés of the steamer that took the wood he cut and

hauled to the river bank on a hand-sled. He was there because his wife had deceived him. I will give just that part of it which interested my guard most.

Speaking of his life, the hermit said :—

"I suppose you conjecture it was love that brought me here. No, sir ; it was the want of love. I am a married man ; but am ashamed to say I ever loved so fascinating, treacherous, and subtle a being as woman. Bah ! Beautiful ! so was Eve, undoubtedly. Fascinating ! so was the serpent. I loved, wedded, worshipped, and was betrayed. A hard-working man, and true as the needle to the pole, I was supplanted by a brainless villain ; but here, in my forest home, I am free from the society of those who, since the days of Eve, have been the scourge of men. My dog, and even my pet bear, are superior to woman. My dog would die for me. No lying tongue could coax him to desert me. I would improve on Byron, and say, instead of Frailty, —

'Oh, "Deceit," thy name is woman.'

"Hold on !" said my keeper. "That is a pretty good story, and I rather pity the old wood-chopper, who had been bamboozled by his wife ; but, stranger, there is as sweet a pair of eyes, and as pure a pair of lips, up in Wisconsin, that came down here to my

hard bed every night to gaze upon and kiss me in my dreams, as ever existed since Mary went, first of all Christ's followers, to the sepulchre. Fudge on Byron, old Solomon, the hermit, and all other woman-haters ! I have not seen much of life, but I have found it true, generally, that when a man loves his wife and children as he ought, there is not much chance for trouble from outsiders. For my part, if I do not get killed in this war, the sweetest girl in Wisconsin will have a soldier-boy for a husband who will be so good to her that the very atmosphere that will surround her, should any libertine dare to come into her presence, will banish him at once."

In the morning I was taken to the Colonel, who proved to be a Norwegian, in command of the 3d Wisconsin ; and, without a kind word of regret for his order, he bade me good-morning, with an invitation to call again. It is the only instance of bald incivility from an officer of his rank, in meeting with upwards of five hundred regiments.

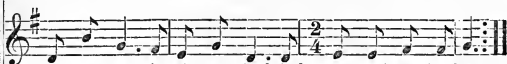


116 We're marching down to Dixie's land.

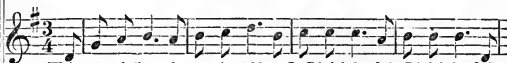
E. W. Locke.



Good news, good news, from Dixie's land from Dixie's land ; from Dixie's land
 The re-bels sing a-nother song, In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land ; They
 2. Dupont and Sherman took a sail, To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land. With
 They called to see Miss Carollee, In Dixie's land, In Dixie's land, Found



re - bel cause is at a stand, And trea - son's go - ing down.
 find they pitched the first one wrong, And trea - son's go - ing down.
 lit - tle stores of i - ron hail, To put re - bel - lion down.
 Beaufort har - bor migh - ty fine, To put re - bel - lion down.



We've struck the poison snake a blow, In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land, Se-
 With shot and shell, and Yankee trick, In Dixie's land, in Dixie's land, They

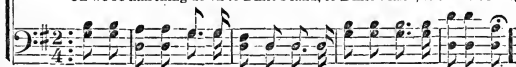


ces - sion stock is run - ning low, And trea - son's go - ing down.
 put the rogues to dou - ble quick, And trea - son shall go down.

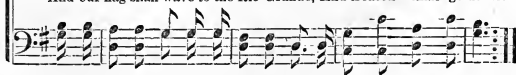
CHORUS.



Oh we're marching down to Dixie's land, to Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,



And our flag shall wave to the Rio Grande, And treason shall go down.



3. They sent two Envoys Plenipo
 From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
 To Johnny Bull and John Crapeau,
 Lest treason should go down ;
 They rowed about from shore to shore,
 In Dixie's land in Dixie's land,
 Till John Bull lent a helping oar,
 Lest treason should go down.
 A gallant plucky Commodore,
 From Yankee land, From Yankee land,
 Just bagged them both, though John Bull swore,
 And, treason shall go down !

Cho. O we're marching, &c.

4. John Bull is in a growling mood,
 For Dixie's land, for Dixie's land,
 He'd help the rebels if he could,
 Lest treason should go down,
 We've whipped him twice, if he'll call again,
 On sea or land, on sea or land,
 He'll find us stocked with pluck and men,
 And treason shall go down ;
 John Bull we'll meet as friend or foe,
 On sea or land, on sea or land,
 We love his smile, we dare his blow,
 But treason shall go down !

Cho. O we're marching, &c.

5. March on, march on, our cause is just,
 To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
 With loyal hearts and God our trust,
 To put rebellion down ;
 The blood of martyred brothers cries
 From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
 Avenge, avenge our sacrifice,
 And put rebellion down.
 The trumpet sounds, the war-cry rings,
 In Dixie's land, In Dixie's land ;
 Mid clashing steel each brave heart springs,
 To put rebellion down.

Cho. O we're marching, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING BEFORE RICHMOND.

I ASK the reader not to skip this chapter in disgust. I am aware there is a wide disagreement in statements of facts among those who were participants in the events to be treated of in the next pages; and most of the politicians of the country profess to know more about McClellan's manœuvres before Richmond, and his retreat to the James, than those who were under this distinguished Commander at the time. Were I at a loss for matter here, the files of the leading journals of the country would furnish enough for many chapters. But most of the reports were unfair; they were written either to glorify or disparage McClellan. Some of them were by men who saw no part of the affair but the retreating trains of wagons they were with. There were reporters in the army whose chief business was to play toady to some of the officers, get a share of good victuals and a plenty of liquor, and report the brilliant exploits of the men who paid their bills. Those who

trumpeted for McClellan, described those battles as fiercely contested, sanguinary in character, managed on the part of our officers with consummate skill, and but for the lack of a few expected reinforcements under McDowell, victory, which at one time was almost within our grasp, would have been secured, Richmond taken, and the war ended in one brief campaign. "Shame on the imbecile administration for sacrificing one of the bravest and best disciplined armies ever organized, composed of the flower of America! Shame on the government that could sacrifice a hero like McClellan, because he was not a Republican!" This was, and still is, the cry of one party.

The other party feels that the incompetency of this officer cost the country a hundred thousand lives, and yet many are unwilling to use harsh terms, for they know not who there was at that time that could have done better.

I am to give my version of the affair, tell what I know and saw. Being on the field, or in the hospitals, the entire seven days, confined to no locality or sphere, but free to move at all times along any part of our lines, my opportunities for witnessing the events of the occasion were at least as good as those of others. But it should be borne in mind that whatever the facilities enjoyed, one man,

though he might have had the swiftest horse, could not see nearly all the important transactions of that disastrous occasion.

Looking back eight years, I can see that line of "boys in blue" just as vividly as if but yesterday, as it stretched out north and south from the railroad a mile above Savage Station, like a pair of wings ten miles from tip to tip.

On the extreme left were some twenty regiments of infantry and a few batteries, under General Keys; next to him was Sumner, who prided himself in having the best fighting material in all that army. He might well be proud of many of his command, both men and officers. There were Meagher, French, Kearney, and Hooker, and if there were any troops in the whole line that McClellan took pains to flatter, it was the Irish Brigade. It was indeed a noble corps, both officers and men feeling that they were representing to the world the Irish sentiment in crushing the rebellion, as well as the characteristics of true Irish soldiers. Though some of their enemies charged that this partiality on the part of McClellan was a stroke of policy to encourage enlistments among that race, yet any one who saw the brigade at Gaines' Mill, White Oak Swamp, or Malvern Hills, must feel that the Irish have a right to be proud of their countrymen on those occasions. Next to Sumner

was Heintzleman, with a corps nearly or quite as large as any; next Franklin, with the famous Vermont Brigade of five regiments, viz. : the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th; the Jersey Brigade, formerly Kearney's, the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th; with the 5th, 6th, and 7th Maine, which, as much as any regiments from the Pine Tree State, distinguished themselves through the war. In this corps there were also the 16th, 27th, 33d, 43d, 49th, and 77th New York, and a few Pennsylvania troops. In the rear of the line were the headquarters of General Franklin, and still farther back, those of McClellan, protected by a park of artillery.

Crossing the Chickahominy we found no troops till we had passed Gaines' House, a mile from the Swamp. Then we came upon Porter's corps. Among others it included the Berdan Sharpshooters, the Ellsworth Avengers, the 5th New York (Zouaves), the 9th Massachusetts (Irish), the 4th Michigan, and a regiment from Connecticut that had charge of the siege guns. Then there was some distance without troops; but when reached, they were found to be the Pennsylvania Reserves, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry, and three batteries. Stoneman, with his cavalry, was in this vicinity, but constantly moving, so that his troops were seldom seen in camp but at night.

Near Gaines' House is that modern invention in warfare, the balloon. Coming upon it suddenly, hidden in a little ravine, a globe, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, attached to the earth by strong guys, and its beautiful colors sparkling in the sun, we could but exclaim, "Big thing!" The rebels must be beaten, for they have no balloon; and if Bonaparte had thought of this, he never would have been sent to Elba. There was a wagon-load of carboys, filled with vitriol, and a great quantity of zinc, from which to generate the required gas. When the air was still the guys were manned, a man with a glass stepped into the basket, and strong arms, with careful hands, paid out the ropes, while the observer mounted five hundred feet skyward to see what the Johnnies were about over towards Richmond.

But taking such an observation was not the pleasantest recreation to be thought of. If the balloon man could see the rebels, they could see him. And by the time he had reached the requisite altitude, a puff of smoke rises from that battery over on the heights, beyond the Chickahominy; the heavy, sharp crash of a rifled cannon almost stuns us, even if we are a mile away, and, almost simultaneously with the sound of the gun, comes the screeching shell, aimed at the balloon. You know this only by the sound; for the eye cannot see it. Again and again they fire,

but they must be poor marksmen, or their gun is defective, for they never hit it. Sometimes it sways with the gentle breeze, but at others it is motionless as a target. My verdict was, "*Poor gunnery.*"

Who hatched the balloon idea may not be known; but there were few officers who did not think it ridiculous. In a few hours after nightfall the enemy's troops might have been concentrated to strike us on either wing with the dawning of the first light, and a battle be lost or won before the balloon man could see what was going on inside the rebel lines. But that ridiculous gas-bag did not live long in the army. Probably no one will take out a patent for conducting warfare by the use of balloons.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the last Thursday in June, 1862, the pickets of the Pennsylvania Reserves were driven in by a large advancing column. This threatening force was bravely met by three batteries, and twelve regiments of infantry. In an hour or two the firing became rapid, and, though the Pennsylvanians behaved nobly, they had to cope with such odds in numbers, they gradually fell back obliquely towards Porter's command. This officer was ready with his troops, in due time, to take part in the fight, and for two hours before sundown, and even by twilight, nearly the whole force on that side of the Chickahominy was engaged.

About half-past two in the afternoon, Generals McClellan and Franklin, with their respective staff-officers, rode over to the scene of action, a distance of about three miles. Late in the afternoon, as far as I could see or ascertain, the whole army was drawn up in line of battle, as if expecting attack at any moment.

That was a sight never to be forgotten. Here is a regiment of six hundred strong men, standing in line, two rank, their dress blue pants, blouse and cap; with muskets loaded and capped, at "order arms," or "rest"; the commissioned officers one step in the rear, with drawn swords; ten rods in the rear another similar line; and at the right and the left others, containing from five to eight hundred each. At suitable points, with every brigade of four or five regiments, was a battery of six guns unlimbered, the gunners ready to shot and discharge them at any moment; and, just far enough in the rear to overlook his brigade, sits, on his trusty horse, the Brigadier, waiting for orders from the Corps Commander, either to advance to battle or return to quarters. There are continuous lines, stretching for miles, of armed men, ready to fight or die.

There has been heavy fighting all the afternoon on the right: the cannons are yet thundering, and the musketry volleys are unceasing. Is this the hour

that is to decide whether America is to be one or two nations? The timid are pale and trembling, the reckless joking, the brave impatient, hoping that the hour of trial has at length come.

"Attention to orders!" Something like the following is read in the hearing of all: "Headquarters of Major-General Fitz John Porter, June 25th, eight o'clock P. M. To the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac! This afternoon, at two o'clock, the enemy in full force made a most vigorous and persistent attack on our right wing; but, by the heroic conduct of your brave brothers under Major-Generals McCall and Porter, was driven back with immense slaughter, while our loss in killed and wounded is comparatively small. With two hours more of daylight we could have followed the enemy into Richmond."

This message, or the substance of it, purported to have come from McClellan. The soldiers cheered, and cheered again. Many went to sleep that night expecting to march into Richmond the following day. Others shook their heads, and especially some of the officers. They had listened to the cannonading (for there was scarcely a breath of air, and the sound could be heard distinctly even to the extreme left), and all the afternoon it had come nearer and nearer, even to the very last. If the enemy had been checked,

and especially towards the end driven back, we should have known it by the reports of the guns. But it was not so, and men who had been in previous wars, or who exercised their judgment, knew that the boast of going to Richmond with two hours' more daylight, was idle, like a great deal of the vamping that had been heard before. But we should see; perhaps two hours in the morning will be as good as two hours at the close of the day. Few thoughtful men of that grand army slept much that night. By five o'clock in the morning the firing recommenced, apparently just where it ceased the night before. It continued, though with but little vigor, almost ceasing at times, to recommence more sharply, till nearly or quite noon. By two o'clock we knew that the bloodiest battle of the war in the East was being fought.

General Slocum's Division, of Franklin's corps, had been in readiness from sunrise to march at a moment's notice to the field of action, if wanted; at this time they were ordered forward, being some three miles from the battle-field, to assist their struggling brethren. As nearly as I can remember, there were twelve regiments and three batteries in this body of reinforcements; but, later in the day, two brigades, the Irish and French's, comprising some ten regiments, also went to the assistance of McCall and Por-

ter. When Slocum's troops started, they moved slowly, and I think few of the men expected to go into battle; but having crossed the river, their pace quickened, and soon they found there was work to be done, such as they had never experienced. McCall and Porter had been virtually defeated before Slocum arrived. A victorious enemy, with reinforcements constantly arriving, were killing, maiming and capturing our men by hundreds, and forcing back the right wing of McClellan's army. Only till late in the afternoon, when the Irish and French's brigades made their appearance, was the enemy checked. More than half of the Jersey Brigade were killed or captured. The 5th Maine lost two hundred and fifty, or one-third of its men. Colonel Howland, of the 16th New York, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, of the same regiment, mortally wounded. To say nothing of the losses suffered by McCall and Porter, of the six thousand men who crossed the Chickahominy that afternoon, under Slocum, at dark, fully one-third were wounded or missing. The last reinforcements, the Irish, and French's Brigades, lost but few men comparatively, for the battle ended shortly after their arrival.

What a night was that which followed! Horrible beyond description; bringing agony to the wounded, and not only to them, but to every thoughtful man

along the whole line. No deceptive order, like the one read last night, could have found a moment's credence had it been issued. The hopeful tried to believe it was a drawn battle, and that the rebels were as badly injured as we. But many muttered, while more cursed. "Why," said a Captain of the Third Vermont, in my hearing, "what has all the rest of this army been about while the rebs have been slaughtering our men like sheep? What has the main army been doing these twenty hours of carnage? What has the bulk of our corps done? Was one division all that could be spared to help those who needed assistance? Scarcely a gun fired, that I have heard, this side of the river yesterday or to-day. Watching! watching! while others have been fighting and dying! I tell you, gentlemen, if there is not something 'rotten in Denmark,' there is in this army! O, I am so ashamed I could not look my friends at home in the face. Boom, boom, for eighteen hours, almost within musket-shot, and you and I, and our stalwart brothers, taking no part! Two-thirds of the army have not fired a gun all the while this butchery has been going on!"

But complaints, mutterings, and cursings were of no avail. The morning came, and the defeated troops fell back across the Chickahominy. In the forenoon some of the Vermont troops had a little

skirmishing with the enemy, being driven out of some earthworks, which, after the right wing had fallen back, was now the extreme right of the line. By noon, the wagon-trains had commenced moving towards the James. But White Oak Swamp, an immense woody morass, that required to be bridged a fourth of a mile, lay between. This, however, was easily done, as trees were abundant, and the water shallow. Half a day, with a thousand men, was quite sufficient to corduroy it.

Nearly all the troops north of the railroad were in motion by sundown, and the wagons moved on slowly all night. The steamers and other vessels at Whitehouse Landing had been sent down the river, and by Sunday morning there was but a small part of that grand army left before the defences of Richmond.

The enemy was not long in discovering our absence, and speedily prepared to follow. The last troops to leave were those under Sumner. They had some fighting to do in the morning at Savage Station, but soon the stores were destroyed, an engine and a train of cars run into the river, the magazine blown up, and the last of the besieging army was pushing on in one of the hottest of June days, followed at a safe distance by the exultant enemy.

The historians of that time tell of the seven days' fighting before Richmond. But I could never fully understand them. Their record does not tally with my observations. There was fighting Thursday and Friday, but none worth naming Saturday. Sunday there was a little fighting at Savage Station, on account of mismanagement by some of our officers, but I think very few were killed. In fact, but few troops were engaged. Monday there was considerable fighting at White Oak Swamp; but if one will take the pains to ascertain the number of our regiments and batteries engaged, he will see that it has been greatly exaggerated. On this point, whoever will take the pains to search records of soldiers' deaths, will find but a small number who were killed at White Oak Swamp. It is true that our troops formed in line, after passing this place, to check the advancing enemy. Hancock, with a division, held the right. Brooks' Vermonters, and Davidson, of Franklin's corps, lay next on the left. Sumner and Heintzleman and Porter extended the line to the left, bordering the swamp, while a hill near by was occupied with batteries. The enemy made little headway in the effort to carry our strong position; but late in the afternoon a large force, under General Henry A. Wise, attempted to flank, by passing between us and the river. They were met by Per...

and Keys, but were driven back mostly by the shells from the gunboats Galena, Jacob Bell, and Aroostook. The rebels must have lost many men, but our loss was very small indeed. On Tuesday afternoon and evening occurred the memorable battle of Malvern Hills. I would not attempt to belittle it, but here, as at Gaines' Mill, but a small part of the army was engaged. The battle did not commence till three o'clock in the afternoon; and if I remember rightly, not a single position of ours was carried by the enemy. Here, too, we had the most valuable assistance of the gunboats. Many noble men lost their lives; but compared with battles that occurred later in the war, such as Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, it was but a skirmish. Wednesday was occupied in making our way to Harrison's Landing. Thursday, the monitor and the gunboats were busy in shelling that portion of the enemy that still hung on our rear. The fighting was done at Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hills, with what might be called heavy skirmishing at Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, and a few other places.

McClellan sets down his loss in killed, wounded and missing, at fifteen thousand two hundred and forty-nine. This may be the true number, but I am confident that the prisoners were the largest class.

There were thousands of soldiers who never fired a gun at a rebel in all those seven days. This was not their fault. I would not disparage them, or belittle their hardships. These were great enough in that malarious atmosphere, with that poison-water, even without fighting. It was not the soldier's fault if he did not fight. Many had no opportunity. The policy of the commander was not to attack, but threaten; and while he lay threatening, his men fell by disease in hundreds and thousands. In that army, as it lay encamped in the swamps of the Chickahominy, there was suffering that cannot be told. The water was cold, palatable, and apparently refreshing; yet it quenched thirst but a short time, only to give it a keener edge. Quinine, though you mixed it with your food, would not kill the pain caused by this deceptive liquid. The sick, besides those retained in camp hospitals, daily sent back to Whitehouse Landing, would fill a train of many cars. To have been a soldier under McClellan while threatening Richmond, even though you never had an opportunity to fight, is more than to have fought a number of battles. But those who were at Gaines' Mill, Mechanicsville, or Malvern Hills, will never forget the occasion. If but a portion of the army was engaged, those who bore a part had no reason to be ashamed. The effort was lost, and thousands

perished in vain, not through a lack of soldierly qualities of the men, and the subordinate officers, but from other causes. I need not tell the reader I am no critic in military affairs. But men of capacity and military skill said in my hearing that McClellan, instead of needing more men, which he was constantly calling for, had three times as many as he ever put into battle, and twice as many as he could handle. This is my opinion. Some thought at the time it was splendid management, on his part, that not a wagon, ambulance, or siege-gun was left in the hands of the enemy. As the man said, who saw for the first time the water pouring over Niagara Falls, "What's to hinder?" So may we say, What was to prevent taking all these things to the James?

It was less than twenty miles to a point where the gunboats could come to his assistance. There were a plenty of sappers and miners to put the roads in order, or make new ones across White Oak Swamp, the only place that presented any obstacle to moving an army. It was no remarkable strategy to start away and gain a day's march. Lee did this at Antietam, and at Gettysburg. There was little danger of being flanked, right or left. All the enemy's force was in the rear, and when it followed was pursuing an army superior in numbers, with no lack of guns or ammunition. Had it been otherwise, and

were the bulk of our men wearied out with protracted engagements, then we might talk about the masterly skill that saved the Army of the Potomac. There was little to do but "to push along and keep moving." McClellan was shrewd enough not to make a stand on the defensive, until he came within assistance of the gunboats.

I feel certain that when we left the Chickahominy, the highest officers in the army did not know what point on the James we were to strike. On Sunday, at two o'clock, it was my fortune to have under my care some five hundred of such among the wounded as could walk. Being anxious to take them forward as rapidly as possible, that they might be sent down the river for surgical treatment, I made an ineffectual search for General McClellan, but none of his staff could tell me where he was, or where to take the men. One of the young French noblemen promised to procure the desired information, but not hearing from him I applied to an old farmer, who did his best to give us the shortest route to a gunboat.

I will close this chapter with an incident that occurred in the evening after the battle of Malvern Hills. It is one I love to recall, when tempted to believe that human nature contains more of bad than good.

It was my privilege to have charge of the hospital camp at Carter's Landing during, and the night after the battle. By ten o'clock there were two thousand or more of the sick and wounded on Colonel Carter's plantation. This gentleman had a field of wheat which had just been cut, and it lay in the gavel. Obtaining all the assistance I could muster, we gathered up the wheat and made hundreds of beds on the grass. The night was warm and still, a blanket being sufficient covering. Amputations were out of the question. There were present Drs. Palmer and Brickett, of Maine, two as good surgeons as the army afforded, but they could do nothing more than administer opiates and other medicines. The chief business of the night was to carry water for drink, and to pour on the wounds, and distribute black and beef teas, which the gunboat *Susan Small* furnished. Towards midnight I received a call from an officer of the 16th Michigan, who wished for a candle.

Having none to spare, one was procured at the mansion-house, after which he said he was going to look around among the wounded, to see if he could find any that belonged to his regiment. His search proving fruitless, he went to the pump, stood on the platform, and called out, "Sixteenth Michigan. Is any one here from the 16th Michigan?"

Faintly came an answer "Here! this way!" We

found a poor boy, wounded but a few hours before, through the left arm and upper part of the body, the murderous iron passing near his heart, just missing it. He was aware that he had but a short time to live.

"O, I am so glad you have come, I thought I must die alone!"

Each of us took a bloody hand.

"O, this pain! Can I have some water?"

I had a supply, and not only gave him to drink, but washed the powder from his face. He had been working at a battery that afternoon, and was struck down by a small piece of shell. He had been brought thither to die. He said to the officer, "Will you pray with me?"

We knelt by his side, and the prayer was offered. And such a prayer, with such surroundings! Groans on every side, some calling for water, delirious men calling for their wives or mothers, some praying, others cursing! The scene may be imagined, it cannot be described. The prayer ended, "Will you," said the boy, "stay with me till I die? It will not be long?"

"I will."

"And will you write to my mother? you know her well, and will you tell her I died thinking of her?"

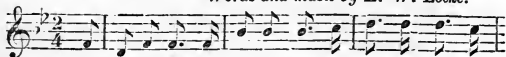
"I will."

Both of us kissed that dying boy, and one of us, at

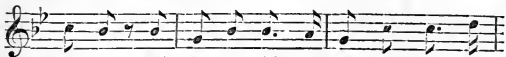
least, prayed that God would receive his spirit, and pardon his youthful errors, and that we who were spectators might be the truer and braver for what we had seen.

Before morning his life ebbed away, and that Christian officer had written the letter to inform the Michigan mother how her noble boy had died.

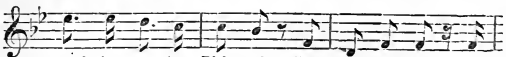
We are marching on to Richmond.

Words and music by E. W. Locke.

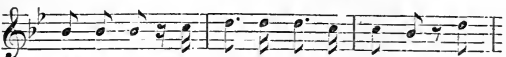
1. Our knapsacks sling and blithely sing, We're marching on to
 2. Our foes are near, their drums we hear, They're camped about in



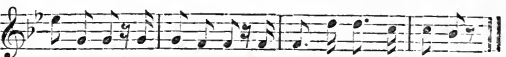
Richmond; With wea - pons bright, and hearts so light, We're
 Richmond; With pick - ets out, to tell the rout Our



march - lug on to Richmond; Each wea - ry mile, with
 Ar - my takes to Richmond; We've craf - ty foes to



song be - guile, We're marching on to Richmond; The
 meet our blows, No doubt they'll fight for Richmond; The



roads are rough, but smooth enough To take us safe to Richmond;
 brave may die, but nev - er fly, We'll cut our way to Richmond;

CHORUS.



Then tramp a - way while the bu - gles play, We're



marching on to Richmond, Our flag shall gleam in the



3.

But yesterday, in murderous fray,
 While marching on to Richmond;
 We parted here from comrades dear,
 While marching on to Richmond;
 With manly sighs and tearful eyes
 While marching on to Richmond;
 We laid the braves in peaceful graves,
 And started on to Richmond.

CHO.

4.

Our friends away are sad to-day,
 Because we march to Richmond;
 With loving fear they shrink to hear,
 About our march to Richmond;
 The pen shall tell that they who fell,
 While marching on to Richmond,
 Had hearts aglow and face to foe,
 And died in sight of Richmond.

CHO.

5.

Our thoughts shall roam to scenes of home,
 While marching on to Richmond,
 The vacant chair that's waiting there,
 While we march on to Richmond;
 'Twill not be long till shout and song,
 We'll raise aloud in Richmond,
 And war's rude blast, will soon be past,
 And we'll go home from Richmond.

CHO.

CHAPTER VII.

INCIDENTS IN CAMP, AND ON RETREAT.

A WEEK or so before the battle of Gaines' Mill, that most interesting personage, the Paymaster, made his appearance one morning in the Division of General Smith. He had been heralded a few days previously, been seen in some other portion of the army, and the report of his coming had taken wings. He had been watched for in vain for a long time. Two months ago he would come in a week; a month passed, and he would come shortly. But there is no doubt this time that he is near. Certain movements in the tents of the ten captains are sure harbingers. The muster-rolls are being corrected. Some have died, some have been discharged, a few are missing, and cannot be accounted for; some have been sent to Baltimore hospitals, and some to Whitehouse Landing. Some have been promoted since last pay-day, and on that little sheet of thick, firm paper, the story of the Company is all told. The sutlers have heard of his coming, and a few of them have obtained permis-

sion to come to the front, to collect from those in arrears. Letters are commenced by the boys, to be finished when they shall have received their four months' pay.

But lo! he is here. That ambulance drawn by two mules brought him. He has an iron box fifteen inches square by twelve in depth. It is carried into the Major's tent, and a guard detached, to watch. Cheer up, soldier-boy, you are to be paid sixty-four dollars for four months' labor, drilling, marching, shoveling, standing camp-guard and picket, digging rifle-pits, throwing up breastworks, working in the hospitals, eating quinine, bearing, without the right to reply, the insolence of imperious, brainless, and often drunken men. You must not complain, for your wages have been raised five dollars per month. To be sure, your Captain will get six or seven times as much pay as you, for much less laborious work; but never mind, you may out-rank even him before the war is over. Besides, you are not here for money, or rank, but to save the flag from dishonor. But, with all your patriotism, you cannot ignore money, and so we will take another look at the paymaster.

The field-officers having been paid, the line-officers of Company A are next in order. It requires but a short time to pay them. "Fall in, Company A!" and soon the line is moving forward, to face that iron

box—not exactly, for they seldom see it. They have but to answer to their names, and receive the needed greenbacks. No courage is needed to pass this ordeal. A spectator cannot watch this scene uninterested. A few minutes suffices to pay one, the first giving place to the second, moves rapidly off to his tent, holding the new, stiff notes in his hands, his heart all emotion, thoughtless of the fatigue, hardships and dangers that earned it. He is soon followed by others of his comrades as happy as himself.

“Bully for Uncle Samuel!” says one; “I always knew I was a favorite nephew, and that some day he would make me a present, but never expected it would come when a part of his relations were trying to break his head; but he is good for them, and my right arm is at his service.”

“Sixty-four dollars!” exclaims another; “all right, just as good as gold, and much lighter to carry. Why, boys, that picture of Uncle Abe, who saved our comrade over in the 3d Vermont from being shot for going to sleep on guard, is worth a month’s service. Don’t I like to look at it! Some folks call it homely. *Handsome is as handsome does.* But, boys, just five of these with his picture on each, (holding up five ten dollar greenbacks) are going up to a little woman in Cavendish, Vermont. She has a little pet soldier, two years old, and his name is

Abraham Lincoln, and we call him little Abe, for short. I would just like to go and carry these beauties, and give them a surprise; but I guess it will all come right in a few days, if Little Mac's head is clear, and I think it is!"

"Sixty-four dollars!" says another. "Not much of a show; could make twice that in quarrying marble in Castleton, Vermont; but I would not mind that if I did not owe the *blarsted* sutler ten dollars, and my chums fifteen more. I promised to send the old lady twenty-five dollars, but shall have to put her off with fifteen."

"Hurrah for chuck-luck! I am in for some fun. Hurrah for the old log! I say, boys, who is in for chuck-luck? If anybody has got a better title to these greenbacks, he is welcome to them."

Fifty thousand dollars have been distributed among the men of that regiment. This day all are in camp; hospital, picket, and other duties being performed by other regiments. Here is a scene for a painter. In every tent one or more is preparing a letter for home. The man with his postage-stamps is wanted now, if ever. There is hurrying to and fro to find some one who has a surplus, a few sutlers are hunting up their debtors, the boy who has been the banker for his tent-mates has got out his memorandum, and is reading off his accounts: Joe C. King

borrowed fifty cents the first of May, fifty cents the eighth, and twenty-five cents the tenth, and a dollar the first of June, and he owes, in all, two dollars and twenty-five cents. Jim Fisher borrowed his all in a lump, and he owes five dollars; Alonzo Smith owes fifty cents, and, in due time, all settlements are made.

In some of the tents the cards are brought out, and "poker," "old sledge," or "seven-up," take up the attention of a small group; but out by the old log we see a hundred or more busy at the chuck-luck board. Is it possible that men who earn their money thus, little by little, are to hazard it in gaming? But one board is not enough to accommodate all who wish to play. Look on, and you shall be astonished. You would suppose, by the sums staked, that the players were men with large pay. Seldom a five cent piece. A fifty cent scrip as often as a ten, and a dollar almost as frequently as either. Results: Two days, and often in one, after the men have been paid, many of them have no more than before, and have nothing to show for their money.

Before an army reaches a position of danger, it is attended by sutlers, and camp-followers of every description. It is one of the best fields known for professional gamblers. I know officers, who made more money at cards than their pay amounted to. Pro-

professional gamblers obtained berths with sutlers and quartermasters, simply to have an opportunity to carry on their business with the soldiers, and avoid the risk of being driven away.

It sometimes happened that a paymaster would slip out two notes for one, and thus add something to the soldier's luxury-fund for the next two months. Such an instance occurred at the time I am writing of, in the Vermont Brigade, one of the men getting ten dollars more than his due. He discovered the tempting note before reaching his tent, but took it along and showed it to his comrade.

"And what are you going to do with it, Jim? Send it home to your mother, as you do most of your pay, or keep it for a good time? I would keep it, and give Uncle Sam credit towards the extra work we have done for him. I tell you a ten spot would not be out of place once in a while. Credit it to the shoveling account, and I will not charge you more than five per cent. for the advice. Remember we did not come here to shovel, but to fight."

"I shall do no such thing. I confess that when bringing it to the tent I intended to keep it, and send it home. But God has preserved me from this great sin. Whether we came to shovel or to fight, or do both, matters not; but, whatever our duty, I did not come to learn to steal. The parting prayer of my

mother was that I might not prove a coward, or become a drunkard. But she never dreamed that her son could become a thief. To think of it makes me tremble. I have relatives who are immoderate drinkers, and some who may be called drunkards; one uncle is a miser, and a great-aunt is a pauper, but I never heard of a thief in our family."

Entering the tent at the close of this little speech, I told James that, though no eavesdropper, the canvas did not prevent me from hearing all he had said, and that he had excited my curiosity. On asking him what it meant, he told me freely. "And now," said he, "I am going up to return the money. But I feel so much like a thief, I can scarcely find the courage."

I volunteered to return it for him, without telling the paymaster at what name the mistake was made. But he said,—

"No, thief or no thief, I will go myself. It will do me good. All I ask of you is to keep the mean transaction a secret!"

Away he went, returned the money without unnecessary remarks; came back with a cheery countenance, exclaiming, as he entered the tent, "There, Mr. Satan, catch me asleep again if you can; you have got not only me to fight, but a good mother at home. You may make the most of this job; you

will have to try me on some other side. You cannot make a thief of me, after this !”

The night before the battle of Gaines’ Mill I slept under a little tent, with two boys of Company H, 16th New York Infantry. When the warm weather came, the wife of Colonel Howland presented each soldier in the regiment with a light straw hat, encircled with a black ribbon, bearing the name of the regiment, making them distinguishable from all others in the army. The reveille was beaten at daylight, and after roll-call, which occurred in a few minutes, my tent-chums were busy in making their coffee, while I lay on the ground wrapped in my blanket. While in this position, I heard a boy in the adjoining tent telling his tent-mates his dream. “Boys,” said he, “this is to be a fearful day. A part of my mother’s family have the gift of seeing events before they transpire. I know dreams are ridiculed, but most persons are excited by remarkable ones. I have had but little experience, but every important event of my life has been foreshadowed. What the dream-books teach is of no account to me. Whether the roosters crow in this place or that, whether I dream of fire or snakes, or crowds, or pork, or have any kind of an odious dream, is of no interest ; but there are times when I am passing from open consciousness to unconscious sleep, that I seem to stop on middle ground for a

season, and behold, as in a panorama, the events that are soon to transpire. This privilege is not vouchsafed often. But when the season comes, I know events of great moment to me are about to take place. Going to sleep last night, I saw the events which are shortly to come to pass, probably to-day. We are to go to battle. We are not to be attacked, but to be sent as reinforcements, reaching the field when the contest is fiercest. A large number of us are to fall, and myself among the number. I shall not be killed, but fall into the enemy's hands a prisoner. The thundering of the cannon, and the roar of the musketry, will be terrible. We shall be beaten, and most of our wounded will be made prisoners. I saw it all. I blame no one for laughing at me. This is one of my last nights in the regiment, and when I am missed, you will remember the words I am now speaking."

Everything connected with the battle occurred as he had foretold. His comrades saw him fall. He was left on the field, but whether killed or dead, I never learned.

In the evening after the battle, an Irish soldier, belonging to the 9th Massachusetts, came into our camp, where a large number of the wounded were gathered, and doubling himself up in the condition of a man dying with colic, exclaimed, "O, Dochter,

Docther, do be afther giving me something that's hot, and let me get out of this. The divil is twisting me innards up intirely. Jasus, and Joseph and Mary, and all the holy angels, help me out of me pain !”

“O, stop your bellowing, you great calf. Here are fifty men worse off than you, and yet many of them scarcely groan.”

This was the language of a surgeon; but it did little good to talk in that strain. The poor man was in anguish enough to kill one in a little while; and though he was not wounded as the fifty others were, he was writhing in tortures. He was no coward, but dreaded to die in that manner, after escaping shot and shell through that bloody day. A prescription, a portion of which was hot brandy, brought him right in less than an hour, and before morning he was the most useful man in camp in waiting on the surgeons.

Starting Saturday night, without supper, fasting and marching all day Sunday, it may well be believed that by Monday morning my appetite was tolerably keen. But the prospect for breakfast was by no means flattering. I had turned into a wheat-field, and was doing my best to satisfy hunger by eating the ripened grain, when a couple of colored

boys approached me, one of them, cap in hand, inquiring, —

“Mas'r, buy some cherries?”

“To be sure, for I am almost starved.” But, looking at his dirty woolly head, and his face, greasy with sweat, and the cherries that filled his cap, my stomach refused to ratify the bargain. That was a kind of cherry-dish not familiar to me.

“You dirty darkey, why did you put those nice cherries in your greasy cap?”

“Laws sakes, Mas'r, dun yer see I turns him?”

He had turned his cap before filling it; on seeing which my appetite returned, his cherries, which were large and delicious, were eaten, and soon he was climbing a tree for another cap-full.

Wednesday morning, shortly after daylight, the hospital camp at Carter's Landing was all commotion. The battle at the Hills had lasted till after dark, and it took a large part of the night to gather up and carry the wounded to places of tolerable comfort. A number of good surgeons were on the ground, doing what they could, but amputations were impossible till we could ascertain whether we were to remain there or go down the river. The rumor went through the camp like lightning that the rebels were coming upon us. Some negroes came in, who told us the soldiers were moving past by thousands, a

mile above us, making for the next Landing, six miles below, and that they thought the rebels were chasing them. The sick and wounded implored us not to leave them. Some, with half their hands shot away, their fingers dangling, others with a shattered arm in a sling, one with a bullet-hole in his cheek and four or five teeth gone; in fact, all that could walk, however sick or injured, started out to find the road the soldiers were moving on. Death was not dreaded so much as a rebel prison, and hence the prayer of all was to be carried forward.

At that time General Wm. B. Franklin, attended by his staff, rode into camp. On my asking him what was to be done with the sick and wounded, his answer, in substance, was, —

“There is no occasion for alarm. The rebels were badly whipped last night, and are retreating by this time.”

“Shall we remain where we are, General?”

“Of course. I tell you there is no occasion for alarm. There seems to be a panic here.”

I made my report, assuring all that General Franklin knew, if any one did, whether we were in danger or not. But no one gave heed to his words. The negroes had told us about the moving army, and we believed their report. We could understand that according to present appearances we should soon be

in the rear of our troops, wherever the enemy might be. If the rebels had been defeated, which we very much doubted, a few armed troops were sufficient to capture a number of hundred of unarmed wounded men in hospital.

But soon the army wagons and ambulances came pouring into camp, and some one — I know not who, for General Franklin had departed, and there was no superior officer on the ground — gave orders to fill every vehicle with patients as speedily as possible. There was no time lost in obeying the order, if we did not know who gave it. There were the wagons, and in less than fifteen minutes hundreds were being carried away as fast as the mules could be urged through the mud and the pouring rain.

Among the last to be lifted on their respective stretchers into an ambulance, were Lieutenant-Colonel Marsh, of the 16th New York, and Captain Stevens, of the 4th U. S. Artillery. The former was wounded through the neck, and otherwise, the latter through the thigh. It was by mere luck that a place was secured for them. We thought when the wagons came in there were enough to accommodate all, but it was found that we had many more patients than conveyances. There were quite a large number left. Telling the young man who had never left Colonel Marsh from the time he fell the previous Friday, at

Gaines' Mill, that I would find them wherever they stopped, and send them down the river, if possible, I remained a short time, but the negroes assuring us that the rebel cavalry were close by, I started on with as much speed as possible, and in due time found them at Harrison's Landing.

Determining to send these two men down the river, taking a boat and pulling out into the stream, I found the gunboat *Susan Small*, which had been the previous day at Carter's Landing. Approaching the larboard gangway, I asked to see the captain or the mate of the vessel.

"Have you business of importance?"

"Of course I have;" but it was hard to make the man on the steamer believe it.

Being destitute of both hat and coat, my shirt-sleeves in shreds, and my pants covered with mud, it is not strange that the man was unwilling to listen to me. I found then, as often before, that it required good clothes to secure a hearing. But by much earnestness I succeeded in seeing the mate.

"Well, what do you want?" impatiently, as though I had no right to trouble him.

"I have two badly wounded officers, which I wish to put aboard your vessel."

"Have you any orders to that effect?"

"No, sir, none but the promptings of a humane heart."

"But who are you?"

"Yesterday I was hospital steward at the Landing above, where your vessel lay, and to whose orders you issued supplies; to-day I am the friend of any one who needs my assistance."

"Are you not an officer of the Sanitary Commission?"

"No, sir; I am nothing. But for God's sake don't question me any more. You and I came here to do good, and not to run about with a roll of paper and red tape. This ship is large enough to hold two more men; if not, send two well ones ashore, and give the dying their room. These men will die unless they can have surgical aid immediately, and the best of care."

"I will take them, if you can put them aboard."

Taking the young man before named, and finding two more to assist, we were enabled, by carrying one at a time, without taking them from, or changing their position on, the stretcher, to place them in a large boat, and with much effort, and great care, put them safely aboard the vessel. But though they had every care skill and kindness could furnish, both of them died; the Colonel in two days, the Captain in two

weeks. The officers of the vessel were very kind. Seeing the plight I was in, they gave me a pair of pants, a straw hat, a shirt, and a pair of stockings.

If the reader wishes to know why I was in such a forlorn condition, I can inform him in a few words. Being, with two others, the last to leave the hospital camp, when we struck the first woods we were alone. Looking through the bushes, we discovered some cavalry sweeping by, as if to cut off our retreat. Just then there was some ground and lofty tumbling, as well as pretty good running. My companions left me far in the rear, for running is not my forte. A limb caught, not only my hat, but my wig with it. Without stopping to recover either, I pushed on through the wood and brush, coming out in the sorriest plight, as I was seen when I made my appearance at the gangway of the gunboat. Probably the cavalry, that gave us the fright, were our own men, though it is a matter of doubt.

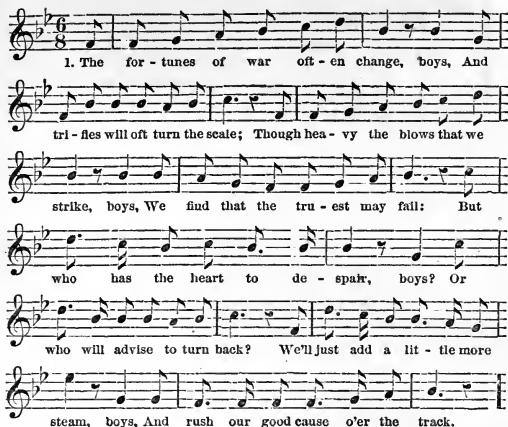
Of all the horrible pictures of that march from the Chickahominy to the James that come up to trouble me, while living it over and over again, scarcely one is more painful than this. Sunday afternoon we started, five hundred or more, hoping to reach the river before dark. All were *hors du combat*, the larger part being more or less wounded, while some

were quite sick. One of the most feeble of a squad of four, myself included, which kept together, was a sergeant of Colonel Kane's Bucktails, the First Pennsylvania Reserves. We carried his gun, knapsack, cartridge-box, and canteen, even leading him as we would a man ready to drop. Often he asked for drink, and every few minutes we would allow him to wet his lips. The terrible fever was on him; his tongue was yellow, his breath hot. There was no house near, and what to do we knew not. Suddenly, after drinking as much from the canteen as we would allow, he said he felt better, and could walk alone. He lingered behind a few rods, and when we looked back he was gone. The road was lined, on either side, with forest and thick underbrush. He had plunged into the bush, and it was nearly dark. We lost no time. We called, searched, mapped out the ground, and each took his section. But he could not be found. We made a bed there of dry twigs and leaves, drew our blankets about us, and tried to rest, not sleep; for we listened all the night for the sound of his voice, or the moving of the bushes, or any sound that might indicate his presence in our neighborhood. But he was never seen again in the army; at least, in his regiment. I do not marvel that a young man could have been so

careless, but *I* ought to have known better than to take my eye from him, and allow him to linger five rods in the rear. But he preferred to walk alone, and we humored him. His bones undoubtedly lie in that thicket to this day.

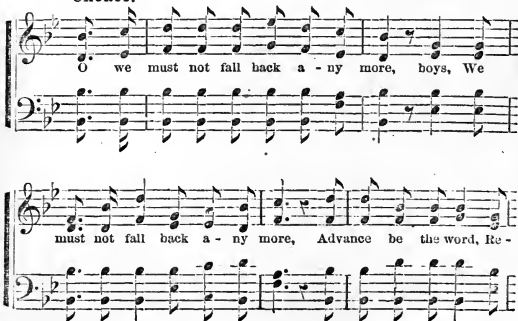
158 We must not fall back any more.

E. W. Locke.



1. The for - tunes of war oft - en change, boys, And
tri - fles will oft turn the scale; Though hea - vy the blows that we
strike, boys, We find that the tru - est may fall: But
who has the heart to de - spair, boys? Or
who will advise to turn back? We'll just add a lit - tle more
steam, boys, And rush our good cause o'er the track.

CHORUS.



O we must not fall back a - ny more, boys, We
must not fall back a - ny more, Advance be the word, Re -



2.

We've battled thus long for the right, boys,
 Regardless of station or gold,
 We've suffered from hunger and thirst, boys,
 And tramped through the heat and the cold;
 But let our brave leaders once call, boys,
 We'll rush to the fray as before,
 We're ready to fight or to die, boys,
 But not to fall back any more.

CHO.

3.

We often go home in our dreams, boys,
 And sit by the old kitchen fire,
 And tell o'er the tales of our camps, boys,
 To listeners we never can tire;
 But just in our moments of bliss, boys,
 While thinking our hardships are o'er,
 The order comes round to turn out, boys,
 Fall in and tramp on as before.

CHO.

4.

Our comrades fill many a grave, boys,
 Our brothers are crippled and maimed,
 Of those who fall as they fell, boys,
 Their country need not be ashamed;
 We sigh for the blessings of peace, boys,
 We tire of the war-bugles blast,
 We'll conquer before we go home, boys,
 We'll fight for our flag to the last.

CHO.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUBSISTENCE.

It has often been said that no army was ever so well fed as ours. That may be true ; but if so, army fare, in general, is not very attractive. Most of the time, the officers could live pretty much as they chose, three or four messing together, hiring a cook, and purchasing supplies at a trifle above cost. If they fared poorly, it was their own fault. There were times, however, when money could not purchase proper food ; but these were rare. Most of the time, and in most of the departments, fresh beef was procurable at reasonable rates, flour, the best of coffee and tea, lard, sugar, molasses, dried apples and peaches, to say nothing of canned poultry, and other luxuries.

But, for the first year or two of the war, the luxuries of the common soldier were few. His coffee, at first, came roasted and ground, and a large part of it must have been furnished by the brother of the shoddy-clothing contractor. In course of time,

however, it came in the berry, and generally of most excellent quality. But it was a long time before the meat was what it should have been. The pickled beef of the Eastern army, and the smoked pork of the Western, even as late as '63, were often execrable. The beef was tough, and often tainted, and the pork frequently so bad that no part but a little fat, eaten on the hard-bread, could be made use of. On the outside it was black as a shoe; on the inside, often yellow with incipient putrefaction.

But in less than two years, this outrage on the soldier ceased. The hard-bread, from poor and wormy stuff, became as good as possible. Huge ovens were set up wherever practicable, bread as good as the men had been accustomed to eat at home, was distributed by the army-wagon load; droves of fat cattle were being constantly sent to the field for slaughter, so that fresh beef was as common to the soldier as to the mechanic or laboring man at home. With these, and beans, rice, molasses, sugar, coffee, and tea, if he wished to purchase it, and all of most excellent quality, and sometimes potatoes, what soldier could, in reason, complain of his food? There was almost always a surplus, which, if the regiment had an honest quartermaster, was returned pro rata in money. Of course there were occasions when supplies were short, but these were rare.

It would astonish men accustomed to dine on two or three courses daily, the year round, and who think they eat no more than necessary for good health and cheerful spirits, yet who do not work enough in a month to start the sweat, to see what an amount of work, marching, or digging a man can do on a few ounces of meat, a pint of good coffee, and three hard biscuits, not larger, superficially, than your hand, and but a third as thick; and this, week after week, without losing flesh.

It is common in the Army for a company or regiment to be sent across some mountain-ranges, where no wagon, or even mules, can be taken. It is interesting to see the men pack their knapsacks. It would seem that they should not carry much burden, but it is cold, and each must have an overcoat, carry a blanket, one-third of a dog-tent, a canteen, a pint cup, a haversack filled with beef, hard-bread, and coffee, with a little sugar; also, forty rounds of Minie cartridges, and his rifle, weighing from nine to twelve pounds. If the road is tolerable, he will make twenty miles a day with all this burden. If he has to climb mountains, and wade snows, and even fight one or two small engagements, he will do it on the little food he put into his haversack on starting out, and return to camp but little fatigued.

It must be confessed, that with all the strict orders

against theft from citizens, it was difficult to restrain hungry soldiers from foraging upon the rebel farms, under favorable circumstances.

The most scrupulous officer in guarding rebel property I saw, was General Hancock. It did not require much to start him to swearing, in a high key, at any time. But if any of the men burnt rails, or were found in possession of a sheep or a calf, or if he found any of the officers conniving at this kind of thieving among their men, one could hear language not laid down in Hardee, or found in the Army Regulations.

I will give an instance, which I did not see, but which was current in the Army, and is undoubtedly true. Marching from Warrenton, the troops under Hancock had received orders to respect private property. Passing by a turnip-field, a brigade helped themselves to all they could carry. Hancock coming along, found the Colonel and his Chaplain, with half a dozen of the vegetables attached to each of their saddles, while each was munching away at a delicious one, as large as a saucer.

Hancock to the Colonel:

"Who commands this regiment?"

"I have the honor, sir."

"Were you not ordered to respect private property?"

"I was, sir."

"And yet you and all your men are crunching turnips. I arrest you, sir. Send your sword to my headquarters."

I think, however, that was the last of the affair, yet other transactions might be related as ridiculous as that.

Sometimes the orders were very strict; but a drove of shoats or a few fine wethers were too tempting to escape slaughter, at any period of the war. Moving on, with a train of wagons, escorted by a company of cavalry for protection, coming to an eminence and looking over the plains beyond, we discern one, two, yes, — three horsemen, galloping as in a steeple-chase, or as if pursued by an enemy. One has discharged his carbine. We can scarcely hear the report, it is so far away, but the little puff of smoke informs us. Now another, and then another. Some of the timid wagoners think we have come in sight of the enemy, and become so nervous that they are on the point of leaping from the near wheel-mules each is astride, and, allowing their teams to take care of themselves, fly to the woods for safety. But the wagon-master knows their thoughts as well as his business. This is not his first experience. He was in the Mexican war, and has taken half a dozen trains across the plains to

California. He sees at a glance that that party of racing, shooting horsemen, are a squad of our own escort, who have put out from their comrades to scour the plantations for fresh meat.

They have found a dozen shoats; but as the young porkers can run, for a short time, nearly as fast as the horses, and as they can tack and double in half the time of their pursuers, it is not a very easy matter to run them down, and, besides, the young carbineers have scarcely got the hang of their weapons. Hunting pigs on horseback is a science they have not studied. It was not taught in their school-room, in singing-school, or at the Commercial College; and even the drill-sergeant never gave them any instruction in this practice. The situation is both novel and exciting, both conditions being unfavorable to success. But before the horses are entirely out of wind, and the ammunition has been exhausted, one eighty-pound porker falls an unwilling sacrifice to his country, and the places that knew him will know him no more. Slinging him, as a hunter does a buck, when he has a horse to sling him on, the troopers return, proud of their trophy, little dreaming of the jokes they have got to submit to at supper from those whom they have taken so much pains to feed.

Dressing pork in the army is not the momentous

occasion it is in the country farm-house at home. There is no rising from bed before daylight, getting out the cauldron-kettle from its long resting-place, filling it with water, and putting under it a huge pile of wood; there is no turning the grindstone, to sharpen the long, hideous knives; there is no hurrying among the women folks to get the breakfast out of the way, and the children off to school, to avoid hearing that fearful death-wail that comes from the sty on slaughter-day; but, quite unpoetic, and very business-like, the trooper finds the two sharpest knives in the Company, selects the most expert assistant, and in half an hour the thick hide, with the bristles still on, has been separated from the flesh, the internal parts and head left as a delicious treat for the first flock of crows that visit our camping-ground, and the meat is being cooked in half a dozen camp-kettles.

"John," says one, addressing the one who claimed to have shot the pig, "this meat would be first-rate, but for one fault."

"What is the matter with the meat? I pronounce it capital."

"Why, it is shot all to pieces!" — the joke lying in the fact that it had but one mark on it.

"I wonder what breed this pig belonged to?"

"Racers!" is the answer.

"Why did you not bring the rest of the drove?"

"Our cartridge-boxes do not contain but forty chambers, and we came back to refill them."

"Did you see the old rebel who owns the shoats?"

"Yes."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said we were welcome; that he could raise them faster than we could kill them; and that he hoped we were going to stay in his neighborhood, for he should miss us if we left. He said he liked sport, and it was the first he had enjoyed since the war commenced."

"Was that all he said?"

"He did just remark, as we left him, that he had a boy in the rebel army, and hoped he would never meet us in battle, for if he did, and the news should reach home, all would go into mourning without waiting to hear the boy's fate."

"What shall we call the man who killed this pig?"

"A fratricide! because he killed his brother."

"And the ingrates who eat it, cannibals!" replied the man at whom the last thrust was aimed.

In many sections of the country, particularly in Tennessee, foraging was a heavy duty. A regiment, escorted by a battalion of cavalry, and one or two

guns from a battery, would start early in the morning, taking all its wagons, and push out from five to fifteen miles, for forage. Coming to corn, or anything else that would help subsist the animals, the cavalry would be thrown out ahead, to give warning if the enemy approached, and the guns placed in such position as to command the approaches, and defend in case of attack; the wagons were soon filled, and the farmer despoiled of his golden harvest. If he were gentlemanly in his deportment, the officer in charge would probably give him a certificate, stating the kind and estimated quantity of the property taken. If the owner proved sulky and insulting, he would get nothing to show. It was not uncommon, as late as February or March, to find a field of fifty acres of corn standing just as it grew, ready for our foragers. Sometimes it would be found in the shock, unhusked, of course; at others, in the crib, and it was not uncommon to find a mine of it carefully buried in the earth, — one or two thousand bushels, — to keep it from falling into our hands.

After the summer of '62, there was but little hay sent to the Army. At one time the Pamunkey was completely filled with vessels for two miles, and many of these were laden with pressed hay; but it was found too bulky an article for transportation, and after McClellan left the defences of Richmond there

was little hay sent to the army, the animals subsisting mostly on corn, with some oats.

The army lived much better than the citizens among whom it quartered. The poorer class of the South, before the war, never lived so well as the same class North. There were certain dishes common there that I marvel have never been introduced among us as daily food; one of these is hominy, which we call hulled corn, and which is by no means an every-day, or every-week dish, in many sections of the North. Corn-cake is not nearly so common with us as with them; and I think no one can excel a Southern darky woman in cooking a chicken, if she is not limited as to dressing. But the omnipresent ham, the poor and poorly-cooked potatoes, the inevitable hoe-cake, and the mean butter, always make a Northern man sigh for a "square" meal. During the war, many of the Southern people were reduced almost to starvation.

A few weeks after the battle of Stone River, worn down by hospital service, and nearly sick, I felt the need of a change of diet, and a roof to shelter me from the rainy and freezing nights, as well as the snow and severe cold, which came once in a while, for a change. Calling on a lady, who had out a sign "Bourders Wanted," I found she had a good two-story brick house, with four large rooms, and six or eight

smaller ones. She was a lone war-widow, with two little children, her husband fighting for "the bounie blue flag," and she keeping "bourders," when she could obtain any guests at her hotel, as aspiring boarding-house keepers call their places. I told her I was almost sick, and wanted a temporary home, and if she could accommodate me, should be most happy to patronize her establishment for a season.

"You are a Northern man, I reckon."

"Yes, ma'am; but that will make no difference, so long as I conduct myself like a gentleman, and pay my bills."

"That is so; but you said you were sick. I cannot have my house turned into a hospital. You are not coming down with measles, small-pox, or anything like those, are you?"

"No, ma'am, I have had all the contagious diseases, but matrimony, already, and I do not think there will be any danger of taking that till the war is over."

"Well, you would be in poor quarters to have that here. Men are troublesome creatures to take care of when anything ails them, but when they have got the matrimonial fever, they are regular pests. I reckon they had better have chills, shakes, intermittent and swamp fevers, and anything but hydrophobia. And of all men, matrimony makes the biggest fools of old men. No, sir, I do not want any

candidates for the pest-house, mad-house, or hymen's altar to board with me."

"But, ma'am, your blade is too sharp for me, I see at once. To come back to business—will you take me to board?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. I shall wish to know how you would like the room I could give you?"

Taking me to a large chamber, finished in good style, though the walls were without paper, she asked if it would suit me.

"It will suit me perfectly. What is the price?"

"General Bragg's army has been here all winter. Some of the officers had this room, and they paid me a dollar a meal, and a dollar a day for room-rent; but if you will pay me in silver or gold, you shall have it for fifty cents a meal, and the same per day for room-rent."

"It is cheap enough, and I will pay you a week in advance, and take the room as soon as it is in readiness for me."

"But there are some preliminaries to be considered. I am a lone woman; or, in other words, my husband is in our army, and, for appearances at least, I prefer to take two or three men into my house in preference to one. Could you not find some one to occupy the room with you? or, what would be a

great favor to me, could you not find three wishing board, so that both of my chambers might be occupied? In that case, I could make your board half-price."

"I think that number can be easily found. At any rate, I would like to come as soon as my bed can be got ready."

"I have no bed for the room."

"What! take boarders and lodgers without a bed?"

"I expected you would find your own. Our men found theirs."

She noticed my look of astonishment, and continued,—

"Why, man, not only our spare beds, but our carpets have gone to support the cause. I do not know what your people up North have done; we have given our all; no spare beds or carpets while one is wanted in the hospital."

"Luckily I have a cork bed and a pair of blankets, and shall be all right when once installed in this nice room. But allow me to ask, if you please, about the living. Can you give me fresh meat once a day?"

"If you get it twice a week you may think yourself fortunate. When I can get it for myself, you shall have it also."

"Can you give me flour-bread and hot biscuit?"

"I have no flour; but if you will buy a sack of your folks, I will pay you."

"You can furnish coffee for breakfast, and tea for supper?"

"I have neither; but if you will procure them I will pay for them, though, for myself, I like rye coffee as well as any."

"Have you sugar and lard?"

"Why, no; did you reckon I kept a hotel? I can give you better fare with what I have, and a few such articles as you could procure for me of your people, than our officers had; and, with my cooking, if I do say it, you would find a table good enough for anybody in war times like these. Now if you think this will not suit you, you had better try somewhere else."

Thanking her for her trouble, and telling her she should hear from me again in a short time, I went farther, received much better promises, made a bargain, carried my bed and blankets to my new quarters, and was soon reckoned a new boarder. But at every visit to the table, I wished I had made terms with the lone war-widow. She might have been, and probably was, a cook. My present landlady was not only a mean cook, but a slattern and a snuff-dipper. Bah! nastiness! Why do men drink and chew, and women snuff, dip, and smoke? Brute

beasts have no similar habits. Here is an enigma wiser heads than mine have never solved. But there was something at the house worth seeing and hearing, if the victuals were dirty. A sutler's wife had come down from Michigan to make her husband a brief visit, and this was her temporary home. She brought with her their hopeful son, about five years old. His name was Napoleon; but his pet name was "Little Nappie." Whatever we had for breakfast, we always had "Little Nappie." No matter what subject we wished to introduce or discuss, "Little Nappie" was the principal one. The mother seemed to remember all he had said and done since the previous meal, and it must all be related. Nappie had a gun that shot with a spring instead of powder, and carried peas instead of bullets, and he had hit the dog six times, and the cat four times, and, as an evidence of his great smartness, he had said that he should like to shoot Jeff. Davis with his gun. He was put through his catechism of who is President, and who is Governor, and who who was the first man, etc., etc., at about every meal. He was the "autocrat of the breakfast-table," and his silly mother an unmitigated bore. She evidently brought him down to show, more than anything else. Nothing on the table suited him: "Will Nappie have some nice meat and sweet potato?"

"No !" with a shake of the head.

"Will Nappie have a piece of this nice corn-bread, with some new butter on it?"

"No ! I tell you ; I won't have no old corn-bread. I'll have some of father's canned peaches, or I won't have anything. I want a treat."

"And so you shall have them. Nappie ain't used to Tennessee living," said his mother ; and his father, to avoid a scene, went out and got the peaches.

One morning, the mother was a little unwell, and Nappie came to the table with his father, who was going to take charge of the young man in absence of the head of the family. A mince-pie was within reach, and before any one had been helped to any food, little Nappie had run his knife under a piece of the tempting pie, and had nearly removed it from the plate, when his father saw him, and with a sharp voice, and a stern look, ordered him to put it back. Eyeing the man who had not given any orders to him for a year, a moment, and seeing that he must yield, he withdrew the knife, but looked daggers at all of us. Hoping to mollify him a little, I said, —

"Sonny, do you go to school when you are at home?"

"No I don't !"

"Don't you love to go to school?"

"No I don't !"

The poor "parient" was terribly mortified. So he said, in some anger,—

"Napoleon, what do I tell you to say when you answer yes, or no?"

"You tell me to say yes, sir-ee bob! That's what you tell me to say, you old crab-apple!"

The mother heard the trouble, and coming to the head of the stairs, called out: "Come to your mother, Nappie darling. Let your father attend to his sutlering. He don't know how to bring up children."

The foregoing incident reminds me of a very pleasing feature in the habits of speech of many Southern people, which no Northern visitor or sojourner can fail to notice. It is particularly noticeable among the women and children. It is a peculiar softness and sweetness of voice, with the most endearing expressions, many of which, though common there, would be pronounced absurd and flat here. "Pa!" says my little girl in Boston, ending the word short, with a bit of falling inflexion, simply wishing to call attention to what she is about to say. If her father does not answer immediately, and she is obliged to repeat her call two or three times, her "Pa!" will end abruptly, and in such a tone that one will see that she is angry, and almost defiant. But my little girl of Chatanooga, Memphis, or even Baltimore, calls out

"Pa-r!" — "Pa-r!" with a rising inflexion, and a tone so dependent and persuasive, that it would seem none could resist it. And the females, both white and black, are ever saying to their friends: "Don't do this, honey," and "I know you will do that for me, honey." A few of the Southern phrases, and some of the habits of Southern children, might be imported among us, to great advantage.

The Southern women are much more dependent than their Northern sisters. I do not remember to have met one of the strong-minded south of the Potomac or the Ohio, I did, indeed, see women more or less masculine, but never an advocate of Woman's Rights. They cling to man, and feel it a disparagement not to have some male to look to for support. When they are driven to it, I think they evince as much heroism and ingenuity to adapt means to ends as Northern women; but a Southern woman, if she pretends to keep house, is never so poor as to be without a negro of some sort. It is the same now as during and before the war. A rich woman must have three or four colored females, and one or two colored boys; but the poor widow must have at least one little black girl. It costs but little to feed, and next to nothing to clothe her. They fear Mrs. Grundy more than poverty. It is not work they dread so much as loss of caste, — a fear that is

a malady of almost universal prevalence among the human race.

At Harper's Ferry, the Army took quite a long rest, after the battle of Antietam. Many of the citizens found it difficult, at that time, to procure food. The orders were so strict, it was almost impossible to obtain anything from the Virginia side. A well-known Union man might obtain a pass to go beyond Bolivar Heights, to purchase a load of wood, or a few bushels of wheat, if any farmer was so lucky as to have it to spare; but there were many families that found it difficult to keep from starving, living principally by charity. I became acquainted with one such. It consisted of a woman of middle age, a daughter of twenty, and two boys of thirteen and fifteen, of large size for their years. They lived principally on the gifts of the family with whom I boarded. The mother was such a bitter rebel, she would scarcely speak to me; the boys shunned me, refusing all the presents offered them; but the young woman accepted all kindness with gratitude. In a short time she watched for my return at night, and found something substantial, such as meat, rice, and coffee, to carry home. She called me her Northern uncle, and wished she could go to my home.

One day I told her I had a plan that would relieve the family from want, while the Army should remain

there, if she would be willing to adopt it. Opening her eyes to the widest tension, she said, —

“I hope you are not going to propose anything dishonorable.”

“Nonsense! You are entirely out of food, and have been for two weeks or more, except what you have received from your friends, and have no means of procuring any. I understand that to be the situation of your family at this time?”

“Yes sir; but bad as it is, we would not do anything dishonorable. We would starve first.”

“Is there a large oven in the house?”

“Not in the house, but in the yard.”

“Have you an iron kettle that will hold five or six gallons?”

“We have not: but this lady has, and we can borrow it. But what are you scheming at now? We cannot take in washing with a six-gallon kettle!”

“Hear me a minute without interruption. Procure a sack of flour, twenty pounds of lard, some dried apples, and twenty pounds of sugar, and you and your mother go to baking in the oven, and frying in the kettle, apple-pies for the soldiers.”

“But we have no money to buy the articles you name, nor have we credit now, though we used to have.”

"I will furnish the money, and you can pay when the pies shall have been sold."

"Thank you. I like the plan, and mother shall come right down, and talk it over with you. I will do my part. But we shall be obliged to have a sign, and let the soldiers know we have pies to sell. But that will not be bad. Who shall we get to make the sign?"

"That is not the plan. You will need no sign. Those brothers of yours will sell them on the hill, among the troops."

"But that will make peddlers of them. I do not know as they would be willing to become peddlers; and I do not know as mother would be willing to have them come down to that; but I will tell her."

I had wounded their pride. She never watched for my coming afterwards, nor called me her Northern uncle, nor received from me any more presents.

CHAPTER IX.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY.

THE reader may think, by the title of this chapter, that he is to find it filled with romance. All of us have heard much of *vivandiers*, and *daughters of the regiment*. In France, the former are allowed as a kind of sutler, selling the soldiers wine and some kinds of food. The nearest approach to this class it was my privilege to see in the Army, was a Vermont woman at the Chickahominy, busy, from morning till night, over a kettle of hot fat, cooking turnovers for those who wanted to buy a poor substitute for hard-bread. I saw the eagle of the regiment, that Wisconsin bird, whose fame is known throughout the land; but I do not recollect to have seen a single specimen of this poetic character, "*La Fille du Regiment*." It is said there was a woman with the first Michigan Cavalry, who was known as Irish Biddy; but if there was, she wore the dress, did the work, and drew the pay of a soldier. Instead of the daughter of the regiment, she was a *bould*

sojer boy. Some famous exploits were told of the wife of General Turchin, but having heard them all second-hand, I prefer not to print them.

I doubt not that most of what has been reported in the books and papers about the heroic conduct of women in the field, is true; but as but little of it came under my notice, I must refrain from observations.

The great bulk of women's work in the war was in the city hospitals, not at the front. Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Frederick City, Memphis, Louisville and Nashville, could each furnish sufficient material for a book on this subject, that would eclipse any of Dickens' novels, provided we had a Dickens to write it, and he would not be under the necessity of resorting to fiction. I regret not having seen more of her work in the hospital; but I could not be in two places at the same time, front and rear. Had I the same great drama to witness again, I should see more of woman in the sick-room—that sphere in which she shines with preëminent lustre. If man does claim superiority in mastering abstruse sciences, elaborating ideas, and bringing to light hidden relations; if there never was a female Newton, Copernicus, Columbus, or Raphael, any man who was ever really sick two weeks, and under the care of a man the first, and a woman

the second, knows that in the sick-room she is in her sphere, while man is out of his. Of course there are exceptions. There are men who are good wherever placed, and there are women who are good for nothing, in whatever situation.

A noticeable incident occurred during the battle of Malvern Hills. The gunboat *Susan Small* arrived a few hours before the battle opened. She was laden with hospital-stores, and had on board a number of nurses; among whom were two, perhaps more, females. Gathered in a field on the north bank of the James, were a large number of sick and wounded, a part of the disabled in the battles of the three or four previous days; and as soon as the fighting at the Hills above commenced, the number of wounded rapidly increased. Two women from the gunboat above mentioned, with tin cups, accompanied by two men carrying four pails filled with refreshments, two with beef-tea, one with black-tea, the fourth with lemonade, made their appearance among the sufferers, to dispense their comforts. They did not come to dress wounds. They spoke few words with their mouths, but many and eloquent ones with their eyes; but the sight of them then and there did the heart good.

It seemed as though the spirit of our wives, mothers, and sisters at home were incarnated in these

women. Their very few words were woman's words, but they had a power man's do not. When we saw them moving about, distributing the contents of those pails, it needed but a little stretch of the imagination to make them seem beings of another sphere. We hardly knew whether they were young or old; whether they had black tresses, auburn ringlets, or chestnut-brown curls; whether their eyes were blue, black, or hazel. It was enough that they were women. Their presence was proof that women cared for us, and were willing to brave danger, and come even within range of the fearful shells to minister to those from whose wounds the warm blood was still flowing. In their presence, men could suffer with more fortitude, and die with more resignation. If we could not look upon our dear ones at home, we could upon their representatives. How often did I wish that mothers, who had reared two or three boys, could come to the front and dress wounds for a month after a battle; and yet many of these would be unfit for such duty. Some of the men who were helpers in hospitals would have been better employed in a butcher's shop. Who does not know the difference between one who knows how to dress a painful wound, and a bungler? One touches you in just the spot where it will give you the least pain, takes up the bandage carefully, watches the

dressing as it cleaves from the wound, using a little tepid water when it is needed, then, with nice suds, and the softest sponge, washes the filthy matter from the reddened but unbruised flesh, showering, with the cleansing liquid, the parts that are too sensitive to be sponged; then, carefully covering the injured part with some healing salve on the softest linen, she seizes the bandage, and binds up the suffering part most neatly, making the linen bear evenly on every part, every manipulation being that of an artist. Her touch is full of magnetism that thrills you, and, painful though your wound may be, you long for her coming to dress it again. But how different the other! She has but just touched you, and you groan with pain. Her hands seem filled with needles' points. She slips the bandage, chafes and reopens the wound, sets it to bleeding afresh, uses too much or too little dressing, gets the bandage too loose or too tight, puts a needle through the flesh instead of the cloth, and, before she is done with you, most likely lets the salve-box, or a piece of soap, drop on the most sensitive part. When she is through you are glad, not only for her sake, but for your own. There were men in hospital service who were fit assistants to the surgeons; but where there was one who was, there were many who were not. Women always, for hospital service, when

they can be had. The great Father knew whether the male or the female would make the best nurse, when He gave her, instead of him, the care of infants and children.

But there was enough of noble work to be done where women could go, and most nobly did they do it. Every town has some, and every city many, who are pointed out now, and will continue to be mentioned, long after they are dead, as the women who did so much for the soldiers. Tens of thousands, whose domestic duties were such that they could not give all their time, went every day, or at least every week, with little presents to boys in the hospital. Many a mother, with two or three mouths besides her own to provide for daily with her needle, found a spare hour, and a spare quarter, with a bunch of flowers, for the soldier-boy on his couch. The school-mistress, whose head ached with the care of a hundred children, was not too weary to carry some oranges, and cheering words, and sweet, encouraging smiles to somebody's sick brothers. The sewing-girl, also, and the poor widow, gave their mites.

Though I saw but comparatively little of women in the sick-room in the Army, yet that was enough to notice the difference between men and women when they visited hospitals. Where one of the former went, there were five, — yes, ten of the latter.

Men went with their wives or friends, if needed, but most of them went more for curiosity than to show their sympathy. Few stood over the cots, took the hand and held it, wiped the forehead with their own handkerchiefs, and talked of home. But women did this. And why did not men? Because they are not women.

And then the Soldiers' Aid Societies, what a work did they perform! It is astonishing that there was no lack of funds to carry on a war of such huge proportions. Though gold and silver were out of use, we built, in a few years, one of the most powerful Navies of the world, paid such bounties as no other nation ever paid its soldiers, fed them bountifully, clothed them amply, and, with few exceptions, paid them promptly; and, during all the time of war, towns thrived, cities grew rapidly, and when we needed funds we had credit, at home and abroad, for at least three thousand millions of dollars. This seems marvellous. But when we think of the money raised, the clothing manufactured, the fruit and other comforts contributed by the loyal women of the North, we are amazed. If a million of dollars is wanted in one year, if women have little executive ability compared with men, they are equal to this emergency. Where is there a town in all the North that had not a Soldiers' Aid Society; and where

is the woman that was so poor that she contributed nothing?

As I write, a picture comes before me of a woman and her boy, twelve years of age, residing, in '62, in Georgetown, D. C. The husband and father held a small-paying office in the Treasury Department, but his family expenses took nearly all of his earnings. I cannot give the name, but they were relatives of Ex-Governor N. P. Talmadge, of Wisconsin, who was a boarder there at the time referred to. Being a boarder myself, I was an eye-witness of what I am going to relate. She had a spare bed, and every night, just before dark, this boy would go to the nearest corner, and watch the crowd of passing soldiers. Some were on business; some were in health, and others ought to have been in the hospitals. Seeing one whose walking indicated feebleness, the lad approached him, and said, —

"Good-evening, soldier; you seem sick or weary."

"I am not feeling very well to-night, soray, but think I shall be all right in the morning."

"Have you a good place to sleep to-night?"

"Pretty good, when I get to it."

"My mother, who lives in that house, sent me to ask you to come to supper, and stay over night."

"You must be mistaken. I am a stranger here, and I am sure your mother never saw me."

"That makes no difference. She sent me out here to find two feeble or sick soldiers, to come and eat and sleep in her house to-night, without pay, and I would like to have you go, for one."

"Why, sonny, the sight of such a woman would be worth a month's pay, and I will go. I did not know they had such women about Washington."

That woman had a spare bed, and at every meal placed two extra plates on her table, for such soldiers as her little boy could find to make use of them. They did not eat at a second table, or in the kitchen, but with the family; and Governor Talmadge was as happy to talk with them as with Members of Congress, many of whom called to see him. It mattered not whether they were bankers' clerks or rich men's sons, or uneducated and unpolished, they came to protect the flag from dishonor, and that was a free table, and all who sat around it were equal.

In writing of the heroism of our Northern women, we ought not to forget that the Southern women were as devoted to their cause as our mothers and wives to theirs. Elegant houses were appropriated, converted into stables during heavy storms, and yet the mistresses often bore the cross without a tear, the love of their cause deepening as their sacrifices multiplied.

Some time in February, '63, the raiding rebels at-

tacked a train from Nashville to Murfreesboro', threw the cars from the track, disabled the engine, and so injured the road that it was a number of days before the cars could run. Transportation in the meantime was, of course, done by animals. For some reason, the sick and wounded among the rebel prisoners, taken at the battle of Stone River, were sent to Nashville, at least a considerable portion of them, ambulances being used for the purpose. The road is a macadamised pike, and was in pretty good order, so that the train could move at a pace of four or five miles an hour.

I started out with the train, on horseback; but not being able, from an injury of long standing, to ride faster than a walk, fell behind. I had been out, perhaps, an hour, when I heard a cantering horse on the hard road in the rear. Turning my head, I beheld a most comical object, mounted on a diminutive white pony, urging the sweating beast to its utmost speed. I had seen a similar exhibition at a circus; but never before outside the ring. My first thought was that a soldier had found a little pony among some of the farmers, and was out for a show. But then, the rider was too small for a soldier, though it might be a drummer-boy; and as to the show, there was no one to see the sport, if it was intended for sport, but me. But I had not

much time for conjecture. The speed slackened as they approached me, and the rider seemed almost as much out of breath as the horse. I saw that the strange being was a female; not a frolicksome girl out for an excitement, nor a gay, young widow to show her charms, nor a "woman fat, fair and forty," but one old enough to be a grandmother, and one of the most ill-shapen of women. Horse and rider were well matched as to size. Both, on the scale together, would hardly turn six hundred pounds. There were but three articles of clothing visible—an old black bombazine dress, a bonnet as much like that of a Quakeress, without being one, as possible, and a pair of coarse socks in place of shoes.

"Stranger, I reckon some kerriges has passed this yere road jest neow, with a heap of Southern sick boys. Could yer tell me anything about 'em?"

"I should think they might be two miles ahead, ma'am. But what is the trouble? Have they taken anything that belongs to you?"

"Indeed, sir, they has; my boy, my wounded boy. He has been where I could see him 'once in a while, and now, without giving me a hint, he has been toted off, I knows nothing where, and I want to give him some money. Why, the poor boy has not a cent of money, and my pony has een-a-most jist gin out."

"I wish I could help you out of your trouble. You will probably have to go to Nashville before you can see him. You cannot overtake the train."

"But my pony is so little; he isn't so good as a sheep, to run, and his wind is poor."

"Are you a good rider, ma'am?"

"I reckon not very; could do better when I was a gal."

"If you could ride my horse, you might overtake the train in half or three-quarters of an hour."

"Stranger, I reckon you would not let me have your horse."

"Most certainly, but for the fear that some accident might befall you. Do you think you would dare to ride him? He is very gentle."

"Why, sir, it is only a little higher up, and a little longer leap. I am not afeard, but would like to have my saddle. It 'pears like I am used to that."

"Well then, there is no time to lose. Wait a minute, till I can help you off, and we will see if we can exchange the saddles."

But she had reached the ground before me, having but a few feet to slide. Her saddle was ungirthed, but we saw it was of no use. Both of us caught the same idea at the same instant. "Change the girths, but let the saddles remain!" It was done in less than a minute, and the little woman in the black

bombazine dress, and the Quaker-style bonnet, was cantering away like some Mrs. John Gilpin. Hers was a common man's saddle, but she had ridden on it, more or less, for thirty years; and though she was on a strange horse, she seemed to feel much at home. As I plodded on behind her the last line of a nursery rhyme kept ringing in my ears, —

“And Gill came tumbling after.”

I did not think what I should have to pay the Colonel of the 38th Illinois for his horse the old lady was riding away, provided she did not return it. My situation seemed comical, and I could but wonder what my wife at home would say if some clairvoyant had told her he saw her husband swapping a large brown horse, worth two hundred and fifty dollars, for a little wind-broken pony, of no value, in the woods near Lavergne, Tennessee, with a rebel woman he had seen but five minutes, and whom he might never see again. But I knew the horse and rider would return, if no accident should befall them; and in less than two hours I had possession of my horse, and she of her pony. She had found the ambulance and her boy, and given him the purse of gold and silver, and was comforted, if not happy. It is the only horse-trade I ever made without being cheated.

In this case, both parties were gainers. Besides enabling her to give her boy some money to take to his prison hospital, both of us had increased our stock of confidence in human nature.

Just previous to the battle of Williamsburg, in the spring of '62, I was lying on a gun-carriage, at Fortress Monroe, one morning, when a little woman was seen to mount a pile of boxes close by, larger than a common haystack, but not more than half as high. It was a novel sight. She knelt down, so as to assume as modest a position as possible, and pulled over the boxes, one after another, and occasionally passed one down to a negro man, who stood on the ground. At length she had handed down half a dozen boxes, and a few bundles, or rather bags, and that was the last I saw of her that morning. But shortly the negro came with an ambulance and took the articles away. The next time I saw the party they were in the vicinity of Williamsburg, some distance from the river, hurrying on in the direction of some heavy skirmishing. They had come to a small creek in a field they were crossing, without any road, and I had the pleasure of lifting at the wheel and helping them get their ambulance and its contents on the other side, after which "all went marching on."

I learned that she was a wealthy woman from Philadelphia, and that this negro was her hired man ;

that she made occasional visits to the Army to carry such articles as she deemed most needful, while she distributed and administered them with her own hands. I have looked through a number of books, but have seen no reference to her. Her name is Bailey, or Bailies, or one similar in sound. What she accomplished by her journey is unknown to me, but it was a sight most interesting as well as novel, — a woman of refinement and a negro man, with a pair of mules and ambulance, pushing out across fields and creeks to reach a battle-field.

But before leaving the subject, I feel constrained to present some pictures not so pleasant.

If woman was first at the sepulchre, she was also conspicuous in the Eden transaction. If the Dorcases and Marthas came to see the soldiers, so did the Delilahs and Magdalenes. Every city where the Army, or any considerable portion of it, quartered for any length of time, swarmed with courtesans. Every rendezvous was crowded with them. Weak men, who did not drink up their money, spent it on bad women. Sometimes they obtained passes, and reached to the front. This one had a dear uncle there, and it was necessary she should see him. Courtezans went thither as the wives of officers, and one man winked at the shortcomings of his neighbor; for he, too, lived in a glass house. But

how could they obtain passes? There were Provost-marshals who could be corrupted as easily as other officers. There is scarcely any mischief that a crafty, vicious woman cannot accomplish. Her power is felt in every walk of life; in a neighborhood, in the school, in the sewing-circle, in the church, and in the senate. Could the Army escape it? It did not. Nor did Soldiers' Aid Societies, or the hospitals. Bedding and fruit collected for the sick were sometimes stolen before they left the town where they were collected, and sometimes even by those who collected them. If a surgeon ever misappropriated hospital comforts, which I doubt not, most likely he did not enjoy them alone alone, but had the companionship of some frail sister like them who help spend the money of every man-thief in high or low life.

Every soldier in the Army of the Potomac, in the winter of '61-2, remembers the Virginia mud; and not only the mud, but the constant alternation of rain and cold weather, not severe enough to freeze the mud wholly, but just enough to make a crust that would not bear the animals, and seldom the men. With mud alone, the travelling was bad enough, but with this mud-crust it was exceedingly annoying.

One foggy morning I saw a stout woman approaching the camp. It was not common to see a woman within the lines ten miles from Washington,

and it seemed very extraordinary indeed that one should be wading through the mud-crust at an early hour. But my gallantry being aroused, I went forward to meet her. She was making her way across a field, having left the road, when I called out to her to make a slight detour to the right, to avoid a deep slough. Sometimes the crust would bear her up, at others she would go down. Saluting her with "Your servant, madam," I continued, "It is shocking travelling, but what brings you here—and on foot? If you had waited till afternoon, you might have come in some of the wagons."

"I have a son in some of these regiments, and I hear that he is sick. I have come to see him."

"O, I expected as much; nothing but sickness of a son would bring a woman here in such travelling, I am sure. Please go into one of these tents, where there is a stove, rest yourself, and dry your feet, give me the name of your son, and I will find him. Do you know whether he is in hospital, or out on duty?"

"No; I only heard that he was sick, and I could not rest till I came to see how bad he is."

"Is he in this regiment?"

"I do not know; but a young man told me that he is in one of the regiments on this hill."

"What is his name?"

"There is where the trouble is. He ran away and enlisted, and I do not know whether he gave the right name or not. His right one is Thomas Sparhawk, but I do not know what name he bears here."

"How did you learn he is here?"

"I accidentally met a young man in Washington, who told me he saw him a month ago in one of the field hospitals on this hill. But I never thought to ask whether he had changed his name."

"Please describe him."

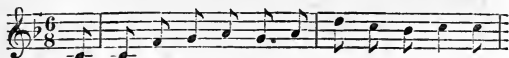
I took the description, and hunted for him a day. It was one of the worst days of that winter, and she remained in the tent. As my search proved fruitless, I told her to go with me to the nearest house, and I would procure entertainment for the night, and try my luck next day. But she did not keep me hunting long the second day, but went, as I supposed, to hunt him up herself. A week or two afterwards I met her again, but she did not recognize me; in fact, she gave me the cut direct. I met her once more, near Fall's Church, when she treated me the same as before.

I was then satisfied she was a spy. She was finally reported as a suspicious person, and searched, when it was found she had papers from Lee, Johnston, and others? Not at all; but she had a skirt

of a pattern never seen out of our Army, so constructed with steel hoops, with one stout one at the waist, that she could carry ten canteens. These she filled with whiskey at Washington, Georgetown, or Alexandria, as was most convenient, at a cost of one dollar a-piece. Taking them to the front, and peddling them slyly to the boys at two dollars and a half each, she made fifteen dollars on the round trip. This was the woman who had set me to hunting up her son, and who felt so badly that her poor boy should be so sick, and have no mother to take care of him. Here was a *vivandier*, not described in Prescott or Macaulay, or even Abbott's "Napoleon." However they may dress in France, in America they wear steel petticoats.

200 Brother, when will you come back?

By E. W. Locke.



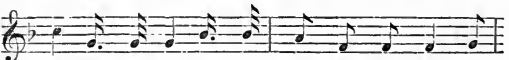
1. The shad-ows of even-ing bring home to the hearth The
2. The cold winds of win-ter sweep down from the hills, With
3. There's ma-ny a sol-dier lies si-lent a-lone, Un-



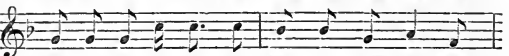
loved ones who pa-tient have toiled through the day; Though
wail-ings more dis-mal than ev-er be-fore; We
cof-fin'd, unshroud-ed, be-neath the damp clay; His



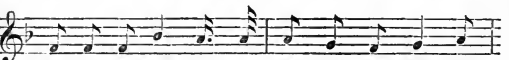
glad be the greet-ings, and heart-y the mirth, Our
think of the blast that our sol-dier boy chills, And
kin-dred search vain-ly for head-board or stone, Or



hearts ev-er turn to the Broth-er a-way; We
sigh to di-vide him our bas-ket and store. We
some one to tell where his life ebb'd a-way. Though



ask, Is he pac-ing the sen-ti-nel's beat, In-
know that but ill-tle he heeds his hard lot; His
sad be the tid-ings from fields red with gore, And



tent for a sign of the near lurk-ing foe? Or
long, wea-ry march-es; His coarse, scan-ty fare; The
Death reaps a bar-vest of brave and true men, Dear



wearied with marching through mud, rain and sleet, He
caunon's loud thunder, the death-deal-ing shot, But
Broth-er, stand firm till the con-test is o'er, Then



lies in his blank-et, his pil-low the snow?
nerve him to suf-fer, to do, and to dare,
rush to the arms that will clasp you a-gain.

Broth-er, dear Brother! when will you come back -

Back to the hearts ev - er lov - ing and true? While your

camp-fires are burn-ing our fond hearts are yearn-ing:

Broth - er, dear Broth-er! we're pray-ing for you; While your

camp-fires are burn - ing, our fond hearts are yearn - ing;

Broth - er, dear Broth - er, we're pray - ing for you.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPLAINS.

PROBABLY there are few ministers who would desire the berth of Army Chaplain a second time. At the beginning of the war there were more applicants than places. It was thought that many of the churches must be closed, and the flocks scattered, and a great number of pastors turned their eyes to the Army for a field of usefulness, not from choice, but as the preferable alternative to a temporary abandonment of the profession. I know of no class more slighted and abused than they.

Few of them were men of popular talents. There are but few of this class in this or any other country, and all of these are appropriated by wealthy congregations, and were the supply three times as great, no doubt the demand would soon absorb it. I do not mean that there were but few good preachers among the Chaplains,—every soldier knows better than this,—but the Beechers, Chapins, Bellows, Collyers, and Murrays were not Army Chaplains,

and more is the pity. "The children of this world are wiser than the children of light." So said the Master eighteen hundred years ago, and so it is to-day. In a political campaign the managers know what course to pursue. The first step is to raise an immense fund for mass-meetings. These are appointed at every convenient locality, and the most stirring speakers procured, to interest the crowds that assemble. It is not expected that the speakers will instruct, so much as edify and create enthusiasm. What a field, and what an opportunity for the right kind of preaching did the Army present! Had the most popular men gone there, and preached a few months, as they might, there would have been witnessed such gatherings for religious services as were never seen in this country. I would not have it inferred that there were not numerous revivals, and that there were not many most excellent ministers, and many glorious meetings. Of course there were. But still there was a great field for usefulness that was shamefully neglected. The Army had a large proportion of men who cared but little about preaching, simply because it is one of God's ordinances; but had a man who has the rare power of stirring the soul to its depths gone among them, and preached as he might, and as he could, with such audiences and such surroundings, the men would have gathered to hear him

by brigades. Say what we may of the irreligious tendencies of the unconverted, there is no man who can draw, and continue to draw, the masses like a popular-preacher. His subjects are so numerous and diverse, the field for his illustrations so ample, the hearts of his hearers so receptive to anything interesting, that he wields a power almost like a monarch till his light wanes, and his magnetism is lost.

When the Army lay in winter quarters, many ministers visited it, and preached a few sermons ; but there was no organized effort, such as there might have been, to afford the men at the front the opportunities of the greatest of intellectual luxuries—sermons from God's most gifted servants. Not even were they treated to first-class lectures, and other amusements, except in rare instances.

The Chaplain's duties are so unlike those of any other officer, there was no common bond of sympathy for mutual attachment. The Colonel can talk with his Lieutenant, Major, and Adjutant, about the business of the regiment ; but the Chaplain has nothing to do with it. He will preach, visit the hospitals once or twice a day, attend the funerals, furnish the boys with postage-stamps, write letters for those who cannot write themselves ; but if the Colonel is a coarse, swearing man, he hates the sight

of the Chaplain. He cares not for him, though he is obliged to treat him with passable respect.

If, on the other hand, the Colonel is a man of heart-culture, as well as of head, his Chaplain will be likely to be his most constant and preferable companion. It may be that the commanding officer is not technically a professor of religion, yet if his tastes are refined, and he have a sincere reverence for holy things, he enjoys the company of his Chaplain. The latter is perhaps full of anecdotes, and is the liveliest man above the officers of the line. I remember instances where the friendship of these two officers seemed like that of David and Jonathan.

Many of these officers were so fettered, they could do but little. They had no power, and generally received small assistance in their religious duties. Some attempted too much, while others did too little. One came to an open rupture with his Colonel, because he was determined to make the regiment repeat the Lord's Prayer at dress-parade. Every religious person will concede that such an act, performed in the right spirit, would have been most impressive. But he who proposed it knew but little of human nature, or, at any rate, of soldier nature; and his persistence in attempting to execute his

plan, manifested more obstinancy than good sense or piety.

I became acquainted with one Chaplain, whose name I would give but for injuring the feelings of his family, most of whom do not approve of his course, who it seemed to me was as true a follower of his Master as any being with human infirmities can well be. He was indeed meek and lowly of heart, and his meekness was not manifested by sanctimonious bearing, while he sought the company of the high, and shunned the companionship of the lowly. He was seldom seen in one of the officer's tents. If they wished to see him, they called upon him for that purpose. If you tapped at his tent, and received no answer, you might be sure that he would be in soon, or that he was down at the hospital. If you wanted paper, envelopes, or postage-stamps, he had them, if any were in the regiment. He never asked your name but once, and always called you by your right one ever after, when he met you. He knew every man in the regiment. When a recruit came, he was the first to call on him. He was not so forward to make a convert of him against his will, as to win his confidence and esteem, and thus, like the olden law, serve as a school-master to lead him to Christ. When the regiment was on the march, the Chaplain seldom rode in the place his

rank entitled him to. He might be there on the start; but in the course of a few miles he would be found in the rear, with a couple of knapsacks attached to his saddle, and walking, while a boy, who ought to be in an ambulance, and would have been but for the surgeon's prejudice and peevishness in the morning, is mounted in his place.

If he went to Washington, Alexandria, or any place where soldiers and officers were allowed to make occasional visits, and found one or more intoxicated, he never left the unfortunates, but clung to them till he could persuade them to return to camp with him. If he found a drunken man in the streets, he took him to a place of safety, and, like the Good Samaritan, paid his bill. I could fill a chapter of his works of this kind, in the Army and out, and yet his nearest relatives would not thank me for thus making his acts public. There is a feeling in our selfish race that such conduct is just a little silly. Women, who are proud that their husbands made a fortune in shoddy-clothing, would be ashamed if their partners were such Christians as this Chaplain.

This man managed to learn who gambled and who drank, and he was so shrewd that he could always find an opportunity to give good advice when alone with the party that needed it. He was quite a geolo-

gist, and once in a while took tramps over the hills after specimens, and if he had anything special to say to any boy, he invited the delinquent to accompany him.

When speaking of this man to others, many have inquired, "Why did we not have more of them?" For the best of reasons — a few appointments would exhaust the supply. "Well," they continue, "why do not more such men go into the ministry?" For a good reason—the people do not want them. This man was not a popular pastor. He was always doing something that displeased some of the fault-seekers. Most people want a minister to be proud of. The largest church, the tallest steeple, the most popular minister, the most fashionable singing, the best dressed congregations; these are what the people want, and what they will have, if they can obtain them. I have related scarcely anything second-hand; but a gentleman now settled over one of the Baptist churches near Boston, informed me that he watched a chaplain who had just entered upon his duties near Norfolk, Virginia, who tried a full half hour to saddle his horse. He actually did not know which was front and which rear, and my informant was obliged, after pretending for half an hour to be asleep, while he was really ready to burst with laughter, to go and place the saddle upon the beast,

and assist the poor man to mount. Possibly this man made a good chaplain, but the chances against him are ten to one. Men who know only books may get on passably at home, but they could do no good in the Army.

Some of these men were very efficient laborers for the cause of temperance, and many a wife and mother have reason to bless them as long as they live; for it was through their efforts that their loved ones were saved from the pit of drunkenness.

There were some who thought themselves so eloquent and entertaining, that they seldom invited others to preach for them, but generally a visiting brother was pressed into the service immediately. Sometimes men who were not clergymen, but accustomed to public speaking, were invited to occupy the time of the sermon. A gentleman from Maine, well known in the Army, was present one Sabbath near Brandy Station, in the spring of '64, at a Sabbath service, and was invited to address the men. Having been present, I am enabled to give the substance of the address:

"Soldiers:—Your chaplain has kindly consented to give me the time for the sermon this morning. It is a courtesy for which I hope I am suitably grateful. But at the same time the question comes up, can I so speak as to satisfy him, you, and my own

conscience? Not being a clergyman, you will not expect me to take a text and deliver a sermon, but I should be ashamed to be found standing in this neat chapel, on this holy day, occupying the time of one of God's servants, with nothing of importance to say.

"Having been with this Army from the first, mingled much more with the common soldiers than the officers, slept and taken my meals mostly in their tents, I think I know something of the feelings of this great class of the Army. And my address, at this time, will touch upon some points frequently discussed among yourselves, and which serve more than anything to make you discontented with your lot.

"It seems unjust to some of you that young men should be taken exclusively for soldiers, instead of the young and old together. You ask is not life as sweet to the young as to the old? Should not both share the perils of defending the country equally, when both have an equal interest? The man of fifty can do as much labor in the field, at the forge, or bench, as one of twenty-five. He has more experience, and knows better how to preserve health, and would be likely to shun most of the follies and vices to which young men are liable; and why should he be exempt from military service?

"In attempting to answer these queries, I will ask

you to remember that inasmuch as among all nations, in all ages, most of the warriors have been young men, it is presumable that there are good reasons for this arrangement.

"In the first place, young men are more willing to enlist than old ones. By the time a boy is eighteen, if he is in good health, his blood begins to be feverish. His native hills look tame, the streets of his village are dull. He has read of other places, and his imagination makes them a paradise. He has read of Leonidas, of Napoleon, and of Washington, of the Spartan, the French, and the American common soldier, and he is desirous of distinguishing himself, and winning glory in battle as well others. He sees nothing of poor fare, exhausting labors in the trenches and on the fortifications; nothing of marching in the hot sun, sleeping in the mud and snow; nothing of the sickness, sufferings, and hardships of camp life; but everything in his eyes is glorious, — the inspiring music, the serried hosts in battle-line, the roaring cannon, the musket volleys, the wild scream of the charging hosts, the shouts of the victors, all these, and more, rise before his imagination, and make him ready to become a soldier. And then, the hope of promotion. What so fascinating to many men as the hope to be able some day to ride at the head of a column of armed

warriors, each man but an instrument to do your bidding?

"The young man of spirit thinks there is something better than anything he has seen. Talk to him in his New England home of the Western prairie, and he sees it covered with richest verdure, and the most beautiful flowers. It can be cultivated with just enough of labor for pleasurable excitement, and he has but to go thither, appropriate as much as he chooses, and in a few years become one of the lords of the West. Not so with him of forty and upwards. He sees no poetry in war. He can go to the field if necessary. He loves the flag more, if possible, than the young man, for he knows better the value of free institutions. But it is a duty he would evade if he could do it in honor. He knows what war is, as you, my boys, who have been here long have learned, and that is, that to a person of right feelings, most of its features are abhorrent. Hanging out a flag at the recruiting quarters, sending a squad with fife and drum through the streets in a pleasant evening, promises of but little to do, a jolly time, the privilege of seeing the world, and a chance for promotion, do not captivate him. His blood is sluggish, his nerves fail to thrill, and he is willing for others to take his place.

"Again : Woman, in consideration of the hardships

and duties peculiar to the sex, are exempt from military duty. Men at forty-five years of age, in consideration of what they may be supposed to have done for the country in twenty-five years, are also exempt. They have stood their chances for a long time to do a share of the fighting for their country, and is there any injustice in giving them exemption now? In the Revolution, our great-grandfathers stood their turn, in the war of '12 our grandfathers took theirs, in the Mexican war our fathers theirs, and are we such cowards that we shrink from our lot? Can it be possible that any one is so unmanly as to whine because he is called upon to stand in places once occupied by the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill? O, who is so mean that he is not proud that he is accounted worthy to stand in the places of the honored dead patriots of our land!

"O, soldiers: I have seen men attempt to deceive the examining surgeon, and make him believe they had some disqualifying physical weakness. I have known some men to maim themselves to escape a draft; but can you conceive of a meaner creature in the human form? Call him a man, who will not defend his own? Why, a goose will do as much as that. Call him a man, who is willing that others shall fight for his rights, while he shrinks away out of danger? O, his blood must be whiter than milk,

and he should be aproned, furnished with a whistle and a rattle, instead of soldiers' weapons, and sent to the nursery to sing simple rhymes to the children.

"Another consideration: In war, a great amount of money is needed, as well as men. This, as a general rule, is held by the elderly men. It represents their sweat and their toil. Next to their lives, and the lives of their families, this is the dearest of all things. Though I hope I may except principle in some instances. You peril your life with more than an even chance that it will be spared, while he parts with his money, knowing that it is gone forever. Many an old man, who loves his money like a miser, would gladly take your place in the ranks, if he could keep his property. The news of a victory sometimes makes him generous for a few minutes; but, as he sees his taxes accumulating, and his profits diminishing, he is apt to grow disheartened and misanthropic. I think, my boys, hard as you sometimes think your lot is, you would a thousand times rather be a young soldier for a few years, than an *old* man, constantly growing older, were you ever so rich. Do not murmur, I beseech you, that the fighting has to be done by young men. Let the old men but know that by taking your places they could have your lithe limbs, your sparkling eyes, your ruddy cheeks, your buoy-

ant spirits, your warm blood, and you would not have to wait for a substitute.

"One of the hard facts that often come up to stare the common soldier in the face, and make him dissatisfied with his lot, is the disparity of pay between officers and men. Sixteen dollars a month for a private, and a hundred and thirty, forty, or fifty, for a Captain, strikes many a soldier as so manifestly unjust that he sometimes feels like turning his back on a country that can make such a distinction. But, my boys, you cannot expect the Army to be governed by different principles from those that obtain in civil life the world over. The higher the position the greater the pay. The President has twenty-five thousand dollars a year; the Vice-President about one fifth as much; lawyers charge from ten dollars to ten thousand for making a plea; a popular clergyman has five thousand dollars or more for his yearly salary; a physician, who can make forty calls in a day, charges two dollars each; a successful merchant thinks he is doing but a small business if his profits are not ten thousand a year; a successful public lecturer, or reader, receives two hundred dollars for less than two hours' service; and yet the toiling masses are paid for their daily service scarcely more than enough to meet necessary expenses. Not till the world has advanced more than it has from the

earliest history of the human race, will right prevail over might. Power, enterprise, knowledge, skill, appropriate the lion's share.

"But, soldiers, good and evil frequently go hand-in-hand; and this enhanced pay, of a higher grade, serves as an incentive to strive for a higher position. A young man who has no ambition to rise is in a dangerous and pitiable position. Many a man is now within a prison simply because he was without ambition. A worthless companion, a low, grovelling man, was just as good an associate for him as one with higher tastes. Whether at home, or in the Army, a man who strives not to rise, lacks true nobility. There is the lead of his baser qualities always weighing him down, and without ambition to rise, what hope is there for him?"

"My boys, you cannot all be Captains, or Lieutenants; but I believe that a man with average capacity can hardly be in our service three years without rising above the ranks, if he is willing to qualify himself by application. I know men who have spent time enough in saloons and other places of resort to have mastered any common trade, or to have fitted themselves for college. And yet these same men complain because others are above them, and draw twice, three, or five times their pay. You will not live to see this earth a Paradise, and even

if you should, you might not find all men paid equally for an equal amount of labor. But it will be wise to take such measures as will insure the largest possible share of the comforts of life. Money properly used, next to health, is one of the greatest of earthly blessings ; and if for nothing else, I urge you to qualify yourselves for promotion.

"Do you say, 'There is no time'? Do you give no time to cards? Are you ever seen sitting like a turtle on a log, your minds a vacuum? Do you say, 'O, there will be no chance for promotion ! Somebody's father is rich, mine is poor !' Others have friends, and I have none'? If you are determined to find some excuse for your lack of exertion, you deserve to remain as you are, and you always will. The country wants live men, and it is willing to pay for them. If you prefer to be a common soldier, it will continue to pay you sixteen dollars a month. But it pays the Sergeants, the Lieutenants, the Captains, and all the others much more than you, in the hope that you will soon develop into a higher grade, and receive more pay. It will pay you a hundred dollars a month as cheerfully as it now pays sixteen.

"Once more : Another burden, that sometimes cuts you like an iron, is the distinction between officers and men. But this is inevitable. Every order, from

the Colonel's 'Forward, battalion,' the Drill-Sergeant's 'Mark time,' are to be implicitly obeyed. Selfish and bad passionate men will be found among officers, as well as privates; and when a bad man gets into the position of an officer, it requires but a short time to bring out his qualities; a commission draws them, like a plaster, to the surface. He shows them when he least expects to, and, inasmuch as you cannot return his insults in kind, and as he is so much nearer the throne than yourself, that there is little hope for redress, you feel that there is nothing to do but nurse your hatred.

"This is a poor course. A soldier who is moody over his wrongs will not be worth much in the ranks. When called for any duty, he is sullen, moves slowly, makes his officer lose his patience and chide him; is a bad companion, but little more agreeable than a howling dog; his tent-mates loathe him, and, if stricken in battle, no one in his company mourns his loss.

"But, in no walk, whether in army or civil life, can you escape the rudeness and ungentlemanly bearing of superiors. When you become a Sergeant, you find the Lieutenants looking down upon you; a Lieutenant, and the Captain thinks his two straps entitle him to assume superiority; a Captain, and then your Colonel, is the man whom you are to fear most; a

Colonel, and you have to meet the criticism of a Brigadier. If you go to dress-parade with thin ranks, if any of your men are without gloves or polished boots ; if your battalion makes the least mistake in evolution, likely you are treated to a volley of cursés, in presence of five hundred men and officers, till you are angry enough to strike the insulting man from his horse, were it not for the fear of consequences ; a Brigadier, and the corps or division commander abuses you ; a Corps-commander, and the Chief abuses you, perhaps when you are in the right ; a Commander-in-chief, and for a grave mistake you are dismissed in disgrace.

“ And what better is it in civil life ? You are ever encountering uncivil superiors. The neighbor who lives in a better house, and has a carriage, while you have none ; who follows a better-paying and a more genteel business, is sometimes insulting to you ; or, if he is not, his children will insult your little brothers and sisters, and his wife put on airs ; the man whom you vote into office forgets you after election-day, and so it is, the world over. Your only sure course is to try to rise, and, having risen, see that power and position do not destroy your manhood.

“ Your chaplain often urges you, no doubt, to become soldiers of the cross. I, also, urge you to enlist under the Great Captain, the only one you can

serve who will never give you treatment you do not deserve. But you should remember, that merely professing religion is not taking up the cross. There are those, I am sorry to say, who make a profession merely to be on the popular side. This is no cross to them. There are those who make their boasts that they belong to this or that popular church. There are those who think they take up the cross by advocating religion in public. They cannot do it acceptably, but do not know it. Taking up the cross, for them, would consist in keeping still. You who profess to love the cause of Christ must not feel that you are soldiers of the cross because you have experienced religion and been received into the church; but if you have those troubles to which I have alluded, you must gather up your strength, lift the cross upon your shoulder, and, if you have really the spirit of the Great Captain, you will glory in bearing it.

"Soldiers: do you not remember that, when in battle, after the first shudder passed away, something seemed to lift you out of your normal condition; that your life seemed valueless, and that you could die as readily as to return to your tents? Insulting, harsh, incisive words from those more favorably circumstanced, neglect and want of sympathy by those from whom we deserve the greatest of kind-

ness, are hard to bear ; but we can so discipline ourselves, if we are true soldiers of the cross, that we can rise so far above them as to make them seem but trifles. Worthless is our coat of mail, if such trifles can penetrate it.

"I fancy that I see before me a true soldier. I cannot tell whether he is yet in the ranks, or has been promoted. At the first stroke of the reveille he is out of his tent, his toilet made, his breakfast prepared and eaten, ready for any duty, with a pleasant 'good morning' for every one he meets, congratulating this one on his return from hospital, that one from prison, and a third for his promotion. When he salutes superiors, he does it with grace and cheerfulness, showing that while he is proud of his own position, he is willing to give honor to others. To his inferiors, he is kind, but dignified, careful that no word that can wound shall escape his lips. He never grumbles that his turn for distasteful duties comes too often. If a tent-mate is a little unwell, he is a ready substitute. If there are dangers to be encountered, he never flinches. His presence is like sunshine. A merry laugh, an enlivening story, a stingless joke, a willingness to do even more than his duty, make him a treasure. He is marked for promotion. Rising one step prepares him for another ; and with proper application, and escape from

sickness and death, there are few positions that he may not attain.

"A true soldier is never heard sighing for the term of his enlistment to expire. He loves his home, and would start for it with a bounding heart could he go in duty ; but duty to him is more than home or life. He is in the field for service, and nothing can make him neglect it, and he will give place to no feeling that shall make that service irksome :

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.

* * * *

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the shores of time ;

"Footprints that, perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again !

“‘Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.’”

In the winter of '64, near the Rapidan, a chaplain of one of the New York State Regiments received a letter from a young woman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, asking his advice about attempting to find two letters that her husband had sent home, containing, in all, some fifty dollars. She was destitute, and thought he might be able to find the letters, if any one could. But as soon as he read the epistle he knew where the money went. Her husband and one of his tent-mates were two of the most inveterate gamblers in the regiment. He answered the letter, telling the sorrowing wife that he would do what he could. He first went to the husband and told him plainly, but kindly, that he had lost the money, and then wrote his wife the lie to prevent her from thinking him a heartless brute. He denied it, and was angry, accusing the kind man of being a busy-body, asserting that few in the regiment were his friends, and threatening if he did not attend entirely to his own business he would suffer for it.

A month or less after this the Chaplain, on going to

look at his horse one morning, found some miscreant had removed nearly all the hair from the poor beast's tail. The whole regiment was indignant, and few but the owner had any suspicion of any one. He felt sure that he knew the wrong-doer, but knowing it would be impossible to prove it, he disclosed his thoughts to no one. The officers made up a gift sufficient to buy another, but he declined it, saying that the man who could do such a deed once would not scruple to do it again. In a short time the tent-mate of the suspected one died; the Chaplain attended the funeral, and so loving and touching were his words that the man who had been so rude to him when reprov'd for gambling, wept like a child. Pay-day coming shortly after, the Chaplain was surprised to find fifty dollars enclosed in an envelope, in his tent. There was no letter accompanying the money, but simply a scrap of paper with these words, "*From the man who sheered your horse.*"

This money was forwarded by the Chaplain to the woman who had written the letter, with the request that she should say nothing about it, till she should hear from him again. The wife could not keep the secret. She wrote to her husband, and told him that the Chaplain had found the missing money, requesting him not to mention it until she heard from the dear man again. The man saw that he was known, and

taking the first opportunity, made confession, and begged the good man's pardon. Nor was this all: he became converted, and was a most exemplary man the remainder of the service. But he did not escape the odium of his misconduct. The whole affair became known in camp, and to the last he was called the horse-tail convert. Spending an evening in this Chaplain's tent, I said, "I suppose if you are spared to go home at the end of the war, you will continue in the ministry the same as before you came to this field of labor?"

"I shall continue to work in my Master's service, but not as before the war. I am not fitted for a pastor. There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the relation which a good man bears as a pastor to his people; no wonder he is likened to a shepherd. Human nature is such, that the pastoral relation is a necessity. Men and women, in any affliction, want some one to fly to, and to whom may they go for sympathy like the faithful minister? But much as I honor the position, I shall never be a pastor again. I never occupied one field of labor long. My sermons were always acceptable, but I have peculiarities of organization which make me unacceptable. One is my faithfulness in telling those near me their hurtful faults, while I request them to do the same by me. But scarcely anything is so delicate. You

may praise mankind as long as you please, and if they know that the praise is unmerited, they love to hear it, but the mildest censure, though the faults be glaring, is dangerous to administer. I lost three pastorates where it seemed that nothing but a matter of the gravest magnitude could disturb our relations, by trifles that seem too insignificant to relate.

"Losing my wife a year before the beginning of the war, I went to board with the most influential family of my church. I had noticed that the sister, who was mistress of the house, was always late at morning church service; her husband and children came early, but she never till the Scripture lesson was nearly or quite through. It seemed very strange, but I did not think it worth while to make any remarks. By accident I made the discovery that she remained at home to watch the people who went to church, and particularly the women. Residing on the principal thoroughfare of the city, and near a number of churches, she had but to take her seat at the window, having previously closed the blind, and peek between the slats, and she could see how a thousand females were dressed. She knew when any woman had a new bonnet, dress, or shawl, and dress was her hobby. She sometimes came to the communion service, and the preparatory lecture, in such expensive and showy garments, that her presence

destroyed all my good feelings. When I have looked upon her thus dressed, I have felt that she was a lump of vanity, and that, though from her husband's property, she was one of the most influential members of my church, she had no right to a seat at the table of our lowly Master. After discovering her habits, I took occasion to administer a gentle reproof. I could not do less. And how do you think she received it? Her eyes flashed, her lips were compressed, her face reddened, but her only reply was, *'If you will give your attention to your sermons rather than minding what does not concern you, I think it will be for the interest of both yourself and the parish.'* From that moment I was a doomed pastor. The prayer-meetings lost their interest, teachers in the Sunday-school gave up their classes, the congregation began to diminish, the elders became uneasy and dissatisfied; the climax, which was dismissal, was soon reached. I am a Chaplain in the Army, in consequence of a gentle reproof to that peaking woman.

"I shall never be a pastor again. If I am spared to return to civil life, I shall preach the Gospel to the poor. And do they not need it? Think of what it costs annually for a seat in a moderately fashionable church. From ten to twenty-five dollars. . Why, a man with a wife and three children needs more pay

than an ordinary mechanic or laboring man can get, to pay this and support his family. Not half the people of any city I was ever in attend church regularly. I grant there are many who have no desire to go, yet there are a great many who might be induced to honor God's day and ordinances if it did not cost so much.

"Henceforth I shall collect no money for foreign missions. Not that my heart does not yearn for those who have never heard the blessed Gospel of the Son of God; but I shall concentrate my efforts on Home Missions. When I think that New York is probably as wicked a city, according to population, as there is in the world; when I think there are in that city alone upwards of ten thousand profligate women, and yet there is little or no effort made to reclaim them; when I think that sixty thousand drunkards die in our country annually, and yet the leading people in the church, as well as out, make no earnest, persistent, self-sacrificing effort to save them; when I think that when a person comes from prison, or a youth is found guilty of a crime, few come forward to befriend and aid the unfortunate wrong-doer, I am amazed, and ask if others have learned Christ as I have. I read that the Good Samaritan is the higher type of a Christian. In

prison, and ye came unto me; this is one of the tests of true discipleship. The sanctimonious Pharisee, with broad phylacteries, who paid tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, is the character to be avoided. But he is too often the most honored man in the church.

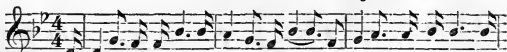
"But God forgive me for finding fault with my brethren. I am sure that many of them are better than I; but I will try to live according to my precepts. Most of my pay as Chaplain has been saved. This I shall appropriate to procure a little home; and henceforth I am to be an apostle to the poor. Already I have done a great work in the field of temperance. I will do much more if my life and health are spared. The prisoners shall hear from me more than ever. And while I think of it, let me say that in the fifty prisons I have visited, I remember but two high officers, one a Warden and the other his Chaplain, who came up to my ideal of such officers. The berth of Warden is usually given as compensation for political services, without regard to Christian fitness, and the selection of Chaplain is usually a matter of favor. Why, I have seen in a New England prison, an old Chaplain spend the entire hour and a half of the Sabbath-school session without speaking to a prisoner. I wondered what his report would be at the last day.

Did you visit me in prison? He did, bodily, and got good pay, but he left his Christ-spirit, if he had any, at home. But I am traducing others. It is easier to find fault with others than to do right ourselves. I will do my best to be a faithful apostle to the poor."

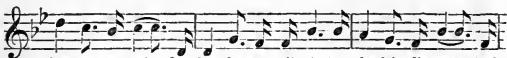


232 THE LONG NIGHT IS ENDING.

By E. W. Locke.



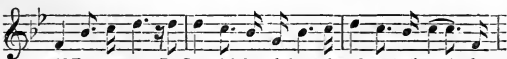
The long night is ending, the clouds break away, The heart of the nation beats



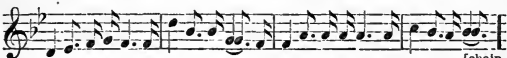
Joy-ous a - gain; Our foes, long ex-ultant, turn back in dis-may, And



fly to their covers as wolves to their den. In fair Shenan-do - ah, In



old Ten-nessee, By Georgia's broad rivers clear down to the main, Our



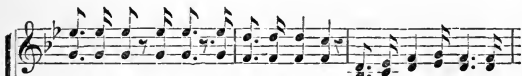
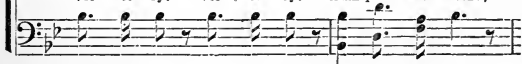
warriors are keeping a grand Jubilee, And binding the monster with Abraham's

[chain.

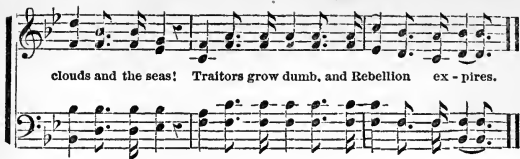
CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! trum-pets the breeze;



Vic - to - ry! flashes along the charged wires; Victo-ry! thunder the



2.

We mourn o'er the heroes who sleep in their graves,
 Who gave to their country their patriot blood ;
 We're awed in the presence of unselfish braves,
 Who've borne our dear banner through war's flame and flood;
 But now, while we sorrow, there bursts on the ear
 Such heart-thrilling tidings of victories won,
 We sing, as if Prophets, "The end draweth near !
 The dread work of carnage will shortly be done."

CHO. Victory! &c.

3.

Spring forth, O ye sluggards ! strike one manly blow :
 Spring forth at the closing of war's deadly strife ;
 Though Death gains new victims, the record will show,
 Who so loved his country, he gave her his life ;
 Spring forth now, or never ; for never again
 Will glory and honor invite as to-day ;
 Go stand in the phalanx of blue-coated men,
 And conquer or perish as proudly as they.

CHO. Victory! &c.

CHAPTER XI.

BOXES AND LETTERS FROM HOME.

It is early in March, 1863. The Army that won the decisive and all-important battle of Stone River is yet encamped at and near Murfreesboro'. The ground is becoming settled, the peach trees are in bloom, new regiments, and recruits for old ones, are arriving. Massive earth-works, surmounted by rifled cannon, and mostly surrounded by abattis, have been raised by the unremitting labors of thousands of men for many weeks; the surrounding country, for fifteen miles, has been stripped of forage; scouting parties, consisting generally of one brigade, are raiding over the country, a distance of fifty to a hundred miles from the main Army; many regiments of infantry are being mounted, and receiving the repeater-rifle; fresh horses are arriving from the West in great numbers; Tennesseans, clothed in their butternut suits, (home-made cloth, with cotton warp and woollen woof, colored with the bark of butternut,) are daily pouring into camp,

some begging to be fed, others willing to work, and a few to enlist; six infantry regiments of East Tennesseans, and two cavalry from the central part of the State, did good service in the late battle, and are ready for further duty. Kentucky has three or four good regiments in this Army, but most of the troops are from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Pennsylvania has two or three. Iowa's troops are mostly down the Mississippi, and Minnesota's in different departments; but I think none are here.

I have just returned from the North, and have a little message to deliver to a soldier in the 38th Ohio. I find the regiment in or near General Rousseau's command, on the elevation at the right of the pike, a mile or more south of the town. I enter the camp while a number of the boys are sweeping the ground with brooms of bound twigs, under the direction of the officer of the day, who is a Captain or first Lieutenant, his badge of office being a large sash, long enough to encircle the waist twice, and bearing long fringed ends pendant at the side, making him the most conspicuous, if not the most important personage of the camp.

I ask the pleasantest boy to be seen if he knows Frederick Johnson, giving the letter of his company.

"I do, sir; do you wish to see him? I will call him if you do."

"Please do so."

Throwing his broom over his shoulder, he starts off, and is soon heard shouting,—

"Fred. Johnson! Company G. I say, Fred. Johnson!"

"Here I am. What's the matter? Do you wish to borrow some stamps, or get me to take your place on picket?"

"Dry up, if you ain't drunk. Somebody over in Company H wishes to see you."

"All right."

Soon the said Frederick Johnson makes his appearance, when I hand him a note from his mother, telling him, at the same time, he will find some reference in it to a box which she sent by me, and which is now down at the express office for safe keeping. "This is but a note; you will find letters in the box."

"All well?"

"All well three days since."

"But about the box; just step with me to the Colonel's tent, and I will introduce you, for I must have a pass before going to the town."

Declining the introduction, I nevertheless go near

enough to hear the interview between the boy Frederick and his Colonel.

In the Eastern Army, at this stage of the war, there was generally a sentinel pacing back and forth, night and day, in front of the Colonel's tent. But in the West this custom never prevailed so extensively. There was never so great an attempt at show, except among a few organizations, in the West as in the East. Some of the regiments that came to Washington in '62, seemed to think more of making a fine appearance at dress-parade than of gaining a victory.

Timidly the boy taps at the tent-door. "Come in!" But these two short words, spoken with a louder tone than is necessary, set the young man's nerves in a flutter. He is a recruit, has been in the ranks scarcely ten weeks. He was reared in the country, is familiar with no society but that of farmers. The Colonel is the greatest man he has ever approached, and he has never spoken even to him. There is such a distance, in his eyes, between a private in blue pants and blouse, and a Colonel with the finest of broadcloth, glittering buttons, a scarlet sash, and a silver eagle on his shoulders. Why, the Corporal is greater than himself, a raw private, and the Sergeant greater than the Corporal, the Orderly greater than the Sergeant, and the Second Lieutenant greater than

he. Higher up is the First Lieutenant, and above him the Captain. He is a sort of viceroy over a hundred men. He wears fine broadcloth, a strap with two bars, and a scarlet sash. He has a servant who lives better than the private. But there are, at least, four officers who are higher than the Captain. Passing by the Chaplain and Surgeon, there are the Adjutant, the Major, the Lieutenant-Colonel, and this Colonel, who, in Frederick's eyes, is a monarch, and he has said to the trembling boy, "Come in," emphasizing and greatly prolonging the last word. The Czar of Russia could not put more dignity into these two words than some of the Colonels, and even the Captains did. But, in this instance, the officer only infuses just enough of dignity to avoid undue familiarity.

"I wish to obtain a pass to the town."

"What do you wish to go to the town for?"

"Mother has sent me a box of things, and I wish to go and get it."

"O yes!"

The sternness of the officer is gone in a moment. That quality gives place to the kindness and tenderness of the man.

"Adjutant, write this boy a pass! Can you be back at four o'clock, at dress parade?"

"Yes sir."

Thanking the Colonel, who is at heart one of the best of men, and whose imperiousness, like that of most of the officers, came with his military coat, and will be laid aside with that garment, the soldier-boy is leading the way, impatient to get hold of the treasure at the express office. It is soon found, and, without examining the contents, he shoulders it, insisting that I shall return with him to dinner. Taking turns at the burden, we are soon in camp. His box is heavy, but his heart is light. He has two tent-mates, both of whom have had boxes from home, and he has shared their liberality. Now his turn has come; a hatchet is found, the box is opened, and the contents examined. Having brought the box, I must constitute one of the mess while we have a dinner of a mixture of army and home-fare. The army portion is a nice wheaten loaf, brought up from town this morning. It was baked last night in a huge sheet-iron oven, and it is as good as most of the mothers at home could make. There is the best of coffee in that little bag in his haversack. The home part of the feast is a can of condensed milk for his coffee, a quart of canned chicken, a can of peaches, another of apple-butter, a six-pound cake of maple sugar, a large ball of fresh-made butter, a pint of honey, a quart of maple syrup, and a five-pound fruit-cake. Here is a meal fit for a king. Our

table is four cracker-boxes, laid on the ground, the cloth my rubber poncho, the carving-knife is probably lost, the silver forks locked up, and the key lost. For some reason the polished table-knives are missing, so we must go to our pockets for substitutes. If any one of the company is without, he will borrow of his neighbors, or use his iron spoon. Here is a Thanksgiving dinner, though it is eaten in spring-time. There are no toasts drank. In fact, there is no drink but coffee. But there is all the food the daintiest stomach could crave.

The dinner over, we will see what else that box contains. There are two pairs of cotton drawers, and two pairs of nice socks, made of the firmest yarn, and carefully run at the heels. Here is a pair of thin undershirts. "It is coming summer, why did mother send them, and the drawers?" Here are a little package of black tea, one of envelopes, a quire of note-paper, a dollar's worth of postage-stamps, a dozen pens, half a paper of pins, a knot of best linen thread, some needles, and some buttons. But this is not all. There are letters; and as there is no privacy, Frederick will allow me to copy them, that the reader may see what the soldier sometimes has to cheer him in camp. The first is from his little sister Carrie:—

DEAR BROTHER FREDDIE :

Mother and father have written some letters to send with the box, and mother says I must write too. If I could see you, I could chatter and chatter all the day, and all the night too, I think, without being sleepy; but when I try to write, my thoughts get all mixed up. I have written two letters already, but they seemed such poor things, I have burned them, and I do not expect this will be any better. But mother says if I do as well as I can, you will be just as glad to read it as if it was ever so nice. Jennie Gould, who is only a year older than I, writes such nice letters, and she reads some of them to me. They are so good, they sound, as she reads them, just like talking. Some of them make me cry, and laugh, too. I wish I could write as Jennie can. I would not tell you anything to make you cry, but try to make you laugh. We got terribly frightened the other evening. Father heard that lots of Ohio boys had been taken prisoners, and he was sure, from what he heard, that the rebels had got you. You can't think what a solemn night it was. Mother sat in the corner, throw her apron over her head, looked straight at the fire all the evening, and did nothing but sigh, and say, every little while, "Poor Fred." Father felt bad, but I guess he was so mad that he could not grieve much. He kept saying,

"The fools! the fools!" but I don't know what he meant. But, when we heard it was not your regiment that was captured, I danced all over the room for joy. Mother made me stop; for, she said, it was somebody's brothers that had been taken; and, if sorrow had been removed from our home, it had gone somewhere else.

O, I wonder when this war will be over; and why God lets people act so! I should think, if anybody fights, it ought to be them that makes the war. You did not make the war, nor did Henry Gould and the rest of the boys, but they have to go and fight. I can't tell you how much I want to see you; but I must tell you, that *that lump of maple sugar* I made for you myself.

You know that tree that stands by the rocking rock? Father tapped it, and said it should be called Freddie's tree, and that all the sap should be made into sugar, and sent to you; and that I should gather the sap, and make the sugar. I gathered the sap, and also the wood. I did all; mother just helping me a little in boiling it. I have another bigger square than the one sent; you shall have it next time. When you eat a piece, will you think that "Little Carrie" made it? I wonder folks call me "Little Carrie," for I am as big as my mates, and nobody calls them little? I must tell you that, since

you went away, Mary Gould has taken a great liking to me, and she talks more about you than about her brother, who has been gone a year. I did not know as she cared for you. All the boys send love.

LITTLE CARRIE.

P.S. — I forgot to tell you that Johnny Damon's father gave him a drum, but he won't let Johnny beat it in their yard, but tells him to go somewhere else. Father is glad to have him come into our yard, and beat it as long as he pleases: I guess Mr. Damon don't like drums.

(Mother's Letter.)

DEAR FREDERICK:—

I send you a box of luxuries and comforts, which I hope may reach you in good condition. I shall ask your father to write what news there is, while I appropriate my pages to telling you what burdens my mind most; you know very well that I always made my words of advice as few and impressive as I well could. I do not intend to write a long letter now, but I have heard some things about army-life that I was ignorant of when you went away; and I feel that I must write a few words of warning, whether you may need them or not; at any rate, they can do you no harm, and they may do good; I know you

will appreciate them. An Army Chaplain lectured in our church last Sunday evening, and he said there is as much to be feared from the vices of camp-life, as from the bullet. He told us that he knew a great many who at home were active in the church, in Sabbath-schools, in the missionary cause, and at temperance meetings, but who, in the Army, are profane, dissolute, whiskey-drinkers, and even gamblers; and he said, furthermore, that when parents wrote to their sons, they might give just as many expressions of love, and just as good advice, as possible, but the points he wished us not to omit were their health, and the dangers of strong drink. He said that one of the afflictions of the Army of the Cumberland a month ago, was chronic diarrhoea, and he presumed it was the same then. He said that one of the principal causes of this fearful disease is badly cooked food, and especially badly or not sufficiently cooked beans. I do not know as you can have any choice in food, but I urge you to use discretion. If possible, have all your food cooked sufficiently. If you can, avoid beans entirely. But above all, avoid vice in every shape. He said that swearing was almost a universal habit in the army; that though the rules forbade it, those who did not swear were exceptions; that Generals swear at the Colonels, the

Colonels at the Captains, the Captains at the men, and the men at each other.

I have always been impressed that though thousands have fallen, and thousands more are to fall, you will be spared. This is a great comfort to me; for when I am troubled with a presentiment of evil, it is almost certain to come in some shape. And, on the other hand, when I can seem to see light beyond or under the cloud, it is almost sure to be there. But, Frederick, my boy, if you are to come back, as I trust you are, I pray God you may come the same in heart as you went away. I know you never drank nor gambled, and I always felt certain your language and habits were pure. Can you be beguiled into the belief that it is discourteous to refuse when you are invited to drink, or play at games of chance with your companions? Or will you quail at the derision of men who would entice you to go with them to ruin? Need I say anything to save you? Do not think I distrust you. It is a mother who writes this, and no heart is so solicitous as hers. The approach of vice is so insidious, and the voice of the tempter has such a charm to the youthful ear, I can but feel the utmost solicitude.

Even many of those who have never been exposed to extraordinary temptations, meeting their parents' eyes at every daily meal, kneeling with them twice a

day at the family altar, are seized with a strong arm, and borne away to destruction in the sight of their nearest relatives. How can I avoid thinking of you, when I see so many young men falling? It was but last week that John Hookins died with *mania apotu*, and since you left, the four boys in jail for house-breaking have been sentenced to prison, the crime having been committed under the stimulus of strong drink. I can only ask you to peruse that Book of books I gave you at parting, and ponder on every passage you read that seems in the least applicable to you. I commit you again to Him who holds the sparrows in His hands, and alloweth not one to fall without His notice.

Your affectionate mother,

CAROLINE JOHNSON.

(*Father's Letter.*)

DEAR FRED :—

Your mother has a quantity of articles to send you by an acquaintance, and I will devote this evening to a letter to accompany them. We are as well as usual. It seems, from all accounts, that the different departments of the Army remain *in statu quo*. I wish I could see any signs of the end. One fact staggers me : in nearly all the battles, except the first

Bull Run, we claim to have been victorious, yet we seem to have gained nothing. It was denied that McClellan was defeated before Richmond, yet the army of the Potomac is fifty miles farther from Richmond than it was last summer. If Lee was routed with great slaughter at Antietam, why was he allowed to recross the Potomac with all his trains and equipage? Grant was to have taken Vicksburg, but the prospect of success is as gloomy as ever, so far as I can see. The papers assert that Bragg was badly defeated at Stone River, and really, as far as I can understand, it does look like a defeat. Now I do not suppose you can learn much that will throw any light on the subject, but it seems to me that the men who fought the battle know whether it was a victory or not. Talk with the men, and write me the result of your inquiries. One fact cannot be denied: Bragg retired as Rosecrans advanced.

The enemies at home are as bitter as ever. In fact, the prolongation of the struggle, and our discouragements, embolden them; and I sometimes fear we old men at home will have to fight the enemy in the rear. I think a little incident that occurred in town last week, will interest you: Esquire Anderson, who lives in the north part of the town, and whom you have seen, has two boys, neither of whom is lia-

ble to military service. Father and boys are true to the Union; but the old gentleman has a second wife, who is a rebel—not a secret, but an open one. In fact, she is the meanest copperhead in town. She resolved on having a male copperhead party at her house on Thursday evening, and sent out a hundred invitations. No ladies were invited. The house, though a large one, would not hold them. There was to be a grand supper, yet I think some hidden political scheme was to be developed on the occasion. Oysters were procured, turkeys, chickens, and pigs cooked, doughnuts by the bushel, and pies and cakes enough for three ordinary weddings baked, and everything was in readiness for the feast. The day came, and it was pleasant. Extra help was to come in the afternoon. The lady had occasion to go to a neighbor's, a mile away. The husband sent the female help off in another direction, while he and his boys loaded the articles for the feast on a wagon, and sent them off into the woods.

When the lady returned, there was a scene. But she thought herself equal to the occasion; so she took the gun, and after loading it, marched out into the field, and demanded the provisions. The men feigned ignorance. She threatened to leave her husband at once, if he did not tell her what had become

of the eatables. But he thought she would not, or if she did, he might be able to endure the separation. Then she pointed the gun, first at one, and then at another; but each told her to blaze away, and they were glad there was one copperhead that was not afraid to handle a gun. But she did not find her turkeys and pigs.

One item more. There was a fracas in the church last Sunday. Some copperhead girls came into the church, displaying, with a very taunting manner, some pins and ear-drops made of butternuts. A Union girl foolishly snatched two of the pins from their owners' dresses, and a grand female fight was the immediate result, and in a few minutes the whole congregation were engaged in the melce. But the Union party was the stronger, and came off victorious. You remember that it is the Union people mostly who attend church. Had the fight been among a party at a saloon, I doubt not the copperheads would have carried the day. I hope you are not annoyed by this class in the Army. A rebel is a gentleman, compared with one of these varmints. Be careful of your health. Good-by.

Your father,

AMOS JOHNSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

One of the pastimes of many of the lower grade of officers, as well as privates, was corresponding with unknown females, in different parts of the country, commenced by a call in the newspapers. I need not present any of these. Every reader saw them, but not many saw the answers. Having seen hundreds of them, I am enabled to present copies of a few. If some of the females could have foreseen what sport was to be made of their letters, they would have been at least more careful in spelling, language, and sentiment. Many of these answers were written by men, and copied by females, and some were in a disguised hand; but most of them coming under my observation were unmistakably the composition of females, and while many were indifferent, and some flat, very many were most excellent in style and matter. I will copy two only:

(*Specimen No. 1.*)

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 4, 1864.

MR. DARIUS LOVEGOOD:

Dear Sir,—Noticing your call for correspondence in a stray number of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, I take the liberty to reply. This is done after long

hesitation, and many misgivings. I fear somewhat that I am engaging in a hazardous enterprise. But there was something in the form of your call that not only excited my curiosity, but won strangely upon my confidence.

Were any one but a soldier, perilling his life for a common good, for me and mine, equally with himself, thus calling for correspondence, I should never have dreamed of writing a letter to a stranger. I feel towards our soldiers as I might towards a sailor who had leaped into the ocean to save a drowning brother; I had almost said mother. I used to read works of fiction, but they have been discarded for something about the war.

How gladly would I leave home for a season for a berth in the hospital, without money and without price. I am not much of a nurse, it is true, but I have the reputation of being an excellent reader, and it seems to me I might be of immense service in reading to the convalescent. I am a passable singer, and play a guitar accompaniment, and who knows but my songs might be of as much service as the surgeon's medicines? But here I am, writing as to an old acquaintance, when Mr. Lovegood may be a myth.

If you see fit to write to me, I wish you to inform me as much about the duties of Army life as

possible. If not romantic, there is a true heart dictating this letter, capable of appreciating true manhood, wherever found. Yet I am a very practical girl, given to speaking and writing plain facts, without much fancy.

Trusting to hear from you in the same spirit in which this is written, I subscribe myself,

The Soldiers' Friend,

ADA PARKER.

(*Specimen No. 2.*)

RICHMOND, IND., Dec. 5, 1863.

MR. ALEXANDER BRAINARD :

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty to answer your advertisement in the *Chicago Tribune*: I do not know what kind of a correspondent you want. If you will be kind enough to let me know the style of correspondence you prefer, I will endeavor to accommodate you. I am versatile, and will write in any vein you may choose, provided it be proper. If you are fond of the sentimental, I will write like a novelist; if you are fond of historic sketches, or poetry, I will do my best to please you. For myself, I will only say that, inasmuch as I was born a woman and not a man, as I wish I had been, I embrace any opportunity to appropriate the occupations of the opposite

sex. I have been tempted many times to enlist, as others have done, and would do it now, but for the fear of exposure. My character is above reproach, but I am brimful of energy, and have no way to employ it. When I have seen some of the boys going to the army, unfit as children, I have longed to take their places. Now that you know something of me, write in just such strain as you may choose, provided, of course, it shall be proper, and I will exert myself to be edifying in my next.

Yours, etc.,

EDNA GREEN.

CHAPTER XII.

NIGHT AND DAY TRAMPS IN TENNESSEE.

ABOUT the 20th of December, 1862, the Army of the Cumberland struck tents and moved from its camping-grounds, a mile or two south of Nashville, on two nearly parallel pikes, in the direction of Murfreesboro', where Bragg's Army had lain a number of months. The division under Jeff. C. Davis took the Franklin pike, while most of the troops took the Murfreesboro'. The first advance was but about six miles, at which point it remained a few days, the relative position of the different divisions being the same as before leaving Nashville.

It appeared as though Rosecrans had some fear of an attack from Bragg, for he moved slowly, and with great caution. Except when on the march, the whole force of some fifty thousand men could have been thrown into line of battle in a few minutes. And those troops were not wholly inexperienced; most of them had seen some fighting in Kentucky and Tennessee. They did not dread to meet Bragg's Army. They had

been matched with his troops, in small engagements, and felt that, in an earnest struggle for supremacy, they should come out victors. Most of them were eager for a great battle, in which they could demonstrate to the world the difference between Eastern and Western troops. Both officers and men held the Army of the Potomac in contempt. Each knew by heart the stories of Bull Run, Fair Oaks, Gaines' Mill and Fredericksburg; and of McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, and John Pope. Talk to them of the Army of the Potomac, and their expressions, though various, according to tastes and education, all meant one thing — contempt.

"I say, old fellow," said one, "are you from the Army of the Potomac?"

"I left it two weeks ago yesterday."

"Have the boys got over the whooping cough?"

"Pretty much through with that, I think."

"Getting ready for the measles and canker-rash, most likely?"

"Nearly ready."

"Do any of them begin to see down on their chins?"

"The down comes on finely; some are just nursing their first whiskers."

"Surprising! Who knows but they will be men

yet? How's McClellan? Has he got the shoes he waited for so long?"

"He is all right; his men are now well shod."

"Has he sold his Quaker guns?"

"No; he has just shipped them for the home-guards of Kentucky."

Nothing could be learned of the intentions of Rosecrans. The camp was continually alive with rumors. One morning the story was that Bragg was but two miles away, and that a battle must ensue within two hours. Another time, the rumor was that the foe was massing on the Franklin pike, and that it was his intention to strike our right wing with an overpowering force, before our troops could be concentrated, turn back that wing, and reach Nashville before us, destroy our stores, and thus almost annihilate us.

After a halt of a few days, we make another advance of perhaps six miles. Starting early in the morning, with a clear, cool day, and the roads in fine order, it is a very easy day's march. Having had, on former occasions, some unpleasant experiences in keeping with the van of a moving army, I determined, this time, to remain with the rear. Towards sun-down I called at a house and asked for entertainment. The family consisted of an old man, his old wife, and a young negro woman with a baby.

The house was situated on the Franklin pike, perhaps ten miles from Nashville, a one-story frame, with a log porch. The main house had two large rooms, a pantry and a bed-room. The porch was simply a kitchen, with space to sleep in the attic. There was not a book or a newspaper in the house; and it was not a very easy matter to determine how to use up the interval before bed-time. I tried to make the old man talk, but he either would not, or was like the Irishman's parrot, *that kept up a divil of a thinking*. Only two items could be drawn from him;—one, that "before the war he owned twenty niggers, and raised a right smart crap, but now they is all done gone but the gal in the kitchen and her baby." The other, that "the gal's husband lived over on yon hill two miles away, comes here once a week, stays Sunday night, and totes hisself off before sunrise Monday morning."

The old man sat in one corner, his wife in the other. No doubt the farm, house, negro-girl and baby were held by the joint ownership of husband and wife, but there were two articles to which each held exclusive title. These had not been handed down from generation to generation. Neither was a family heir-loom. Neither had a family coat of arms. Nor was either strikingly beautiful. These were not two knives, or two forks, or two plates,

nor two chairs, each peculiarly adapted to the varying shapes of the old couple ; but two cob pipes, venerable, not with age, but use. His uncouth instrument of solace belonged, when not in his mouth, on one end of the mantel, hers on the other. Hardly had it been deposited in its place of momentary rest, and the bowl become cool, before it was seized again by its old nervous proprietor, stuffed to the brim with the delicious weed, lighted at the fifth or sixth attempt, and was doing service in making life endurable to an old man or woman who never thinks. Their principal happiness came through a pipe-stem. The old lady had the advantage of her husband. She had two sources of enjoyment. She smoked as much as he, but had also a secret luxury he had not learned to enjoy. She had the gums constantly lined with snuff. It required careful observation to discern it, for she, who was not ashamed to be seen smoking nearly all the time, used her finger and dipping-stick on the sly.

Just as I was going to bed, the old lady came into the room, much agitated, and addressed me for the first time :

"Stranger, it 'pears that two of your Northern soldiers is in the kitchen troublin the colored gal, and as they have their guns, we are very much

afraid. It 'pears like if you would go out and speak to them they would not harm her."

"With pleasure, ma'am."

Opening the door, and meeting the young men, I said, with the air of a familiar acquaintance, "Good-evening, boys!" They seemed greatly astonished to find a man in the house. "Good evening," came back, but there was something in their looks that was unpleasant. "What regiment do you belong to?"

"Don't you see by the number on our caps that we belong to the 94th?"

"Yes, but I did not know whether it was the 94th Illinois, Indiana, or Ohio?"

"Well, it don't make much difference. But who are you?" evidently ready to pick a quarrel with one who had interfered with their purpose to have a chat with the negro girl, and, perhaps, do her harm. I hardly knew what answer to make. They were crossed in their purposes. It was evident they mistook me for a Southerner. I saw that I must use a little circumspection, to get rid of them without trouble; so, without answering their question directly, I said, "Do you not know me?"

"Of course not. Are you a Yank, or a Johnny Reb?"

"Why, boys, I am one of the Army Postmasters!"

"Army Postmaster! That is a new officer. I have seen all kinds of fellows in the army who don't fight—Chaplains, Surgeons, Paymasters, Quartermasters, Sutlers, Wagon-masters, Mule-drivers, Telegraphers, Railroaders, and Nurses, but I never saw an Army Postmaster before. Well, that is good. If Uncle Sam has appointed some, he has done a good thing. Have you got just a few of those little three-cent pictures we use on letters about you?"

Presenting each of them with twenty-five, I bade them "Good-evening," and thought I had got out of a scrape cheaply. But I was far from being out. Shortly after my leaving the room, the soldiers took their guns and went into the yard. The old man, opening the door sufficiently to hear their conversation, soon learned their purpose. They were satisfied I was a spy, and determined to have me, dead or alive. He heard one of them say, "He is probably armed, so we must load up, and be ready for him."

The old man had heard enough. Coming into my room, and springing to the window leading to the back yard, he said, "Stranger, these soldiers are loading their guns to take you. They think you are

a spy, and I am afeard they will do you harm. You have no time to lose. Take hold of the window-sill, and drop into the yard, and then take to the woods. You need not be afeard. You are safer in the woods than here."

I was soon in the yard, and he threw my knapsack after me; but instead of starting for the woods, I took the back track towards Nashville. The night was dark, with no moon, and a little mist. I could keep the road without difficulty; but before proceeding far, I heard some one, ten rods ahead, call out, 'Who comes there?'

"A friend, without the countersign."

"Stand, as you are, till I report!"

In a little while he inquires, "Are you armed?"

"I am not."

"You may advance."

In a few minutes I was with those who knew me. I had found friends, but no place to sleep. This was a picket-guard to watch the road during the night. It consisted of a Lieutenant and three men. A temporary shelter had been constructed with some rails, and two ponchos thrown over them, so that some of the falling mist was kept out. It was near the close of December, but the weather was not very cold. One man stood by the road-side on guard two hours, and then came to chat with the rest of the

squad, while another took his place. There were four of us wrapped in blankets, sitting closely as possible for warmth, (for we could have no fire,) with nothing to take up our time for the night. Stories were in order. Songs were excluded, if any of us had felt like singing. There must be no noise. If a story causes a laugh, we must laugh low. But there is no lack of them. Soldiers, like sailors and lumbermen, have a fund of them. One told, another is ready. One of the squad was full of Indian, prairie, wolf, and panther legends. His great-grandparents were pioneers in Illinois, and he knew every family legend for three generations back. Another knew the exploits of Western Banditti, and gave us a circumstantial account of the murder of Colonel Davenport, and of the career of the Longs; also, the particulars of the shooting of Mr. Campbell, near White Rock, in Ogle County, Illinois, by a band of horse-thieves. They were apprehended, tried by a self-constituted court of farmers, adjudged guilty, and shot on the spot, there being a father and two sons among the victims; also, of a man who came to Lane, Illinois, in the first year of the war, and attempted to burn the town; but being arrested, and brought before a justice for preliminary examination, a crowd of citizens filled the court-room, and while there was a brief recess, ostensibly for

dinner, ran a piece of scantling from the window and suspended the suspected person by the neck till he was dead.

One of our number was a Lieutenant, and his story being both true and interesting, I will give it as nearly as possible. Addressing me, he said, —

“Were you ever in Rockport, Massachusetts?”

“I know the place very well.”

“Do you remember a little school-house almost over to Pigeon Cove, near Mr. Beniah Coburn’s?”

“I remember the school-house.”

“Well, in the winter, of ’46, ’47, or ’48, I forget which, I was standing in that school-house door one morning, just before the master called his scholars to order, looking out upon the still waters of Ipswich Bay, when I beheld a hundred or more Cape Ann fishermen in their little wherries, each boat containing but one man, dotting an area of many thousand square miles. Suddenly, and without any warning, the air thickened with mist, immediately followed by snow. A violent wind sprung up almost instantaneously, and sweeping from the shore, struck the tiny crafts with a force seemingly sufficient to swamp them at once.

“To raise the killock, and ship the oars, was but the work of a minute. But it required sinewy arms, good lungs, and a cool head, to reach the shore.

Now, fishermen, pull for your lives, or you perish within a league of home. The wind blew a tornado, the snow was blinding, men ran to the shore with horns, to let the struggling men know which way to direct their boats.

"One, two, five, ten, twenty, forty, have reached the shore. But more than a score of them are yet in the boiling waves. What is to be done? The staunchest whale-boat in the Cove is selected, four of the most lion-hearted men of all the fishermen of the place step forward ready to face the surging waves, in as wild a day as ever was seen from a north wind on Ipswich Bay. The snow has ceased, but the clouds above and the waters below are black, as with anger. 'Hoist and reef the foresail;' down the narrow cove the boat glides like a porpoise. 'Down tiller!' 'Steady, now, while she fills on the other tack.' The winds whistle, one man in the bow with a glass, to use, if possible, in the lull of the blasts, one at the foremast, grasping the foresheet to bring down the sail at a word from the helmsman, the fourth sitting by the helmsman, with the double duty of watching the waters for signs of the missing men, and attending to any call for assistance from him at the tiller, and at the foremast.

"One hour passes, and nothing seen. 'Port your helm!' cries the man in the bow. 'Steady!' 'A

wherry! and I think a man in her!’ ‘Pay out the sheet a little, Mr. Poole,’ says the helmsman. ‘All right!’ On, on, like the fearless gulls! ‘But there is another, and still farther on is another!’ says the man at the bow. ‘Ah! this man is alive, but with our boat speeding away at ten knots, how shall we rescue him? He sees us, and knows our mission. He is not yet wholly benumbed, for see how well he handles the oars.’ ‘Down sail! Coil the line carefully, and mind how you throw it! Steady! Throw!’ The wherryman has caught it, and making it fast to his killock-line for a few moments, while he can transfer a few little valuables, he is soon safe in the larger boat, and, cutting the line that holds the little shell that has saved him from death, the mainsail goes up again, and our fisherman looks first at the companion they are now making for, and then at the dear, staunch wherry now fast receding, and querying if he shall ever see it again.

“Night is coming on; nearly a dozen have been thus picked up, more or less frost-bitten, but none seriously injured. The boat has returned to the Cove just as the darkness has fairly set in. Men, women and children have gathered to hear the tidings. There were blessings, and tears, and thanks, and ‘God bless you for your noble deeds.’ But seven

were missing still. Hunting over the sea in a moonless night was out of the question. It was a sad night for all of that little village. But seven households were in sorrow words cannot describe; wives and mothers pacing the floor, peering out into the dark, watching the sky, praying that the clouds might break away, looking into the almanac to learn what time the moon rose, calling up the old fisherman in the adjoining cottage to ask what time they might expect the moon to 'wear away' the clouds, and if he were ever out in such a night as this, and if he thought their husbands' wherries as good as those that saved the other men, and many more similar questions.

"No one watched the heavens that night more faithfully than myself. Coming from the Cove with the story of the rescued men in my heart, I resolved that, at the first breaking of the clouds, and the appearance of the moon, which was nearly at its full, I would be one of a night-crew to search for the missing men. By eleven o'clock the change came, and the wind moderated a little. I must have three trusty men, and whom shall they be? Who will go? A little fisherman, scarcely more than five feet high, nor weighing more than one hundred and twenty pounds, whose religion consisted mostly of humanity, for he was a regular come-outer, was my

man. He lived in the other village, Rockport Proper; his name, James Griffin. Hurrying over to his house, I soon made him comprehend the situation. He did not say he had no boat that was fit to use, or that he could not find any men to go with us, or that he had been almost sick for two or three days, or that if the men had lived so long, they could live till morning, or that, if we should be lost, who would take care of our families; but he was proud that I had thought of him first of all the fishermen among the hundreds in town.

"Go? of course I will go. But the first thing is a boat. Mine is not large enough, but I can take Uncle Elwell's. And then a crew: brother Joe will go for one; Sam Tarr, for another; and Uncle Harry, for another — that makes a crew."

"In half an hour, the crew were on board, the moorings cast off, and the boat, with both sails double reefed, was speeding off by Salvages, in the direction of George's Shoals. But the men persisted in leaving me behind. 'Why so?' 'Because you are no sailor, and will be of no use.'

"Sheltering myself in a fish-house, wearing away the slow hours of the cold night by stamping my feet, and going to the wharf occasionally, and looking out for a returning sail, I waited till the day was breaking, when the boat returned, bearing three

more of the missing men, picked up as the others had been the previous afternoon.

"They had been blown off fifty miles or more, but as soon as the moon came out, and the wind ceased its fearful blowing, they had hoisted their little sails, and, steering by the moon, were making, by long tacks, their way homeward. And even had our boat not gone after them, possibly they might have been saved, though, when found, one had nearly perished with cold. The following morning was clear and still. Looking out over the bay, we could see a white signal on Straitsmouth Island. Sending a boat thither, two more of the missing men were found there. They had made the light, after sailing most of the night. Each was ignorant of the presence of the other. One was enabled to make his way to the house of the light-keeper, the other must have perished but for the watchfulness of the keeper's dog, which aroused its master. The last two men made their way to Milk Island, near Salem, and thus all of that large number of imperilled fishermen were saved."

This was the Lieutenant's first story; his second was the following:

"In Nashville, I witnessed something that does not occur every day. A gentleman had a valuable cow, that furnished our company with milk for their cof-

fee. Suddenly the supply ceased, much to the sorrow of our coffee-drinkers. The owner was in great trouble. The cow was not only sick, but no one knew what ailed her. There was no lack of physicians in the city. There were Allopaths, Homœopaths, Electropaths, Eclectics, Botanics, Clairvoyants, and what not, to heal humanity; but no professional, or even empirical, cow-doctor. Neighboring farmers were consulted, but whether the disease was horn-ail, murrain, swallowing the cud, gastric-fever, or cow cholera, no one could determine, or, which was more discouraging, no one could prescribe a remedy that did the poor beast any good.

"I told the owner there was a teamster up in one of the regiments from Michigan, not more than a mile away, who pretended to cure all the diseases that horseflesh was heir to, and that the teamsters had great faith in him.

"Will you ask him to come and see my cow?"

"I think you had better apply to him yourself. He is a little sensitive. He has had some jokes played upon him, and is a little shy. He is really a most excellent man, but if he is weak in any one point, it is in his medical pretension. Take your carriage and go up with me, and, if he is in camp, I will guarantee that he shall come."

"We were soon in camp, and the doctor was feed-

ing his mules. Introducing my friend, and telling the professional what was wanted of him, I said, 'You will go, of course?'

"'I will tell you in a minute.'

"Shutting his eyes, turning his face upward, as if in prayer, gyrating with his thumb and first finger, he delivered himself something like this :

"'O, me-no-kish-nu-pa-pe-ri-non-sappe no.'

"'Yes, I will go and cure your cow.'

"My friend was about to leave in disgust, thinking I had brought him to see a crazy man, or a fool ; but on my asking him to give the man a trial, he took him into his carriage, and started back to the stable as speedily as possible, evidently ashamed of his undertaking.

"Not so with the doctor. To be sure, he was not riding in a professional gig, and he had no saddlebags, and every one he met did not say, 'Good-morning, doctor ;' and the good ladies did not throw up their windows, and ask their neighbors if they knew who was sick, for the doctor had just gone by. Little children did not run in and tell their mothers that the doctor that brought the little babies had gone by ; but he felt his importance, nevertheless. True, he was not going to doctor the Mayor of the city, nor one of the Aldermen, or a rich man ; but never mind. If he could relieve suffering, it was

enough ; but then, who of all his fellow-teamsters had had such honors? But could he cure the cow? Of course he could, no matter what the malady. The great medicine-spirit, whom he had consulted before consenting to go, had promised to give him the healing power for the occasion.

"Entering the barn where the suffering animal stood, not tied in a stall, but having the range of the broad threshing-floor, he saw her trembling form, and met her great eyes looking pleadingly into his own, and heard her moan for relief.

"'So ! so ! moolly ! Don't be afraid, and I will help you.'

"Taking off his mittens, and rolling up his sleeves, with the air of an M. D. making his first diagnosis, and issuing his first call for two cups, a teaspoon, and some fresh water, his first order is,—

"'Bring a pail of fresh water !' 'Now a forkful of the brightest hay !' 'Now retire !'

"'What is that for?' inquires the astonished owner.

"'No matter what it is for ! Retire at once, or I will not cure your cow !'

"Obeying the doctor's orders, as is customary, the interested owner peeked through a crevice, and saw something like this: Placing the left hand on the animal's forehead, shutting his eyes, turning his face upward, stretching his right arm upward to the fa-

theft tension, he exclaims, 'O, mish-na tau-ne! a nap-e-cu-no-se-ma-ton-rik-su-no-mas-from-capo-capo-lon!'

"'Come in, neighbor, your cow is cured.' And cured she was.

"My friend gave the doctor a ten-dollar greenback, and took him back to the regiment in his carriage; but whether his cow was cured by sorcery, or witchcraft, or magnetism, he pretends not to know. His only remark was, 'Some of you Yankees are queer fellows. There is no telling what you may do. If the devil helps any man, it is a Yankee.'"

A little adventure occasioned by selling postage-stamps shall close this chapter, though it did not happen in Tennessee. One of the two years' regiments from New York State had just arrived in Virginia, and gone into camp some three miles from Alexandria, on the right of the railroad to Richmond. Having spent an afternoon and evening with them, giving my accustomed entertainment of song, story, and plea for temperance, I started for the city about nine o'clock, not dreaming of danger.

The night was cloudy, and in the gloomiest spot in all the distance, I was met by a soldier, who commanded me to stop in these pleasant words,— "Halt!" an oath, "or I will put this through you!"

I saw I had to deal with a robber instead of a picket-guard. Pulling out my tin cylinder containing stamps, and pointing it at him, I assured the gentleman that if he advanced a step towards me I would shoot him at once. It was lucky for me that it was dark, for he could not see that I was unarmed. We were evidently both scared. But having a stout pair of lungs, I cried "Murder!" so loudly, that I was heard a mile. "Where?" answered a guard a long distance away. "Here!" The robber took to his heels, and I followed. But, fortunately, he went in the direction of another guard, who halted and secured him. He proved to be a member of the 4th U. S. Artillery, doing duty at the time at Fort Ellsworth. He was taken before Col. Wells, of Massachusetts, then Military Governor of the district, when he confessed his crime and begged for mercy. He had seen me selling stamps, and knew I must have money, and had lain in wait for me. He was sent to prison.

A month after this, I saw a thousand men come from Libby prison, and they reminded me of my soldier. Receiving permission to visit him, I found the poor fellow in but little better condition than the boys who had just come from rebel keepers. He was literally covered with vermin. Hastening back

to the Colonel, I begged of him to release the poor fellow, and let him go to his regiment. The last I ever saw of him was at his prison-door, when he gave me his hand, and said, "I know you forgive me, or you would not have got me out of this. I will remember you as long as I live."

CHAPTER XIII.

BRANDY-STATION, MARCH, 1864.

THE third winter of the war has closed, yet as late as the first of the month, twelve inches of snow, besides the large amount that melted, accumulated between 4 P. M. and 8 A. M., remaining less than two days. A bird's-eye view of the Army of the Potomac may pay the reader for his time. During the past winter there have been six corps, but now they have been consolidated into four. McClellan had been removed, reinstated, and re-removed. Burnside and Joe Hooker had attempted to win victories, without any striking results. John Pope, with his "headquarters in the saddle," had made his splurge. Though if the verdict in the Porter court-martial was just, this officer, more than Pope, is responsible for the second Bull Run disaster. This Army has lost, one way and another, upwards of a hundred thousand men, and yet it now has from eighty to a hundred thousand in the field for another "On to Richmond."

But who is to lead the panoplied hosts this time? Back on the rising ground, a mile south of the Rap-pahannock, and three-fourths of a mile from Brandy-Station, are the headquarters of a tall, stooping, round-shouldered, very plain man, with much more than ordinary brain, but with so little assurance, craft, and magnetism, that he wins but moderate confidence. None sing his praises. He is expected to do well always, but never great deeds. The glory of Gettýsburg is scarcely seen. Many think that a greater General would have captured Lee's army. Yet, who of all the commanders of that army have done so well as Meade? He had met with no disaster, never changed his base, like McClellan, and never attempted impossibilities, like Burnside. He had never made any boasts that his headquarters would be in his saddle. If they were, one thing is certain, his saddle was always to be found, and its crupper was never towards the enemy.

Perhaps Sedgwick is to be the leader this time. His headquarters are two-thirds of a mile north of Meade's, and he is still in command of the Sixth Corps. On the left of the railroad, and farther in advance, is Hancock, with his famous Second Corps. Some say he is to be the leader. But, brave and capable as are both of these men, they have no record like Gettysburg to inspire confidence. Burnside

was thought equal to a corps, but not to a Commander-in-Chief. Meade is to be the leader, at least, so most of the Army wish; yet the papers that are brought into camp tell us that the hero of Shiloh, Pittsburg-Landing, and Vicksburg, is coming hither for that purpose.

But whoever assumes that position, will find a large part of the troops are veterans. True, in every regiment there are many recruits; but all are not raw, as in the swamps of the Chickahominy. In the Sixth Corps are the 5th, 6th, and 7th Maine, the 33d, 43d, 49th, and 121st New York, the 62d and 96th Pennsylvania, and the famous Vermont Brigade of five regiments. In the Fifth Corps are the 2nd, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, the 19th Indiana, the 20th Michigan, and the 16th Maine. In the First Corps are the 3d, 4th, and 17th Maine, the Sharpshooters, and other equally excellent and experienced regiments. Hancock's Second Corps being the largest of the four, is thought to be at least equal, if not superior, in fighting qualities to any in this army. It contains the famous Irish Brigade, which, in the larger part of the battles fought thus far, has been held as reserves, doing noble service on many occasions. We hear that Burnside is coming up from Norfolk, with his Ninth Corps, to swell our numbers, ere the long roll is

beaten. The Fifth Corps, under Warren, guard the railroad from Alexandria to Mitchell's Station, a point near the north bank of the Rapidan. At this place there is a brigade, apparently to watch the movements of the enemy, and check him, should he attempt to cross the river for an attack. The cavalry are somewhat scattered; but a considerable portion of them are encamped near this station. Yonder, across the river, on the hills, are the tents of Lee. One of his heavy guns could throw a shell into our camp at pleasure; but there is little fear of it; for shooting for fun ceased on both sides long ago. There is horror enough in battles, without maiming and killing men in wantonness.

But word has reached us that a new Commander is already in Washington, and will come to the front in a few days. But who cares? The soldiers have hurrahed, and thrown up their caps for McClellan, and all the other chieftains in turn. Every one but Meade had proved a failure, and now they are going to wait. They know of Grant's achievements. There is not a boy in all the ranks but can tell us of the victories he has gained. But Vicksburg and Shiloh are a long distance off. "What is Pemberton compared with Lee? Let him measure strength with this long-headed old rebel; let Grant circumvent him, and then we will hurrah as loud as the loudest."

General Grant is to be here in the next train, and yonder it is coming, slowly crossing the Rappahannock. Five minutes more, and he is here. There are but two passenger coaches, one containing a guard, the other the General and one or two of his staff. He is smoking, and that is nearly all there is noticeable about him. His dress is very plain, eyes half closed, he takes little or no notice of anything, and could we have seen him for the first time, with a crowd of Brigadiers belonging to this Army, he is the last man we would have selected for the Commander-in-Chief.

But how does the Army receive him? How do the crowd of curious soldiers welcome him? Cannot tell; for there is no crowd. A small fight between two negroes would call out twice as many as have come to see General Grant make his first appearance in the Army of the Potomac! Did General Meade turn out the Hawkins Zouaves, encamped at his headquarters, to receive him? Was the finest band in the Army detailed to honor him with "Hail to the Chief," and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Not at all. A very few officers, and as many men, came, took a hasty glance, and have now gone back to their quarters, most of them shaking their heads, and some saying, "Big thing." The only noticeable remarks I heard were one from a soldier, and one

from an officer of the 6th Cavalry. "I guess he has got something hefty in his head, by the way it has settled into his body. At any rate, I would like to swap my pipe for his cigar. He smokes like a judge of the weed."

"General Grant will do well enough if he is not strangled with red tape at Washington, as Little Mac was; but he is a West Pointer, and it is some satisfaction that a booby from the Volunteers is not placed over us."

Phil. Sheridan has been here a week or more, with headquarters at that house near the Rappahannock. The Quartermasters are busy as bees issuing clothing, squads of recruits are being drilled twice a day, every ravine in the neighborhood is appropriated for rifle-practice, and from 10 to 12, also from 2 to 4, the General's orderly, cantering his horse as if the rebels were upon us, and the camp-follower, with his traps, had best give these ravines a wide berth; for "ping-e" comes a pointed bullet so close to your face that you feel the wind of it. In a moment there is another of different sound, but equally dangerous. It has struck a stone, and its shape is altered, and it comes spluttering by, striking a tree twenty rods beyond. Notices are posted at the Provost-Marshall's tent (Gen. Patrick), warning all persons, not members of the Army, or connected

with the Sanitary or the Christian Commission, to leave on or before the 16th inst. All persons found within the lines after this date will be arrested and put to hard labor. The watch-pedlars and repairers, the Daguerreians, the memorial agents, the stationery-pedlars, the officers' wives, and the females in general, the visitors, the clergymen who have come down to spend a week in sight-seeing and preaching, all are getting ready to leave; for the Army is soon to move. Dear wife, tarry as long as you can, but you must go at last. You have tried to leave with a brave heart, and keep back the tears when you gave the parting kiss; but when the tree from which your husband has just plucked that peach-branch in bud shall drop its ripened fruit, you will have been for months a widow. Give your most loving kisses, for they will be his last on earth. How blessed that the future is veiled! You have as much as your woman's heart can bear now, but a blow is coming that will crush you for a time.

Falling in with Col. Walker, of the 4th Maine, he invites me to sleep in his tent for the night. We are ready to move, at a few hours' notice. We shall not be astonished to hear the long-roll at any hour after midnight. The rebels may come upon us, but the probabilities are that we shall move on them. It is midnight, or past. No sound but that of the

slow-pacing sentinel, near the Colonel's tent, and of changing the camp-guard every two hours. All are sleeping, some in oblivion, others dreaming of home, or, perhaps, living over again the war scenes of the past, when suddenly every sleeper springs from his couch, peers out into the dark, and endeavors to learn what has happened. Are the rebels upon us? Whence came that bomb, that startled the camp from its slumbers? Who is killed? or who hurt? But a loud laugh comes from a group around a heap of live embers, and soon the mystery is solved. Half a dozen hungry fellows thought a meal of baked beans would be a great luxury; so, while others slept, they prepared the article, properly accompanied with water, meat and salt, securely protected from ashes in a Dutch oven, and collecting the driest limbs from the grove where we are encamped, made their fire about the tempting meal, and meditated on the next morning's breakfast. "Anybody could have beans, if not too lazy too cook them. Sleep away, sluggards! Will not they wish to be invited to breakfast to-morrow morning? We can bake beans, but it takes our mothers to make the brown bread, and, of all mothers, mine makes the best. But, blast the fire; it don't work right. It is either too hot, or not enough of it. Not a stone within half a mile, to keep the coals about the oven. Ah! now I

think of just what we want. Up by the sutler's tent there are some old shells, and they will serve as well as stones. Here are four ; now we are all right, and we will doze a little while the beans are cooking." The first dream is hardly finished, and, bang ! goes a twelve-pound shell ; the beans, pork, water, fragments of the Dutch oven, embers, half-burnt sticks, and ashes are scattered on the luckless cooks, two are slightly wounded, the camp is aroused as if the enemy were upon us, and the night-watchers around that oven have lost their appetite for pork and beans.

Near by is the mansion of John Minor Botts. It is an old-style, square house, painted white, about the size of the larger class of farm-houses in New England and New York. On the north and west, and a few rods distant, are small houses, mostly of logs, but some of frame, perhaps eight or ten in number, occupied by the colored people. The plantation consists of a few hundred acres, the land of most excellent quality, though cursed with garlic. It is quite level, and the lawn, a short distance from the house, makes a splendid field for reviewing a division. When this takes place, the proprietor is usually present, riding with the officers, and treated with much consideration. If he is not in full accord

with the general sentiment of the North, he is no rebel.

Not far from Botts' house is a temporary long building, occupied by some accomplished officers, every one of whom prides himself on having graduated at West Point. To have been educated in this institution, at the people's expense, seems to have been a matter of great pride among all whom I had an opportunity to sound. Said a Sergeant, in my hearing, "I had rather be a Sergeant in the regular army, and feel that I have a thorough military education, than a Brigadier of volunteers." Knowing we are to make an advance shortly, the aforesaid officers have invited a large number of their companions to a sort of banquet. None but West Pointers are invited. There are twenty-five, perhaps more, at the supper. Servants, not black, but white, and armed, stand outside, holding their own and their masters' horses. It is hardly such a banquet as would be prepared in Washington. There is no roast turkey, roast pork, or plum-pudding. There are not oysters stewed, fried in crumbs, and raw. But if not a great variety of food, there is a plenty of drink.

The first thing to be emptied is a keg of beer. As it holds but eight or ten gallons, the dispensing of this requires but little time, and Julius, the col-

ored boy, is ordered to roll in another, and knock out the head. But there are some who want something stronger, and there are demijohns of whiskey, in readiness for them.

"But," says the reader, "why are you present? You are neither an officer nor a reporter." The reader will please bear in mind that when anything out of the ordinary course takes place in civil life, the singer or musician is wanted. If a President, Governor, or even Mayor, is chosen, or if a person of distinction is married, or there is a feast, the musician is wanted. I am at the banquet because I can sing.

The feast proceeds. Was there ever a more polite class of men assembled? It is said that women are necessary to prevent the display of coarse manners on occasions like this. Not a bit of it. Polite, suave, using great care to select the proper prefix in addressing each other, as, "Shall I have the honor, Major?" And "Will you allow me, Captain?" And, "Gentlemen, it gives us great pleasure to welcome so many of our companions in arms!" "You are hardly doing justice to our humble fare, Lieutenant; but I trust you will find us better prepared when the cloth is removed!"

If there is one topic more prominent than any other, it is General McClellan. Says one, alluding,

of course, to General Grant, "We have good and noble superiors. We have had them before. But first and last, give me Little Mac. Fill your cups, gentlemen. Now, a bumper for Little Mac. !—a man who knows the difference between a military and a saw-mill education. Hurrah for Little Mac. !"

"Gentlemen, allow me, if you please. *Julius, fill the cups!* Here is to our hosts for their bountiful cheer, for their unwavering friendship, and for their *esprit du corps!*"

All drain their cups, followed by a brief speech from some one in reply to the compliment.

"Gentlemen, another bumper, if you please, to General George B. McClellan!" The cups are emptied, and three times three given for the old and loved Commander.

"Now for a song. Give us 'Marching on to Richmond.' Let us have the music, and we will all join in the chorus!"

Giving them the song, I had their help on the chorus, and with twenty voices we made the building ring,—

"Then tramp away, while the bugles play,
We're marching on to Richmond;
Our flag shall gleam in the morning beam,
From many a spire in Richmond."

"Three cheers for the song and singer! Now give us 'McClellan is our Man,' and we will give you the chorus strong!" This is sung with enthusiasm.

I was about to retire, when one of them inquired :

"Have you the countersign?"

"I have not."

"Then you had better remain, or you may get into some of the guard-houses, in picking your way to the station."

There was no choice for me ; I must remain *in statu quo*. Songs were sung, stories told, and both were good ; and I wondered why I was invited to sing, when others present could excel me. But soon a good story and a good song were not satisfactory. The drinking continued. One became noisy, and wished to fight ; another struck a servant not his own, and this offended the master, and a quarrel was imminent. More drink. It is now two o'clock. The servants outside are impatient, but they must remain. They are hired to wait upon their employers, drunk or sober. A small party retire, but the most drunken ones remain. Obscene stories and songs follow. Staggering men try to march. If one cannot march alone, he will try it with a comrade. At length a large box is brought in ; and what is wanted of this ? O, it is to represent a pulpit, and

the foulest-mouthed man in the party shall be a minister. Will he pretend to preach or pray? Not quite that; but he will recite the most vulgar lines he can think of, and all will pretend to sing them.

But what a scene is this, and each man proud of his education! Proud that he is a soldier, and a graduate of West Point! Photographs of some of these men hang in parlors, and grace albums, revered by parents whose sons are intrusted to their care, and loved by truest souls who never wake or sleep without thought of their soldier-lover. And these are the men who are expected to set an example to our private soldiers! And think of the situation! Yonder on the hills, across the Rapidan, are Lee's tents, flashing in the moonbeams. Is that army so insignificant that our officers can hold drunken orgies almost within shell-range? What if Lee sees fit to attack with the morning light? Are these men fit for service? Fit? Indeed, in one hour many of them are like dead men; and, if a battle shall come in the morning, it will be well for them, and those under them, and the cause they are here to defend, if they shall be left to sleep. Drunken men in battle are worse than none.

From that night to this day, I have been deeply prejudiced against West Point. Many of those educated with the people's money ignore religion, the

Sabbath, Sunday-schools, and despise the people who pay their bills. It is gratifying to know that many noble men were educated there, conspicuous among whose names are those of Sedgwick, McPherson, Kearney, Phil. Sheridan, Thomas, Sherman, and Grant. But any word I may write will be of no avail; so I will simply say that, when the movement already inaugurated for a proper observance of the Sabbath in that institution shall have become a success, I hope that the drinking habits of the cadets may be looked after. I saw enough in the Army, among those educated at the nation's military school, to convince me that abstemiousness, or even moderate drinking, among the graduates, is the exception rather than the rule.

But there is time to see something more before the long-roll is beaten. Going up to the 17th Maine, we find one of the most convenient chapels in the Army. It is not kept for show, but use, and we will have a temperance meeting here to-night. In the morning we will go down among the Pennsylvania regiments, across the railroad, and attend their prayer-meetings. They have had a revival season, and hundreds have been converted. Twice a day, and every evening, the chapel, a temporary affair, constructed of logs, and large enough to accommodate three hundred, is filled with praying and singing

men. They have found the Great Captain of their salvation, and he is precious to their souls. To-morrow evening we will go and see that model Chaplain, Rev. John Adams, of Gorham, Maine. He was appointed to the office the first of the war, in the 5th Maine, and nobly has he discharged his duties. A minister of the Congregational Church, not remarkable for brilliancy, or power, or, in fact, any element which gives a man distinction in the eyes of the world, but a man eminently qualified for his position. Booming cannon, screeching shells, whistling bullets, do not terrify him. Tireless at his post, not only praying, but watching with the sick ; not only earnest in the prayer-meeting, but a chief worker in the regimental temperance society, he is a man, a brother, a Christian. Noble man, how unlike many I could name !

But let us call a few minutes at the tent of the Provost-Marshal. We shall not be likely to see General Patrick, unless our business is special, and of importance ; but his most efficient officer, Captain Beckwith, is present, also another young officer, either of whom will answer any question. The former is small in stature, with a keen eye, and a talent for expediting business. If you wish to go to Washington, your pass will be ready in two minutes. If you have just arrived at the front, and wish your

pass countersigned, so that you may visit any corps without molestation, you will have to wait but a few minutes, unless some extraordinary business takes up his time.

But who comes here? A muscular man, forty years old, in irons, not simply in handcuffs, but his limbs bound together, so that he can scarcely walk.

And such a countenance! and such an eye! He is not a Northern man; you see this at a glance; nor a Kentuckian, though the large black eye might indicate it. He is short, broad-shouldered, resolute, undaunted, unquailing, with head erect, and ready for any ordeal. Captain Beckwith raises his voice to a high pitch, and with as much harshness as he can assume, commences,—

"How came you here?"

"I was brought here, sir, in these irons, as you see."

"Do you belong in Virginia?"

"No sir."

"Why are you in Virginia?"

"I came, sir, on business."

"On what business?"

"To find a friend."

"What is that friend's name?"

"Abraham Von Coit, sir."

"Where does he reside?"

"I find he is dead ; but I did not know it till I reached his late residence."

"Where did he live?"

"About three miles from Culpepper Court House, East."

"Where do you reside?"

"In the city of New York."

"Have you a pass?"

"I have, sir."

"Do you mean to say you are a Northern man?"

"I am now, sir ; but I formerly lived in Texas. I am partly Spanish, on my mother's side ; but I am as loyal a man as you are."

Turning to the men who brought him in, the Captain inquires, "Why is he ironed, if he had a pass?"

"We found him visiting a rebel family ; and not answering us respectfully, in fact he was insulting in his answers, we arrested him as a spy."

I did not hear the decision. He may, or may not, be a spy ; but now the scene shifts, and another character approaches. A tall, gaunt Virginian, of sixty, enters the office, with a polite and deferential bow, and commences somewhat in this strain :

"Your Honors ! An impudent negro boy, whom I have treated with unmerited kindness for thirty years, has not only run off himself, but has taken the best mule on the place, and the best female

house-servant I ever had. I do not ask you to assist me in recovering him, but I am anxious to recover Eliza and the mule."

Before Captain Beckwith can make any reply, the very same darkey, who has been at the door all the while, and heard all that has been said, puts in his appearance, and claims to be heard. His left leg is at least four inches shorter than the right. He is ill-looking, but resolute. "I say, mas'r, what dis old man say am part true, and part not true. As to mysef, I owns up to runnin away. But I did dat more nor a year ago. And when he cum arter me he promise to pay me wages. I's worked fai'ful more nor a year, and not a cent can I get. And when I axes him for de money, he calls me a sassy nigger, and so I jes takes mysef off again. And, now, about his house-servant, why bress his ole soul, Lize is my wife. I didn't run away wid her. She went off wid me. I did not help her at all. If he had paid me, as he promise, he would hab me, and Lize too. But dat mule! I reckon dat was de mose valublest mule yer ever did see. Why he am always so poor it take till August to git his ole coat off, and he got so ole he can't holler for corn. Dat mule! what does he specks Lize and I want ob his ole half-blind mule? I knows nuffing at all about it. But, not to

be hard, I jes says now, if de old man will pay me what he owe me, Lize and I will go back."

The poor old Virginian finds no consolation. The Army has given up the business of catching and returning negroes, and the lame darkey and his wife can do as they please about returning with the old man.

The work of preparation is done. The men are clothed, every wagon and ambulance in order, there is a spare wheel for every gun-carriage, and a plenty of ammunition for every arm of the service. Look where you may, and everything is in readiness. Ere the day dawns the long-roll is heard in every camp. "Fall in, four rank! Forward, march!" Far behind us are our homes, but a few leagues in front we are going to blood, carnage and death.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONEY-MAKING IN THE ARMY.

IN looking at a field of growing grass or grain, if we observe one portion with a much greener and ranker growth than the rest, we invariably conclude that the noticeable spot has had an application of vegetable or animal substances in decomposition. That rich grain we so much admire is the substance of other forms that have disappeared. The cow that came nightly to yield her milk, the sheep that every summer gave their fleeces for clothing, the horse that carried the heavy burdens of a family for a fifth of a century, are dead, but perhaps their constituent parts are seen in that growing grain of deepest green. In every city and town in our Northern and Western country, many of the most costly dwellings grew out of the war. Hundreds of thousands perished, but not a few were enriched.

Yonder is a private residence that cost a hundred thousand dollars. Ten years ago the proprietor was a small dealer in ready-made clothing. Now he is

worth half a million, keeps his coachman and footman, and scarcely knows the man who gave him credit on his first bill of goods. He obtained an army-clothing contract, through a politician, and, dividing the profits, both made fortunes. The owner of a shoddy mill, the brogan manufacturer, the provision contractors, the cattle, horse and mule-brokers, the powder, ball and shell manufacturers, the stationers and printers, and the middle-men of all classes, made money out of the war.

A mass meeting is called, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, assemble. Eloquent men go on the rostrum, and by every art of the orator, and by appeals to the holiest sentiments of the human heart, the people are stirred to the very depths of their souls. They who have money give, and they who have sons pledge them, and they who have neither give themselves. And yet, in this very assembly, there are at least a dozen sharp-eyed men watching for plunder. The bounty-brokers swarm. They have learned a trick or two which the people will not be the wiser for for some time. They have invented a system of paper credits, which shall defraud the army of men, and put thousands of dollars in their pockets. Men in high positions are in league with them, and there is but little risk of exposure. Once in a great while, one of these swindlers gets

into prison, but money draws prison-bolts. If the history of the bounty frauds in but one State could be published, the people would be astonished; and, could the rascalities of many men in high positions be exposed, the public would say, "Who can be trusted?" But persons who did not go to the war know as much about these things as those who did. I will pass inside the lines, and endeavor to see how men made money there.

For a time, peddling watches in the camps was a great business; they were made almost expressly for the Army, showy, cheap as possible, and if they would only run for a short time, it mattered little whether they would keep time or not. But will the soldier, who in the first year of the war gets but eleven dollars a month, spend twenty dollars for a watch, and especially without knowing whether it is good or worthless? Those only who are ignorant of the tastes of young people will ask this question. Of course he will, unless he thinks he wants something else more. Trinkets have a strange fascination for undeveloped minds, everywhere. Some wear jewels in the nose, others in their ears, some on their ankles, and others on their arms and breast. The Sioux Squaw is satisfied with a tin-pail cover for her bosom ornament, if she can find nothing better. But the boy of civilization must have a

watch. If he be an apprentice, he will commence with one that costs five dollars. If one's father is able to send him to school and college, he must have a first-class silver-cased hunter, or a full-jewelled gold chronometer, according to the funds or liberality of *pater familias*. But watch-peddling was a business in the Army not to be sneered at. One Jew, who has been dodging in and out of the tents of one regiment all day, has sold twenty-seven before sundown, and he will sell many more before tattoo. They are all of one pattern, and very taking to the eye. They may run a month or a year, and they may keep tolerably correct time. But they were made more for sale than service, and they sell. This Jew has obtained twenty dollars apiece for the twenty-seven, making five hundred and forty dollars, the prime cost being about six and a half each, being upwards of three hundred and sixty dollars net profit for the day. This watch-peddling will retain these enormous profits for only one or two weeks after pay-day, as the funds will run low in that time, and the peddler had better retire until another pay-day, or go into another department, where the Paymaster is distributing greenbacks.

It is not strange that we see few Jews in the ranks. There are whole regiments, yes, brigades, of Irish and Germans, and one, the 15th Wiscon-

sin, of Norwegians, but none of Jews. They are peddling watches, smuggling pistols, needles, quinine, and buying cotton. No wonder that General Grant issued that famous order which made the Israelites squirm so.

Among the most useful of the camp-followers were the picture-makers. This business continued in the camp, with short intervals of exclusion, to the end of the war; and the number was small, indeed, who did not send home likenesses. If the friends at home have not seen the boy in soldier-clothes, he is anxious to show them how he looks. If he has been promoted to a Corporal, with two stripes on his arm, or a Sergeant, with three, or an Orderly, with stripes and a square, the picture sent home will tell the story better than a letter. Jealous neighbors cannot gainsay the ambrotype. The Lieutenant, the Captain, the Major, the Colonel, all must go to the artist as soon as they receive the insignia of their promotion. It is not necessary to write that a Lieutenant has become a Captain, those two bars on that shoulder-strap tell the news. Some of the artists made considerable money, but they earned all they received. It sometimes happened that a shell, or other missile, would come whizzing along, while the operator was adjusting the

lenses. Squinting at his man, through the camera, suddenly his apparatus is *non est*.

Often the picture taken in camp is the last and most precious memento the home-circle has of him who sleeps they know not where. These mementos exist in every town and hamlet in our country.

Another most useful class of camp-followers were the soldiers' memorial agents. We see these significant lithographs hanging in many a house. When my eye catches one of them in a stranger's house, I know at once that family had a near friend in the war. There is one name on that paper, perhaps more, very precious to them. It is five years since the war closed; the memorials begin already to look old; but there they hang as when first brought home, and there let them hang by the side of Lincoln, and Grant, and other heroes. The day will come when they will be to many families precious as a coat of arms. A hundred years hence, and they will be shown with pride, and exultant men will say, "That was my grandfather's brother, or that was my great-uncle. He died for the flag."

Every one has seen these memorials; but all do not know how they were prepared. A lithographer executed the design on stone, leaving blank space for printing in the names, company, regiment, and other items of interest, such as time of enlistment,

discharge, or death. The lithograph, as it comes from the stone, is as good for one regiment as another. Agents visit the camp, and obtain all the necessary items for printing, take orders, at perhaps a dollar and a half each, return to have the printing done, and, in due time, probably soon after pay-day, reappear in camp to furnish the subscribers with the coveted memorial. If a battle has occurred in the agent's absence, many of his orders are worthless. "Fell in battle." An asterisk at their names directs to these fearful words. At one time this was a largely-paying business.

Taking butter to the Army was, at times, a profitable speculation. If the trader was shrewd, he would time his shipment so that it would reach the camp about pay-day. I do not remember, however, to have met any one who made a fortune in this business.

Many made considerable money in purchasing the hides of the slaughtered cattle. But there were rings in the Army, as there are out; and if you were not in the ring, you could not purchase hides.

An enterprising, but not very shrewd Yankee, visited Chatanooga, in the winter of '64, and seeing the great number of hides that were daily accumulating, endeavored to buy them; but some were ahead of him, or were in the ring, while our Yankee

was out. He would then purchase the tallow. "O, yes; he could have the tallow;" for as yet there was no tallow-ring, and speedily there is a large candle-factory in operation, not in Chatanooga, Murfreesboro', or Nashville, but in the brain of the speculator. He has learned the price of candles, and is not long in coming to the conclusion, that with tallow at two, and candles at twelve cents per pound, there is a moderate fortune in the business. Hurrying to Nashville for a quantity of moulds, some large kettles, and one or two experts to assist in the new speculation, he soon has his plans well matured. But it requires time to make the moulds, and before the army candle-factory is completed, the short evenings have come, the Army is ready to move, and the anticipated fortune vanishes.

While the Army lay in winter quarters, it was a good field for theatrical and minstrel troupes. I know one man who made thirty thousand dollars in two seasons, in this line. Just how he did it, I am not able to say; but this I know, he went there with nothing, and came away at the end of the second winter with that amount of money.

Many made a great deal of money by circulating bills of worthless banks. I met one man who had a thousand dollars in notes of the Bank of Tecumseh, Michigan. They, of course, were worthless at

home; but I doubt not they brought him their face in whatever he wished to buy. Notes of broken banks were sent to the Army, and sold to shrewd, unscrupulous men, as counterfeit money is sold, and the dealers made small fortunes. "But how could this be done to any extent?" If one had a nominal thousand dollars in these notes, he could easily sell them at half price, it answering as well as good money to purchase anything the Southern people or negroes had to sell. For a year after greenbacks were issued, the Southern people preferred notes of State banks, whether good or not, to them. It sometimes happened that our troops would advance on a place, as, for example, Winchester, hold it a short time, retire for a season, and then reoccupy. If they had distributed greenbacks at the first occupation, at the second there was an opportunity to gather them in exchange for State bills. Then was the time for the dealer in notes of broken banks.

The most cruel swindles were perpetrated on the Southern people and negroes, after the issue of facsimile Confederate notes. These could be bought for a trifle. At times the negroes made quite a business of washing, baking hoe-cakes, picking cherries, and other fruit, and bringing sweet potatoes to camp. It was cruel to pretend to pay them for their hard toil in this worthless stuff, yet the quantity

thus disposed of no doubt amounted to a million of dollars. "But were Union soldiers as bad as that?" Could we expect soldiers in an enemy's country to treat the people better than the people at home treat each other? The number who will pass worthless money, knowingly, is fearfully large. Of any thousand men or women we may select, how many would not scruple to pass a worthless note! Men and women will do this who would not steal; for they think the victim may keep it moving.

If I knew the mysteries of cotton-buying, I could make this chapter intensely interesting. I saw it brought in by ten, twenty and fifty bales, but never a pound sold. Here was a ring that only the favored few could enter. Expeditions failed through the avarice of the leading officers. Men preferred making five hundred thousand dollars to gaining a victory.

I always noticed when cotton was brought in, that some of the officers connected with the Provost-Marshal's Department took special interest in it. I noticed, furthermore, that when a citizen of the North came to the Army with funds, and the hope of buying this article, there was always something in the way. The authorities at Washington were not granting permits, or the Army was to advance shortly, or it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to move it. I was told by one of these citizens that he was in-

formed by one of the officers who stood very near the General commanding, that he could not only obtain a permit to buy cotton, but have the exclusive privilege of the department, by furnishing the requisite capital, taking all risks, and dividing the profits. Knowing all the parties, I believed, and still believe, his statement. In my younger days, I thought men who were honored with positions of trust and great responsibility must be good, but I have learned that temptations conquer the high as easily as the low. What is there to discredit the statement of this citizen? We know that many officers went to the Army poor, and came home rich!

But, while the many made money, some lost. One man from Indiana has eight tons of butter that he has purchased in Ohio, at thirty-five cents per pound. He has shipped it for Nashville, and obtained a permit to take it to the Army. The article is needed, the men have been paid, and he is only a few hours short of the completion of a grand speculation. Three thousand dollars, clear profit, looms up in his mind, as the cars roll along. It is a great deal of money for a month of labor and less than five thousand dollars outlay. Hurry up the train; it is yet fifty miles north of Nashville. The engine requires wood and water. Suddenly twenty-five rifles flash, and send their deadly bullets into the cars and

engine. There is a guard of twenty armed men with the train, but they are assaulted so suddenly that they are discomfited, and goods, passengers, freight and train are in possession of guerillas. Passengers are robbed of money and valuables, the express and freight cars plundered, but the butter is too heavy for horsemen to carry. Uncoupling the engine and tender, and running them forward a mile, the self-appointed engineer reverses the action, turns on a full head of steam, leaps off, and away they dart, accumulating momentum at every revolution, till they strike the cars with a terrible crash, and engine, tender, cars and heavy freight are a mass of worthless *debris*. That butter speculation is ended. The three or four thousand dollars profit is on the wrong side of the sheet.

Many persons made money by smuggling quinine, and other articles which brought a great price. In taking my trunk to the depot at Louisville one morning, I noticed a woman of middle age, dressed in black, standing by her trunk, waiting, as we all were, to have our baggage carefully inspected, before it could be taken aboard the train for Nashville. Inspecting the articles in due order, the officer comes to the lady's trunk, which she has already opened, and proceeds to examine dresses, skirts, and other articles of female apparel, which, having done to his satisfac-

tion, he locks the trunk, and politely hands her the key. Turning it on end to mark it, his suspicions are aroused, and he demands the key again, opening it, running his cane down inside, then measuring to the floor, he sees that the trunk has a false bottom. The articles are removed, the thin board split out with his cane, and there are needles enough to supply a good sized town for a year; neither she nor her trunk went to Nashville on that train. The last I saw of her she was turning a corner with an officer, who was escorting her to the office of the Provost-Marshal. How she expected to get these needles through the lines, and how much profit there would have been on the sales had her enterprise been successful, I know not. Judging from what I saw of the people where we went, I should think needles were the last things to smuggle. The articles most needed were wheat and soap.

But next to the cotton-buyers the Sutlers had the greatest opportunity to make money. It required much shrewdness to be a successful Sutler, but with that, and ordinary good luck, a moderate fortune was within his grasp. Supplying from three hundred to a thousand men with cakes, butter, cheese, apples, tobacco, canned meats, and canned fruits, at a profit of fifty to a hundred per cent., and whiskey at one hundred to three hundred, what was to prevent

getting rich? But, Mr. Sutler, you must be very careful not to get the ill-will of the boys, or some night, after you have sold them more whiskey than they can digest, and before the guard can come to your assistance, you will have received a very unceremonious call, and there has been a general distribution of your traps. If you have saved your greenbacks you are lucky. But why did not the guard hear your call for help, and come to your assistance? For the best of reasons; they, too, have been drinking your whiskey, and scarcely know their beat.

But, if there is money in the Sutler's berth, I think few men would care to hold it long. Everybody but him has some friends in camp. The Colonel or a Captain may be surly, waspish, negligent, or what not, he has a clique who like him. But the Sutler is the butt of every one's curse. If he refuses credit, the man who wants it curses him; if he refuses to furnish whiskey, he is cursed; and if he does furnish it, those who buy of him curse him as soon as they are sober, for letting them have it; if he is out of an article wanted, they upbraid him; if he gives credit, and cannot get his pay, no one is sorry; if the guerillas gobble up his team and a thousand dollars' worth of goods, they laugh over it as a good joke, and say he deserved it. Any berth but an

army Sutler's. If his hand is not against every man, every soldier's hand is against him.

Yet, let me do some of them justice. I really saw some as good men among the Sutlers as were to be found in any capacity; even better men than some of the Chaplains that could be named. Some had broken down in business, and took this position to avoid poverty. They were men of character, and the good officers seeing it, gave them sympathy and support; and, being good men when they became Sutlers, they were good men when they returned to their homes.

The gamblers must be mentioned in this chapter. There was scarcely a regiment but had more or less of these pests in it. If any one is to be excepted, it is the 73d Illinois: I am very certain that is the number. I refer to the Methodist regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. The professional gamblers were not so numerous in the East as in the West, but they were a scourge everywhere. In the Eastern Army, they usually obtained some berth, so that they had, ostensibly, some respectable occupation. One was a Sutler's clerk, or had a berth in the Quartermaster's department, or repaired watches, but gambling was his occupation, and many a boy who wrote home that his money had been

stolen, would have made a lie the truth if he had added, "by the gamblers"; and many a soldier's wife who watched the mail for a remittance, watched and watched in vain, for the gambler had taken the money.

I cannot say there were gamblers there who made fortunes. Men of this description are rare anywhere. I know men who have spent a hundred thousand dollars in this vice, but none who have made and kept one-tenth of this sum. They are generally poor. They have plenty of friends to help them spend their money. The drinking men are the gambler's friends, and, as he made his money easily, he must pay their bills. Vicious women are his friends, and they claim a large share of his gains. But, no matter what he does with it, the fools who play with him are robbed, and not only they, but their friends, suffer.

The question arises: "Why were these things permitted? Why did not some one inform the commanding officer what was taking place? Why was he allowed to remain in camp? The true-hearted and sweet-spirited Hutchinsons were ordered out of the Army for singing the songs of liberty, and could the vile wretch who is stealing the bread from the wives and children of soldiers, be allowed to remain,

and carry on his terrible work?" He was well known. Every one knew his business, and yet he was not driven out. But why are not these persons arrested at home? They have been robbing husbands and fathers of money needed by themselves and families for daily subsistence, yet no one arrests them. They do no labor, wear fine clothes, have money for their daily wants, and are addressed respectfully by genteel and respectable people. They abound in every city and large town, and small towns, even, are not without them. But who shuns and despises them as they deserve? Who says to his children, as one of these pests pass his house: "There goes a villain who lives by others' toil, a polite, cowardly brother of the thief, both of whom, like the owl and beasts of prey, do their work by night, and in places shunned by their betters!" These, and other human vampires, prey upon the community, and few raise any objection. But war is their season of harvest.

O, War! frightful, ghastly War! How marvellous that poor humanity must purchase Liberty and many of her most cherished blessings through instrumentalities such as thine! Falsehood and base ingratitude, theft and plunder, sacking and pillaging, murder and ravishment, and everything that is devilish,

and all that should make angels weep, and crimes that should make devils stand aghast, all these, and more than these, are thy concomitants, and pure as refined gold is he who hath withstood for a long time the temptations of army life without contamination.

CHAPTER XV.

SPIES.

SPIES play an important part in every war. To be a successful one requires a rare combination of good qualities—courage that never quails, intuitive knowledge of human nature, tact to manage conversation so adroitly that your talker shall tell just what you wish to know, ability to read in the countenance the evidence of truth or falsehood, the most profound discretion, love of adventure, endurance, and integrity. There are other qualities that are useful; but lacking any of these, the spy is a failure.

In the early part of the war, some of the best of men fell under suspicion. I have heard that General Spinner was one of this class. It may not have been so; but if not, how shall we account for the following incident: Among the letters advertised as remaining in the Portland, Maine, Post-office, in 1862, was one for a well-known lady of that city, whose husband was with the Army. On sending for it, the messenger was told that the letter was important,

and must be delivered to the party in person. Wondering who had sent her a letter of so great value, that it could not be intrusted to even her daughter; thinking over her small list of uncles, aunts, and other relatives, who possibly might have died, and left her a legacy; and then of her husband, who might be a prisoner in Belle Isle, or some other horrid place, she hurried to the post-office and asked for an advertised letter addressed to her name.

"Major Dole has it, and you will be obliged to go to the Postmaster's room to obtain it."

Wonder increases to agitation. Timidly the little woman approaches the tall official, when the following conversation occurs:

"I wish for an advertised letter, directed to ——," giving her name.

"Are you the lady bearing that name?"

"I am."

"Are you a married woman?"

"I am."

"How long have you resided in this city?"

"Nearly all my life."

"What is your husband's name?" This was given.

"I understand. He is in the Army."

"Yes sir."

"Has your husband any business relations with General Spinner?"

"I do not know that he has."

"Are *you* acquainted with that gentleman?"

"I never met him."

"This letter bears General Spinner's frank. Do you know any reason why this gentleman should write to you?"

"I do."

"Will you please tell me the reason?"

"I do not know that I am obliged to tell Major Dole, simply because he is Postmaster, the subject of correspondence between myself and any one, even though he be an officer of the Government."

"I shall be obliged to open and read this letter."

"I can tell you what it is about."

"What is it about?"

"A Pine-tree shilling."

"A Pine-tree shilling! Darker and darker! What about a Pine-tree shilling?"

"Well, sir, I noticed in a paper that General Spinner wished to purchase antique coins, and, having a Pine-tree shilling, I sent him a description and invited a proposition to purchase. If that letter is from him, I presume it is in reply."

As he opened and perused it, a sharp eye might have seen a look on the Major's face as good as an advertisement that he would sell his commission as spy-hunter cheap. Comment is unnecessary.

At Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1863, I saw a man moving about among the troops on horseback, selling papers. He had a pleasant word for every one, and seemed able to epitomize in a few sentences all the important matter of the papers. "Here is the *Louisville Journal*, with the copperhead account of the battle of Gettysburg, and here is the paper that is loyal in every column, line and word,—the old *Cincinnati Gazette*. Here you will find that Lee is badly whipped and has run away across the Potomac, while that bully Pennsylvanian, General Meade, is resting on his laurels." He seemed to be in a business beneath his qualifications. The next seen of him by myself he was in Louisville, flitting about with no visible business. Watching him for a season without speaking to him, I came to the conclusion that he was a spy. I called to see the Colonel who had charge of the military affairs of the city, but not finding him in his office, communicated my suspicions to his assistant. On telling him what I had seen, and whither I had followed the suspected person, and asking for instructions and authority in taking further measures, his reply was: "The man has done nothing that will warrant his arrest. If both of you are going to Nashville, manage to go when he does, if you can. If there is anything to arrest him for, you may find grounds before long. I am not

authorized to make you any promises, but of this you may rest assured, if you can detect a spy you shall lose nothing, but be amply rewarded."

Boarding at the same hotel, I was able to keep my eye on him without attracting his attention. Coming from his room one morning with a valise in hand, passing out of the door quickly, he was seen making his way rapidly to the levee, as if to take the steamer then ready to start down the river. Just then, I felt like taking a trip on the same boat. Eighty miles in some six hours, for the river was at freshet height, and the stops were few, and we were at Evansville, Indiana. But as he did not stop there, neither did I; twelve miles farther and we reach Hendersonville, Kentucky, as full of rebels as a little town like that could be. That was his landing-place, and it was mine. Having noticed his eyes directed towards me a number of times, I was not perfectly at ease. If he were a spy, and suspected my purposes, there might be a very easy method adopted to get rid of me. A cord and a stone, with the Ohio and a dark night at hand, were quite sufficient for him and his friends. The night passed without incident. In the morning I began to watch for a chance-boat up the river. Noon came, and no boat. The sun was but an hour high, and yet no boat. While I was waiting anxiously at the levee, the stranger came

past me, and without appearing to notice me placed a bit of paper in my hand, which read as follows : "Mind your tongue ! you are watched. Start up the river after dark, and I will meet you."

Here was trouble. But I felt it was best to trust him, and obeyed his injunction. He was promptly on hand, having watched in a hiding-place for my coming. "Stranger," said he, "if you can trust me, I think I can take you out of danger. I am known here to most of the people. They have been told I am a Union scout, and are disposed to do me harm to-night. Any stranger coming here, without known business, is suspected. Our coming on the same boat has placed you in their eyes as my confederate. This is not conjecture. There is, at least, one Union man who is true as the needle to the pole, and who, though very quiet, is not often ignorant of any devilish scheme the Henderson rebels may concoct."

"But what are we to do?"

"I have arranged to have a skiff brought to a point a mile above, and we are to cross the river, then foot it to Evansville."

"The travelling is bad. Can we obtain horses?"

"Never mind the horses ; but let us get into a hiding-place, and watch for the skiff."

In less than an hour the little boat had been brought, and with fifteen minutes' rowing we were

in Indiana, and starting out for Evansville. The water covered the roads in many places, and the mud was deep and adhesive everywhere. No human being but ourselves seemed to be astir on that lonesome road. The houses were from a fourth to half a mile apart, and from every one of these we received attention from one or more dogs. I importuned my new friend to stop till morning, having no fear of being followed. "Wait till we make another mile," said he, when we were, perhaps, half-way to the city, "and we will find a stopping-place."

Striking out at the left across the field, and making a fearfully long mile, through the mud, and wading the watercourses, we came to a little farm-house where my friend was known, and where we might feel safe. A hot fire, warm drinks, some cold meat and bread, dry socks, and, in due time a warm bed, and we were soon happy companions for the night. Once warm in bed, he was ready to tell me who he was. As I suspected, from a hint before dropped, he was a Union scout. He had already made six trips within Bragg's lines, without being suspected. "But," said he, "my business in this section is ended. I came to Henderson merely to ascertain whether I am suspected. I am, and cannot venture again. Probably a description of my person, and maybe my likeness, is in every town in Middle and West

Tennessee. There is a price set on my head, and I should have been spirited away to-night but for that old Union man I told you of. And no doubt they would have taken us both together. This is not the best of beds, and the fare we have had not the most sumptuous, but I hope we are safe. This is a log-house, and the old people are both familiar with firearms. There are not less than five guns, besides my pistols and yours, if you have any, in the house, and if these Henderson rebels dare to molest us, some of them will meet their deserts. This house is almost as good as a citadel."

"Almost every scout meets with more or less adventures. I presume you have had many."

"No sir; nothing worth relating. I have been as much excited, and in as much danger to-day, as ever since I engaged in the business. In my opinion, most of the scout stories are pure inventions, and most that I ever heard have not the semblance of truth. The most interesting incidents I could relate are of Union prisoners making their escape. Hiding about in the woods, as I have done, I have often seen these poor fellows fed, and otherwise aided by the negroes. When reading wonderful scout stories, I have often wondered why other men should meet with such marvellous adven-

tures, and I none. Nothing has happened, in my experience, to make me a hero."

"Tell me something of interest, for my blood is too hot to sleep at present."

"I met a Colonel Hand, over on the Tennessee River, whose experience interested me. I will relate it, because it is true; and also, because it shows the stuff that Union men of the South are made of. Before the war, Colonel Hand held a commission in the militia of his State, and thereby received his title. Talking like a moderate rebel, and holding a Colonel's commission, he could hardly satisfy his acquaintances for not joining the Southern Army. But he made excuse that his wife was too ill. This answered for a while; but at length his neighbors said: '*The Colonel's wife neither dies, nor grows worse. Other men have wives in feeble health, yet they take part in gaining our independence. The Colonel sets a most pernicious example. He talks well, indeed; but as for his doing, a Union man might do as much for our cause as he.*'"

"One afternoon, his only negro boy came into the room, exclaiming: '*Mas'r Hand, I's heard bad news from Jake, what libs up by de Court-Hus. He say de people specks you is a Union man, and dey is gwine to do someting desperd.*' A hint was sufficient. He had been expecting it, and was pre-

pared. Less than a mile from the house, in the woods, was a cave, and thither he had carried a bed, and other comforts, for an emergency. Five minutes' start, and he would ask no odds of the Regulators. They came to his residence many times, but no one had seen Colonel Hand for many months. At length, it was generally believed he had left the country; but his wife and little boy remained. In that cave he lived six months, without ever seeing his family. Every night a trusty negro carried his daily food, first by one route, and then by another. After taking Fort Henry, the gunboats came up the Tennessee, and, when the wife saw them, she sent her little boy to the cave to call her husband, for the child knew his hiding-place. Coming to the spot, and crawling down through the brush, he called out: '*Par-pa! you can come out now, for the Union gunboats have come.*'

"'Who says so?' inquires the doubting father. '*Mar and I have seen them; they are right down to the Landing,*' says the overjoyed child."

"I was on one of these boats when the Colonel, his wife, their little boy, and the faithful negro made their first appearance. He talked, sung, hurrahed, caught a flag and wound it about his body, kissed it, and manifested so much joy, that the little boy was

frightened, and wondered if his father was not drunk."

"Are you a Kentuckian?"

"I should hope not, though I have been among them a great deal, first and last. I am a native of Woodstock, Vermont, but have spent most of my life in Kentucky."

"What do you think of the Kentuckians?"

"Good and bad, same as other people. But if you wish to know what I think of the loyalty of that people in general, I must say that most of them are the meanest rebels I have ever seen. If you will go to Louisville, or Lexington, you will hear leading men laying down the principles that ought to govern the North in prosecuting the war. Sometimes you would think, from the boasts of the people of that State, that Kentucky furnished as many troops for the Union Army as Ohio. I think I read in Prentice's Secesh Journal, of Louisville, that she had furnished forty thousand Union troops. If so, I wonder where they are? Did you ever see any of them in the Eastern Army?"

"Only a very few. I believe there was one under Shields, or, rather, Banks, in the Shenandoah Valley. Possibly I may have seen one other regiment, but I do not remember any other now."

"Neither do I know of any other in the Eastern

Army. Are they in the Army of the Cumberland? I grant there are a few; but there is no Kentucky Brigade, as East Tennessee has. There are five fine regiments from that section of the State, and others from Western and Middle Tennessee. I tell you that it would have been just as well for the North if this arrogant State had seceded with the others. There would have been some satisfaction in thrashing the conceit out of the Kentucky rebels."

"Give all credit to every loyal Kentuckian in or out of the Army. But I assure you, friend, that for every loyal man that State has in our Army, she has three, if not more, fighting against our flag, and also many of those who are for us would desert our cause instantly if they thought the negro was to be made free. It is often charged that New Englanders have 'nigger' on the brain, but Kentuckians have 'nigger' in the pocket. Talk to a Union man about this war, and he will be as eloquent as a stump orator; anathematizing Jeff. Davis and his satellites, pointing to the devastation and ruin left through his State by the moving and contending troops, but he usually ends with the 'nigger' and the abolitionist.

"These people remind me of an incident in the experience of old Father Streeter, of Woodstock. It is a long time since I heard him relate it, and therefore I may not give it with perfect accuracy. Before

fairly entering the ministry, he went to spend the Sabbath with the old eloquent preacher of his denomination then settled in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It was at the time that Hosea Ballou, then a young and very prominent brother in the same faith, was causing not a little commotion in this country, by his views on the Atonement. The Portsmouth man was almost, if not quite, a Trinitarian, and regarded Ballou as little, if any, better than an Infidel. His first duty, as they were sitting by the fire Saturday evening, was to sound young Streeter, and ascertain whether he had become infected by the Ballou heresy. Then, for two hours, he poured forth such a stream of abuse and anathemas on the man who denied Vicarious Atonement, and yet dared to call himself a Christian, that the poor half-fledged minister was speechless with amazement. Looking up at the clock, the venerable minister said: '*Brother Streeter, it is nine o'clock. It is time for prayers. Will you read and pray?*' This was too much. Streeter was not in a suitable frame of mind, after listening to what had been said. But the old man was equal to the occasion, and occupied a full half-hour in pouring forth one of the eloquent prayers for which he was distinguished. This ended, all took seats but the minister, who remained in the position occupied in prayer, with one hand still on the chair before

him. Raising his right hand to his head, and inserting his long, bony finger into one of his ears, he broke the silence, which had continued for a minute or so after the 'Amen,' '*As I was saying about Ballou,*' and gave him another excoriation, keeping Streeter from bed an hour longer. So with these Kentuckians: 'As we were saying about the nigger.'

"Kentucky loyalty! if you and I had not escaped from Hendersonville to-night, we should have had a specimen of their appreciation of Union men before morning, and, as it is, I keep listening for their coming." But he listened in vain, and we finally found sleep as well as rest.

For a few weeks previous to the battle of Gaines' Mill, I slept almost every night in an ambulance near the tent of General Sickles, half a mile to the left of the railroad. It was not in use, and made a capital bed. But it was wide enough for two; the two seats extended along the sides, and were so constructed that by raising some pieces attached to them by hinges, and making use of the spare cushion, there was a bed much better than most of those in ordinary boarding-houses. One night, very late, I was awakened by some one who wished to share quarters with me. He said he had been out on a little wake, in one of the regiments down

to the left, and it was too late to get across the river over to the 4th Michigan, where he belonged; and seeing this ambulance, he thought he would put up for the night.

Telling him that he could have lodgings on the same terms as myself, which were simply to get inside and occupy as much room as needful, I soon had my soldier-boy for a companion, and in five minutes we were asleep. In the morning, he said it was the best bed he had had in a month, and wished to know how I happened to have the use of it. All I could say was that it was mine by sufferance.

"Do you occupy this every night?"

"I have done so for a week or two, but may be deprived of it any moment."

"If I am out this way again, to see my friends in the 2d Rhode Island, and get belated, may I call and lodge with you again?"

"Of course; I have no monopoly."

The next night he came and slept as before; but he was very poor company, and told me nothing worth relating. Two weeks, or more, passed, and I saw nothing of him, but, on the memorable Friday evening of the battle at the Mills, I met him, seated at a fire in the swamp, silent, and apparently indifferent as to the sufferers, while every other one was actively engaged in doing something to make the

wounded more comfortable. As soon as our eyes met, he started up and took me by the hand, and expressed the greatest joy. Said he, "I am completely used up. I have been in the battle all day, and escaped. If I could have a few hours' sleep, it would do me a great deal of good. - Suppose we go over to our old ambulance and spend the remainder of the night, out of the reach of these groans?"

Thinking his suggestion a good one, I was ready to adopt it, and we picked our way through the swamp, crossing the river on some logs, the location of which he seemed to understand, and were soon in our old bed. I could not help thinking he was a poor specimen of a soldier, for neither his face nor clothes were blackened with powder; but I had seen many such. There were soldiers, and even officers, who, for three years, never took part in a battle, though half of their comrades were shot down. A shirk always finds an excuse to escape duty. If he finds courage enough to go out with the regiment, he runs at the first fire. I met officers with an arm in a sling, or so lame they could scarcely put the foot to the ground, that had heard but the whizzing of the first shells from the enemy's line. But to return to my companion: he manifested no disposition to return to his regiment, but continued with me, all the time very silent, moody, and apparently unwell.

He had left his gun behind, but, no matter how feeble others who accompanied us were, he never offered to carry their burdens. I soon wearied of his company, and wished to get rid of him, but it was of no use. Arriving at the James, and seeing a small boat on the shore, he jumped into it and pulled out into the stream. Half way across the river, he stood up in the boat, calling me by name; and, when I returned his salutation, he cried out:

"If you ever come to Richmond, call and take lodgings with me, as I have done with you. Greatly obliged, sir, for your hospitality, till you are better paid." In less than a minute every boy on the bank had a cartridge in his rifle, and fifty balls were falling about him. But he was soon beyond their reach. My bed-fellow was a spy.

Passing down the James in a gunboat one dark night, we were obliged to stop on account of the fog. Suddenly all on board were aroused by the discharge of two rifles in the stern. Two rebels had put off from the shore with a torpedo, to blow up the boat, but the watch was too sharp for them. One was killed, and the other secured.

When a portion of the Army of the Cumberland was near Franklin, Tennessee, a couple of officers rode up to the different regiments, representing themselves as having authority to inspect the position.

They had nearly made the rounds, when some one was shrewd enough to suspect their character. They were indeed spies, and were tried and executed at once.

In Knoxville, Tennessee, while Burnside was holding the place, and the country was in great suspense as to his ability to withstand the force that might be sent against him, I had a temporary home with a citizen who professed to be loyal. He had another boarder, a woman, who was not only loyal, but radical. Being a person of good address, she found favor with many of the officers, and obtained from them many favors. Occupying, at night, a room adjoining hers, and awaking at the slightest sound, I often heard a board creak in her room late at night. Watching from my window, I thought I had the glimpse of a man passing near us, stooping down for a moment, then hastening away. Keeping my suspicions to myself, I determined to watch for him. There was a corn-crib near by, and in this I spent three nights without making any discovery. During the fourth, a little past midnight, I heard the sash go up gently, and in less than half an hour a man was under it, to receive something apparently passed down by a line. But soon he was gone. In a few minutes I emerged from my hiding-place, and went to my room carefully as possible, determined to

solve the mystery in the morning. If this was a lover who came to her window at night, it was none of my business. But lovers are seldom content with a call so brief as that. If this is not a love affair, she is a spy, and that man flitting about under her window at night is her confederate. She obtains the information, and he bears it to the rebel General. But could a woman with such warm protestations of loyalty, and with such bitter hatred of the rebels, be a spy? We shall see.

In the morning I hastened to the office of the Provost-Marshal to tell him what had been seen, but it was late before he came in, and he received my statement with so much indifference, I became disgusted, and left him. But on my return to the house, the dear specimen of loyalty had departed. She had probably heard me going to my room after the man had called, and suspected that I had seen too much to make her stay safe.

Though the Army, in all the departments, swarmed with spies, very few were detected and executed. It was painful, as late as '63, to notice how readily disloyal persons obtained passes to visit the Army. Any man or woman, however open a sympathizer with the South, could obtain a pass in Washington just as readily as a Union man. If the Honorable Mr. A., or Judge B., or the well-known Mr. C.,

would write a man or a woman an endorsement, there was no trouble in obtaining a pass. In consequence, every movement and intention of the commanding officer was known to the rebels just as early as to our people. And, in fact, for two years rebel sympathizers were treated as kindly by many of our leading men and officers in the Army as those who were willing to give their lives for the flag. How often did I hear members of the Army say to Virginians, or Tennesseans, with whom they wished to be on pleasant terms, "I did not come down here to free the 'nigger,' but to put down the rebellion." Among many officers, more than the men, for a long time, there was no earnestness of purpose, the blood had not come up to fever-heat, and they did not fight with a will. Any man who wished to play the spy could have done so for years without detection, had he been so disposed. And some did this, as I will show in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPIES — *Continued.*

RETURNING from the Western armies to that of the Potomac, in the spring of 1864, my first visit was made to the troops of the Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick. I had not been in camp five minutes before almost every tent was empty. Over the hills, up from the valleys, away from Sutlers' shops, abandoning all business, letter-writing, roll-correcting, mending clothes, reading, lounging, "old sledge," "euchre," practising new songs—men by hundreds, nay, thousands, Corporals, Sergeants, Lieutenants, Captains, Adjutants, Chaplains, Surgeons, Majors, Colonels, Quartermasters and their Clerks, Sutlers, Mule-drivers, Cooks, and Waiters, came with a rush that was terrific; and all this to see me;—me, who was not so high as the humblest private. What did it mean? What had I done to merit such attention? Been fighting in the ranks, like the young Chaplain who was killed at Fredericksburg? Or on my own hook, like the old Vermonter? Nothing of

the kind. And yet the men are here in Brigades to welcome me. Cheer after cheer goes up. "Turn out, Company A, Company B, and Company C, and see who has come to life!" "Give us your hand, old brother; we have not seen you since you were hanging on the tree at Frederick City. Well, this beats all the ghost-stories, don't it? What's the news from the lower world? Or did you come from above? No matter which, just tell us the news." Receiving the hearty greetings of hundreds, I held out my hand to an Irishman, whom I remembered, and he drew back with a look of horror, exclaiming, "Be off wid ye! Divil a bit will I be afther tooching yer paw, till I know whether yer bes a spook, or a live man."

But the reader will ask for an explanation. Previous to leaving the Eastern for the Western department, I had given a parting entertainment with most of the organizations, telling all whither I was going, and my intentions of returning in a few months. I was scarcely out of the Army, when a man from Baltimore (I think his name was Richardson) conceived the plan of taking up my occupation. He knew that I had free range within the lines, and this was the very privilege he coveted. Procuring copies of my songs, he had an edition of them printed, giving the words only, while mine con-

tained the music, as well as words, procured a quantity of postage-stamps, and a pass, and commenced business on a limited scale. He gave no concerts or entertainments, offered but few songs for sale, made no special visits to this or that regiment, was never seen within a hospital. But why did he take all this trouble? You shall see. He had been a spy from the first, and thought that by having stamps and songs, and playing my role in part, he would be enabled to see all that was going on without suspicion. While the Army was passing through Maryland towards Gettysburg, the cavalry picketed all the roads leading to Virginia. This man attempted to pass the guards. He had a pass, and it is said, though I cannot vouch for it, that it was in my name. He was arrested, and searched, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found on him. General Kilpatrick not being satisfied, ordered that he should be searched still more minutely; and yet nothing to criminate the man was found. At last, his saddle was cut in pieces, and within it were found all the documents that a spy would naturally have. He made immediate confession, and begged for mercy; but his trial took place at once, lasting but a few minutes, and he was hanged at the limb of a tree just outside Frederick City. After the battle of Gettysburg, the returning troops marched in

sight of the tree and body, for it remained in its suspended position eight days, and every member of that Army returned to Virginia, believing he had seen my body hanging to a tree in Maryland; and a very kind-hearted man went, with sorrowful countenance, to break the tidings to my family.

Though it seemed incomprehensible to most of the troops that their old singer should prove a traitor, yet they thought Southern gold might have done the work, and the verdict was: "*Served him right, if he was a traitor.*"

But why did not some of the men examine the body sufficiently to determine its identity? They tried their best to do this, but, not seeing it for a number of days after death, it had become so black and swollen, it looked as much like one man as another.

When the men of the Army of the Cumberland shall read this, as many of them will, they will express the utmost surprise; for there is not one of them but knows a similar incident occurred there. Leaving that Army for a season, the same as the Potomac, I gave my parting entertainments, before starting for Vicksburg. I was hardly out of camp, when a spy proceeded, like Richardson of Baltimore, to supply himself with my songs, but, unlike him, omitting the postage-stamps. He was soon moving about, from camp to camp, very quietly

making observations ; but if any one asked him his business, he showed the songs, saying that he had them for sale. He played his part but a very short time. He was arrested, searched, and in his boots were found drawings of the fortifications, the location of every Division of the Army, as well as papers intended to impart important information to General Bragg. He was not tried on the day of arrest, but confined in the Murfreesboro' jail. The building not having the best of bolts and fastenings, he succeeded in breaking them, and passing the jail-guard, the first night. Taking the pike for Tullahoma, he encountered a picket at the bridge adjoining the town, and was ordered to halt. Knowing that to obey was certain death, while to refuse would draw the fire of but one rifle, he preferred to give no heed, but run the risk of a bullet, though he was so ironed he could run but little. But the guard took careful aim, and, dark though it was, he was shot dead on the spot, and a few hours only was needed to spread the news from Division to Division that the Army Poet and Balladist was shot as a spy. Army correspondents sent the news to their papers, and fifty of them told the strange story to a million of readers. Strangely enough, it was months before it came to my ears, for I had gone to still another department. My friends in Nashville had published

a contradiction, but, while the falsehood went with lightning speed, the truth scarcely got out of Tennessee in six months.

I have been disposed to regard these incidents as rather hard jokes on myself, but they were much harder for the men who lost their lives. I would here say that though not possessing the necessary qualifications for a scout, and with no talent for dissembling to advantage, I did once in a while have an opportunity to try the art of deceiving on the rebels, and sometimes with success. The following incident will illustrate :

Wishing to obtain a new edition of my songs, which could not be printed at Nashville, I obtained permission of General Robert Mitchell to go to Louisville for that purpose. On arriving at Mumfordsville, Kentucky, the train was sent back in haste, for the rebels had destroyed the bridges and torn up much of the track. About to leave the train, I invited any of my companions who saw fit to accompany me ; but no one accepting the invitation, I started out alone. Calling at a farm-house for information with regard to the roads, I found the parties were in reality know-nothings. Did they "know where Morgan's men were?" "No." Did they "know when the bridges were destroyed?" "No." Did they "know how far it was to Louisville?" "No." Or

"to Lebanon Junction?" "No." "Or to Elizabethtown?" "No, but it was a right smart piece." "Which road shall I take?"

"I reckon if you want to keep shet of Morgan, you had better keep off the pike, and take the wagin road that runs by the railroad, and, if you are not afeard to travel in the dark, I reckon you had better push on to-night, for war times is strange times, and we don't know our neighbors."

Whether he was afraid of me, or afraid some one would harm me, I could not determine, but concluded to take his advice, and push on. The night was cool and cloudy, yet some stars came out occasionally, showing me that my general course was the right one. Carrying nothing but a staff, I pushed on, trusting in Providence. Though not able to turn my ears like a horse or mule, to catch the sounds ahead, if any should come from that direction, a horseman approaching from the front could be heard a goodly distance; for the ground was just a little frozen, except where there was sand. Turning into the woods, or leaping a fence, took but a few minutes, if I heard approaching footsteps of man or beast. In that lonely tramp I made, as afterwards ascertained, thirty-two miles, from sunset to sunrise; for at the latter time I was in sight of Elizabethtown. About midnight it was my purpose to stop till morning.

Not daring to enter a house, I looked for a barn, but that is an institution not plenty on that road. There was, however, a corn-crib, and this was taken possession of, without asking leave of the owner. It was not made to exclude the air, but invite it. Having a blanket and my overcoat, I thought I might not suffer from the cold, and get a few hours' sleep. Corn-cribs may make excellent dormitories in July, but they are not just the thing in December. Outside, the night was perfectly calm, but a current of cold air came through the interstices of this pen, penetrating my covering, and in a few minutes I was shaking as with the ague. Covering myself with the corn in the car, I found no relief, and soon a last farewell was taken of the crib.

Coming in sight of Elizabethtown, I saw a great amount of smoke, as if buildings were on fire, and, instead of entering the town, made a detour of a mile or more, and called at a house for breakfast. There had been a skirmish between our men and Morgan's the day before, when our force was defeated and driven off, and from some cause many of the buildings burned. Learning there were but twelve miles more of dangerous road before me, my hopes were buoyant. If the farmer could be believed, he had taken no part in the "scrimmage," as he called the war. He had been at Lebanon Junc-

tion the day before, and he said a large force of our men had just arrived there.

Refreshed by a good breakfast, I had made scarcely six miles when I discovered a small body of troops encamped in a ravine a little north of the big tunnel of the railroad, some five miles south of the Junction. It needed but one look to know they were a squad of rebels, and in all probability a portion of Morgan's men. It was too late to retreat. They had seen me, as soon as I them. They had horses, I was on foot. They were armed, I was not. Looking as unconcerned as possible, I passed on unnoticed by the warriors, who were baiting their horses and taking a lunch, till the farther limit of their camp was almost reached, when one of their number rose from a log by the road, presented his carbine, and pronounced that very suggestive word, "Halt!" The second hint was not needed. Its full meaning was comprehended at once. Not a word passed between us, but, on his sending word to his superiors, two of them made their appearance, when the following dialogue ensued :

"Are you a citizen of this neighborhood?"

"I am not."

"Where do you belong?"

Thinking it best they should not know they had a New Englander in hand, it was not convenient, for a

minute, to tell my residence. Somewhat agitated, in fact, more than a little frightened, I said :

"I hope you are not going to harm an unarmed citizen?"

"I asked, where do you belong?"

"In Illinois."

"Where have you been?"

"Down to the Army."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry some comforts to boys from our neighborhood, who are in hospitals."

"When did you leave the Army?"

"I left Nashville yesterday; the Army was not there, and had not been for a number of weeks."

"Was there any news from the Army?"

"Did not hear any."

"Did not you hear *any* news?"

"Heard there was a little brush, and that the rebels got the worst of it."

"You said you lived in Illinois. In what part,—that is, city, town, or county?"

"I live, sir, in the town of Lane."

"Where is Lane?"

"In Illinois."

"But in what part of Illinois?"

"Seventy-five miles west of Chicago."

"How do you reach it?"

"Go to Louisville, thence to Indianapolis, thence to Fort Wayne, thence to Chicago, and then take the Dixon Air-Line towards the Mississippi."

"Have you any papers about you?"

"Yes, sir, here is a pass, and some cards."

"Yes; I see, this is a pass to go to Louisville and return. What is the return for? If you have been down to see some sick men, and are on your way home, I do not see why you wished a pass to go back to Nashville."

"Well, sir, I had some business in Louisville, and that is the reason why I came, instead of one of the fathers of the sick boys. One of these boys is very low, and he may not live; in fact, I am pretty certain he will not, and I am going to Louisville to transact my business, and if he dies, shall return to take his body home."

"I think, sir, you have more papers than these about you, and shall be under the necessity of searching your person. You will hand me your pistol."

"Don't carry the article, sir."

He searched my overcoat, dress-coat, linings, sleeves and pockets, but found nothing; vest the same. "Turn your pants pockets! I will take this!" reaching his hand, and taking my wallet. "Now your boots and socks! All right! Put on

your clothes ! I will see you again !” In a little while he came back, handed me my pass, but forgot the money. Asking him for permission to proceed, I received the cool reply :

“You can act your pleasure ; you can go or stay. If you prefer to remain, you shall be welcome to our hospitality.”

As a travelling ticket was as cheap as a staying one, I took the former. I had been honored with a little fright, and the loss of some twenty dollars in money. But the only point that makes the story worth telling is this : on my person were ten twenty-dollar notes, as good as Uncle Sam ever made, and some smaller bills. During the preceding night, tramping solitarily over the dismal road, one of my subjects of meditation was the disposition of my greenbacks, if molested. They could be placed in my boot, under my waistcoat, on my shoulder, holding them in place by a pin under the suspender, in this place and in that, but none were satisfactory. Now I have it : separating the ten larger notes from the smaller ones, returning the latter to the wallet, and taking strips of paper to bind the notes as closely as possible, sticking the strips together with postage-stamps, and removing my wig, I laid the package carefully in the top thereof, and, replacing it on my head, it seemed as natural as ever. Though not able

to see myself, I felt sure the proper place to hide the money, in an emergency, had been selected. The occasion came. The first thing, after discovering the guerillas, and comprehending my situation, was to transfer the two hundred dollars to my wig, which was accomplished while pretending to cool my uncovered head. I know not how costly the wigs of the olden time were, but mine was of more value than any now seen in the shop-windows. From its cost price, it had advanced, in a short time, just two hundred dollars. Robbery by guerillas was an everyday occurrence, but I know of no one, besides myself, who ever cheated them out of their intended plunder by secreting it under a wig. Not proposing to patent the method, I give travellers in dangerous localities the benefit of my experience.

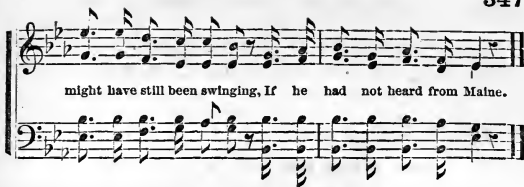
Swinging around the circle.

E. W. Locke.

1. A bold and mighty tallor went on a Western trip, To
 see his new re - la - tions, And ex - er - cise his lhp, And
 though for choicest whiskey he scarcely cared a fip, Yet,
 just to be in fashion, He oft - en took a nip.

CHORUS.

Swinging round the cir - cle, Swinging round the cir - cle,
 Swinging round the cir - cle, With An - dy on the brain;
 Swinging round the cir - cle, Swinging round the cir - cle, He



2.

He took his uncle Billy to help him on his way,
 To keep him out of danger, and tell him what to say;
 And, lest by lead or poison some wretch should try to slay,
 He took his Parson Nasby to stand on guard and pray.

3.

The people flocked to see him as country people do,
 To see a Gi-as-cu-tis, or any monster new ;
 The noble Chieftain rises, the people get a view,
 He leaves the Constitution and bids them all adieu.

4.

He heard the Western thunders peal out from state to state,
 He saw the lurid lightnings record his coming fate,
 But worse than fiercest lightning he found the people's hate,
 And thought about repentance, alas ! it was too late !

5.

Their hearts becoming shaky, they hurry o'er the rail,
 Poor Andy's badly frightened, while Billy's deadly pale;
 The tempest's growing fearful, the stoutest hearted quail,
 They speed away for safety, like birds before a gale.

6.

The moments running swiftly, each man begins to sink ;
 Poor Seward takes to physie, while Andy takes more drink ;
 And ere the precious brothers have reached life's closing wink,
 They send in haste for Beecher, who's lost his negro kink.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THREE QUADROONS AND THEIR MOTHER.

IN Chatanooga, shortly after the battle of Lookout Mountain, I became acquainted with five persons, whom I must introduce to my readers before taking leave of them. I would like to devote a few pages to the battle, but it has been so often described in books and papers, I will omit further mention of it. Of Chatanooga at that time, I will only say, that the most noted feature was the mud. If one examined his boots in the morning, he could tell in what quarter of the city he had been the previous night, for there were at least three different kinds of that very adhesive article, each peculiar to certain quarters of the town.

Being confined to a house a month, I was fortunate in having for a companion a young physician from Ohio, who had come to the place to gain information in hospital practice. But he was taken ill, and we were invalids together; our rooms being on the second floor, and adjoining. He was quite

young, seemed to be well read in his profession, ambitious to rise, possessed of a noble nature, which had been developed and refined by contact with noble minds.

Our fare was not only good, but we were treated almost as well as we could have been in our own house. Of food, the variety was small, but the cooking was perfect, and such care and attention are seldom received from strangers. The bed-linen, towels and napkins were as white, and without spot, as those of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Every hour, from early morning till bed-time, regularly as the kitchen clock struck, a dark face and turbaned head were visible at the door, when, prefaced with a light rap, the question would come, "Please am anything wanted now?"

Not only the cooking, but all the domestic affairs, were under the direction of a mulatto woman of forty-five. Her face was very fair, her form straight and beautiful as a statue. Her voice soft, and her eyes bright and sparkling, as a girl's. Early and late she was at her work, but with so little noise that one would hardly know she was in the room, but for a sweet low humming of some religious melody she always indulged in, except when taking her meals, or talking.

The mistress of the house was seldom seen except

Saturday night, when she called for her ten-dollar greenback from the young physician and myself. She had a daughter who might possibly be called an invalid, though it is probable her disease was spleen, if anything, and the two spent most of their time by themselves, while the mulatto woman was, in reality, the head of the family. If there was a husband, I never saw or heard of him.

But this was not all the household. The colored woman had three daughters, all quadroons, and none of them own sisters. The name of the oldest, and by far the handsomest, was Kitty; of the youngest, Fannie; and of the other I cannot tell. She was called Meddie; but what it was a contraction of, or substitute for, I know not. Kitty was, perhaps, eighteen, Meddie about fourteen, and "Little Fan," as her mother called her, about six. Each one was so beautiful, that no one could pass her without gazing with admiration; but the oldest was the picture of the group. The two younger were often in the yard, and their beauty was such that the soldiers marked the place where they resided, and called it the house of the pretty quadroons. They were always taken, at first sight, for white children; but their lips, and peculiar shade, as well as their kinky hair, revealed the quadroon, at a moment's obser-

vation. The teamsters, who passed the house daily, always looked for them.

"What do you think of that sight, John?"

"Beautiful; but isn't it too bad?"

"Didn't I tell you there was a sight here you never dreamed of?"

"If I were in Louisville, instead of this mud-hole, can you guess what I would do?"

"You would go home, and go to farming, instead of riding that saddle-mule seven days in the week on Army fare and pay!"

"No sir; I would just put these two girls into my wagon, take them out of the city, put them on the train for Michigan, and give them a chance for their lives. A few years hence, and they will be concubines to some infernal white scoundrel; and I would just like to steal them, and give them freedom."

No wonder the teamsters talked of them. Among a thousand white children, they would have attracted attention; alone, they seemed like two fairies flitting about the yard among the crocuses, daffodils, and the blossoming peach-trees. But the beauty of the trio was never seen in the yard. If she had been, she would have been taken for a lovely daughter of the proprietor of the mansion. Symmetrical and graceful as a fawn, modest in every look and movement, apparently fit to adorn a palace; yet always

busy in some domestic duty, there was nothing but the waves in the hair, and her peculiar African voice, that gave evidence that she, like her less beautiful sisters, was a quadroon. But I will pass her, at present, for something about the mother.

On a previous page, I have referred to her coming to our rooms at the end of every hour. I believe that but for the task of the poor soul being so heavy, we should have rung the bell often, to have her satisfy some imaginary want. But this would not have answered. No white woman had keener perceptions. Works of necessity she could find time, and was always ready to do, but for no one, not even her children, would she do anything unnecessary. After we were able to leave our beds, we spent most of the pleasant days walking about the yard. The mistress spent most of her time during the day, either in her room, or with an invalid sister out of the city. This gave us a good opportunity to see much of the colored family. Auntie was willing we should go into the kitchen in the afternoon, when there was no cooking under way. She stipulated that we might come when she was sewing; but said, "The kitchen am no place for men-folks, and sartain none for white men-folks, when the cookin', the washin', and the bakin' am gwine on." Her afternoon dress was a nice de-

laine, good enough for any woman, with a fit that was faultless. She had small feet and ankles, and wore a pair of shoes she had made from a piece of tent-cloth. She would have been a most agreeable companion for a sick man during a lonesome afternoon, even had she been a mulatto of only ordinary intelligence. But her wisdom was much more remarkable than her personal attractions. Unable to read, yet anything worth remembering, read or told, in her presence, was not often forgotten. If we repeated a passage of Scripture incorrectly, she would instantly say, "Please mas'r, I specks you am jes a little wrong;" and seldom was she mistaken, even to an article or preposition.

I have tried to preserve some of her sayings, but find, in attempting to write them, it is impossible to do her justice. Mrs. Stowe could do it, and yet, though it be a failure, I will do my best. Looking into her room, and finding her alone, with her sewing in hand, and taking the proffered seat, I commenced the conversation :

"You have some very beautiful children, Auntie; I suppose you are very proud of them?"

"Indeed, sometimes when I looks at them, it 'pears like they am beautiful; but I specks other mothers feel jes as I does. But I specks I knows the difference atween one flower and another, whether it am

in my garden or not. I specks I am proud of them. May the good Lord forgive me ; I am ever gettin' out of the right way."

"Where is your husband, Auntie?"

"O, now you knows better than that. You have eyes, and ears, too. Now if you specks me to talk with you, you must have no nonsense ; you must not try to get anything out of me by cunnin', but jes ax me what yer wants to know, and, if it am proper, I will tell you. These gals am all my mas'rs' chil'n, not one's, but all different. And now I specks you reckon me a bad woman, but I knows better."

"We will not talk about that. What do you think of the war?"

"Indeed, I dunno ; I specks it am none of my business. When I thinks how many poor men suffer and die, who knows no more what it am about nor I, then I gets riled up ; but then I can jes do nuffin' at all."

"But do you take no interest in being made free ? If the North succeeds, your people will be made free."

"Indeed, I specks they will, and I am glad, for my people's sake, and gladder for my chil'n's sake ; but, for me, it done matter much. If I am free to-day, what could I do ? No house, no land, and my friends jes as poor as I."

"But Government will help you."

"That may be ; but seein' am believing."

"Are you contented in your condition of servitude?"

"Indeed I is not, all the time ; but what is the use of frettin', and wantin' to change, unless you can do better? I specks you am not contented, all the time, with your lot."

"No ; but I am free to improve, according to opportunity and ability."

"I specks I should love freedom, and, if the Lord gives it, I shall make the best use I can of it. You can help us, by the 'sistance of the Lord, to be free, but you cannot make white folks of black ones. We has different blood."

"We will educate your people, and they will greatly improve."

"That am most likely ; but the blood am not alike. I specks you couldn't tell a white man's blood from a black man's, but it makes different men and women. I tell you, I studies a heap about the blood. I once seen through a 'scope into the water, and there was the horriddest critters in the water we drink ; and I often wonders what I would see in the blood with that glass. There am strange things in some blood, though we cannot see them. There am scrofula, consumption, heart-disease and cancer ; there am

stealin' and lyin', and hate, and false friendship, and lust in the blood; and so there am all sorts of good in it."

"Why, Auntie, you are quite profound. You will make a good doctress, when you and your people obtain their freedom."

"Laws, indeed, and don't I doctor now? I reckon I has a heap of patients most all the time. But I jes tell yer there is not sich a difference in our enjoyment, after all. Dun yer hear my Kitty sing every day jes like a medder lark? I specks she have not much to sing for, no father to own her when he see her, no home, no nuffin', but a poor old mother who love her from her head to her feet, and yet, who am so happy as my Kitty? She am jes like the honeycomb, all running over with sweetness. She love everybody, and everybody love her. There am no white gal in town half so happy as Kitty. The colored folks am happier than the whites. I have not hearn the Mis'ress, nor Miss Liza, nor any white woman laugh loud for a year."

"And why is Kitty so happy? Have you taught her how to be happy?"

"Why, bless your dear heart, she have teached me every day since she were a little one in my lap. It am in her blood. She am jes like her father. I finds it hard teachin' folks to be good. It do every-

body some good to speriencie religion, but it do some a heap more nor others. I have found the Pearl of Great Price. I knows my speriencie have done a heap for me ; but still, I am so fretful, and when I am spit upon I never turns the other cheek till I spits back again ; and Kitty, without a speriencie, am better nor I with one."

"Was Kitty always a good and obedient child?"

"Indeed from a baby : as I told you, it am in her blood. She need no whippin' nor scoldin'. But if you wish to see fire, you can see it in Meddie. She, poor chile, have her father's bad temper, and mine too. When I punishes her I jes do the same as when I have dirty dishes to wash. Warm water will do for the cups and spoons, but when I comes to a dirty platter, then I must have the hot water, so hot I cannot bear my hand in it, and then I gets it clean, and so with them chil'n. One can be wash clean with any water, but the other must have it hot."

"I suppose you love them equally, notwithstanding the difference in disposition?"

"Indeed I do ! But which am the best disposition? Kitty am all love, and jes like a lump of putty ; I specks something will happen to her. But Meddie, though her temper come up like a flash of powder, would die afore she would do wrong. I

risk that chile. Only a cruel mas'r could make her do wrong."

"But it seems to me you ought to desire freedom, particularly on account of your beautiful children."

"Yes, you calls them beautiful, and so do everybody. But suppose they were free, they have the hated black blood, and slave or free, it show itself. What white man what have spectable relations would marry a quadroon? My chil'n may marry men of their own race, but they will be more likely to marry down than up. They am so handsome that they will be seeked not only by their own race, but by white men, as was their mother, and ruin will follow. I tell you I have no hopes at all. What the Lord do I know am right. There am a great gulf atween our people and yours. No matter how little of the hated black blood in the body, it am enough to curse it. Not so with the red man. White folks am proud that their great-grandfathers were red men."

"But Christians are growing better. They will learn to deal justly by your race."

"Mebbe they will." They cannot learn too soon. I reckon when they see it will put money in their pockets, they will do it. There am nothin' a white man love like money. I specks if I were free, these old hands would have to scrub the floor, and use the

wash-tub, and tend to the house-work, jes the same as now. I hopes if we is gwine to be made free, that we are not to be left as we are. We am poor, ignorant critters. What can we be without larnin'? What am a white man without larnin' and money? We may be made free, but we shall be as we am now, and as God's people of old were, '*hewers of wood, and drawers of water.*'"

But the poor woman was destined to meet that affliction that comes to so many of our race. Little Fannie was taken with the scarlet fever, and died after a few days' suffering. The loss of this little flower created a scene in that household no pen can describe. The sad news took wings, and the house was constantly thronged. First came the neighbors, white as well as black; for every one that knew the child loved her. Then came the colored people from the outskirts of the city, and from the country. I dreaded to see a fresh arrival. The poor mother broke out into uncontrollable wailing, and her heart was wrung with fresh anguish at every new face she met. But the paroxysms did not last many minutes. After the tears and moans, she could tell each group that came the story of Little Fannie's sickness and death. Repeating it almost word for word fifty times, "O, but I knowd the chile must die. I had a wision. I saw her come out of a dark prison,

with a face that shine like the brightest gold. O, yes; bright as the sun, and I could not look at it. She had no wings, but she jes soar away into the sky, and she sing the sweetest song ever heard by mortal ears. I call to her, and call again, but she hear me not. All the time of her sickness, she tell of bein' down by a great river, and that a kind man would carry her over. And then she would see sweet chil'n with garlans and flowers, and she say they call her their sister. O, then I knowd that the Lord was gwine to call for her—her, instead of me, who am not fit to die. The Lord call them that is fittest first."

But the time for the funeral came, and the minister for the occasion was a colored man. There was nothing striking in the sermon, but the prayer was thrilling, and the whole assembly sobbed and moaned as though the little darling in the coffin belonged by the ties of blood to every one present. The tears ran down his dark face, and it seemed at one time as though a common frenzy had seized the assembly; but with a voice and tone of submission never surpassed, he ended his prayer in these words: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

His address to the mother was touching in the extreme. It is almost useless to attempt to give it.

In fact, it so overpowered me that most of the substance was lost. I remember weeping, as everybody else did, and thinking if he had had an education he would have been a colored White-field. One thought struck me with great force, but I cannot give it accurately in his language. He had evidently been a house-servant all his life. His manner and bearing were polished, his words well pronounced, and his language more like that of a man of culture than of a negro. He said "he had met with parents mourning, like the mother before him, for a darling child, who seemed to reproach the Father for giving them the little one for so brief a season and then taking it away, leaving the heart to bleed for a long time. But," he continued, "if this were doing the little one a wrong, it would seem incomprehensible and unjust, but you must remember that the road to heaven lies through this imperfect world. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, Elijah, Stephen, Paul, and Mary and Martha, and, above all, the blessed Saviour, were once mortals. It may be there are beings in heaven that were never inhabitants of the earth. But I cannot yearn for their companionship as for one who has toiled, and suffered, and been tempted, and fallen and risen, as I have done. The blessed Saviour would not be so dear to me, though He purchased me with His blood, were He not in one

sense my brother as well as Saviour. Little Fannie, then, was not wronged, but blest, in being taken away; and instead of allowing a wickedly selfish feeling to suggest a wish that she had never been given, you should thank the good Lord that He saw fit, through you, to add one more to the company of the immortals on high. O, what a sweet thought to parents, that God should choose them to such a privilege as this. And when I see parents sorrowing that another little lamb has been added to their flock, I think they reason like heathen or infidels. I see, in the little eyes and face of the infant, an embryo angel.

"And then," he continued, "my dear sister, what a picture is left for you to contemplate as long as you live! You have no picture of her as white people have of their children, and you need none. You will see her beautiful form and sweet face a hundred times a day; she will come to your bed-side, however dark the room, and you will see her in your dreams; and it will always be that same sweet face: it will never grow old. Her songs will ring in your ears as they have done since she could sing. O, I have seen pictures in many a parlor which cost a great sum of money, but no gentleman has one on canvas so beautiful as yours. And some time, it will not be long, you will meet her face to face, where

the tie of love is never severed. Will you murmur? Can you complain, when God has been so good? Think of the bliss of ten thousand kisses; of the thousand times you have pressed her to your heart; of your ecstatic seasons in listening to her prattling and songs! And thank the Lord for all His undeserved mercies, like a Christian woman."

The weeks passed slowly away. The poor mother was as punctual to her duties as before her affliction, but she sung no hymns. Often she might be seen looking up at the sky, for ten or fifteen minutes, perfectly unconscious of surrounding persons or things, as if expecting to see the darling peering out from behind a fleecy cloud. But I must write of something else now, as my chapter is growing lengthy.

My physician friend had nearly recovered, and was about ready to go to his work in the hospital, and I to return North. The last week he spent nearly every evening in my room. While he gained in health and strength, his mind seemed much disturbed. On inquiring the cause, he replied:

"I have only been waiting for something to break the ice, and tell you my trouble. I am thoroughly ashamed of my weakness, but I am madly in love with Kitty, and what is a poor fellow to do?"

"You have come to a poor adviser in such a case;

but as my head is cool, and you confess yours is not, if you will state your case, I will do the best I can for you. Then you are in love with Kitty?"

"That is the case, exactly."

"Well, I neither wonder at it, nor blame you. She certainly is not only one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most lovely girls I ever saw. Does Kitty know of your love, and reciprocate it?"

"Why, man, of course she knows I love her, and I know she loves me."

"Have you had any private interviews with her?"

"No; I dare not trust myself alone with her, lest I should make a promise to marry her."

"Well, if you love the girl, and you are certain she loves you, why not marry her?"

"Were I a boy of yours, would you consent to my marrying a quadroon, even if it were Kitty herself?"

"I confess to not having lost my prejudice against the blood."

"You would not feel proud to take Kitty's children on your knee, while they called you *Grand-pa*?"

"The picture is not pleasant to contemplate."

"But is she not beautiful enough for a queen?"

"Most assuredly."

"Has she not the sweetest voice you ever heard?"

"It probably has not the same charm for me as

you, yet her voice is so rich, mellow, and sweet, that once heard, it can never be forgotten."

"Do you not notice that the mistress treats her almost as one of her children?"

"Yes."

"And the daughter welcomes Kitty to her room every afternoon, and they sit and sew together like two sisters. And now, what does she lack that I want in a wife?"

"An education."

"A few years, with my money, will supply her with that. By the time I am established in business, she can have an education. What else does she lack?"

"Before I answer that question, will you allow me to speak to her mother? You would, of course, ask the mother's consent, even if she is a slave, before you would marry her child."

"That is so. Will you speak to her?"

I did not have to wait over twenty hours.. The next afternoon, Auntie was at her work, and alone as usual, Kitty being with Miss Eliza, and Meddie being at play in the yard.

"Auntie, I have come in to have a little talk with you about the young Doctor."

"Why, laws, indeed! What am the trouble now?"

You seem like father and son. What has happen to the young Doctor?"

"O, nothing very strange. He has just recovered from one sickness, and now he is taken bad with another."

"Why, bless your heart, he ate his dinner well as ever."

"But, Auntie, he is in love."

"Who am he in love with?"

"Your Kitty."

"O, I knows all about that these three weeks. I knows when it comed on. I has got eyes; but Kitty has been kep out of the way much as possible."

"Well, Auntie, he really talks about proposing to marry her."

"O, laws, the honey must not have sich a thought. Marry my Kitty! Never! He could not be earnest."

"He certainly is, and is almost beside himself."

"Well now, if he am love-sick he ought to know what am the proper medicine. But I reckons he knows more about the fevers, rash, and sich-like, than love. But I knows what to do when folks am in love: sarb them as you do them what have the measles. You can do nigh about jes nuffin' at all. The best med'cine for love am change of air. Tell the Doctor

old Auntie say this am a bad climate for him. He best go North next train."

"O, Auntie, it will not do to ridicule him. He is as fine a boy as I ever met, and, to all appearance, the soul of honor. If he should marry Kitty, he would do it with the purest of motives."

"Indeed, indeed, the Doctor am a gen'leman and a Christian, I's no doubt; but he must not marry my Kitty. So long as she am the sweet rose, he would never think of her blood; but folks grows old, and everybody gets cross at times, and forgets all the sweet words they use in courtin' days, and then they goes spyin' 'round and huntin' up all the weak p'int's in each other, and makes 'em into a pile, and say, '*See there! how bad you am!*' And if they cannot find much in each other that am bad, they spies out the rubbish of their relations, and say, '*Look at that! See who you am!*' Why, if Kitty were jes' an angel,—and the honey am jes' as near one as I want her to be in this selfish world,—she could not be the wife of this Doctor, and live up North one year, but some one would jes' 'cuse her that she am a nigger. If he would always be kind to her, his mother would not. I tells you, nuffin' cuts a woman more than seein' her son marry in poorer blood than his. She care not how high he go, but it cut her deep if he go down to marry."

"Shall I tell the Doctor you cannot consent to his marrying Kitty?"

"Indeed you may. I could not wrong Kitty so, nor wrong him so."

"But how will this affect Kitty? Of course she knows he loves her?"

"O, that is nuffin'! She knows that he loves her, but she specks it am like the love of all white folks she see here. It have not struck in deep; I can cure her. But I tell you this, the Doctor must jes' le've, or Kitty must. Take one coal from the other, and they will both go out; but while they am together, they will burn."

I carried my report to my suffering young friend, repeating the substance of the interview, but it did him no good. At times, he declared he would take her, if it cost him his inheritance; at others, he would say it might be only a temporary infatuation. "In conclusion," said he, "what is your advice?"

"I will advise you as I would my boy: make her a substantial present, tell her you hope to see her again some time, and leave for home, in the morning. Marriage, next to birth, is the most important event in life, and we ought not to rush into it with blood at fever-heat. In choosing a profession, you consulted your friends, those whom you knew had the deepest and most abiding interest in you. Were

your studies completed, and you were looking for a permanent field of labor, you would most likely ask, if you did not follow, the advice of friends. At any rate, you are so young, you can afford to take time for consideration. And, furthermore, you must remember that the step you propose to take is a very extraordinary one. Fifty years hence, it may be very common; but, all things considered, I beg of you to wait. Go home in the morning. I shall remain awhile longer, and will inform you, by letter, whether she lays your leaving to heart."

"I will follow your counsel. I will leave in the morning, carrying clean hands and a pure heart. I have not trifled with her. Whatever be her fate, I have done her no wrong, unless it be wrong to have loved her almost to distraction."

In the morning, he was off for Ohio. Before he left, Auntie and Meddie received substantial presents, and Kitty the promise of a package of school-books, as soon as he should reach Louisville; for she could read quite well. The books came, to my care, in a few days, and Miss Eliza took it upon herself to be Kitty's instructress; perhaps as much for her own benefit as for that of her pupil.

The foregoing incident is the foundation of the following song:

SWEET KITTY MANEE, THE QUADROON.

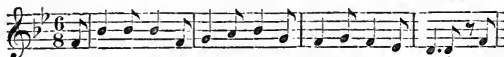
[By permission of GEO. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street, Boston, who publish it in sheet music, with piano accompaniment. Words and Music by E. W. LOCKE.]

THE moss-rose is leaving, the peach is abloom,
The daisy is peeping so sly,
The spider has got his first web in the loom,
And stretched it athwart for the fly;
The blue-bird is telling his love to his dear,
They'll have them a nest in this tree,
And everything's telling that spring-time is here,
But O, it is winter for me!
But O, it is winter for me!
My heart's like the wild-surgings sea;
I dare not caress, her lips may not press,
But, darling, I love you, sweet Kitty Manee!

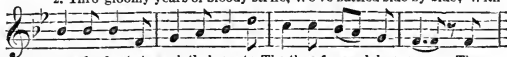
Her face like the sunshine, no lily so fair,
And sweet as the rose from the bud;
That voice like a flute—but those waves in the hair,
They tell of the taint in her blood;
I must not, I will not,—but list to her song!
Cease, birdlings, till Kitty is done!
My heart, fiercely beating, shall do her no wrong
My mother'll not blush for her son!

But O, it is maddening to me !
My heart's like the wild-surgings sea ;
I dare not caress, her lips may not press,
But, darling, I love you, sweet Kitty Manee !

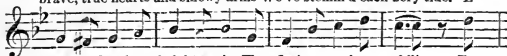
She's under my window, there's love in her eye,
I reel as if drunken with wine ;
I'd leap to her feet, were I up in the sky,
Could I but caress her as mine ;
But somebody's darling my Kitty will be,
Some lover will win her too soon ;
Come, gather the flower that blooms not for me,
Farewell to my gentle quadron !
But O, it is maddening for me !
My heart's like the wild-surgings sea ;
I dare not caress, her lips may not press,
But, darling, I love you, sweet Kitty Manee.

E. W. Locke.

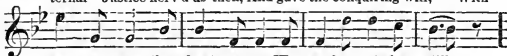
1. The bu-gle call rings loud and clear, And loud the rolling drum: Our
2. Thro' gloomy years of bloody strife, We've battled side by side; With



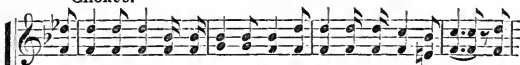
comrades haste to seek their posts, The time for work has come; The
brave, true hearts and slucwy arms We've stemm'd each fery tide. E -



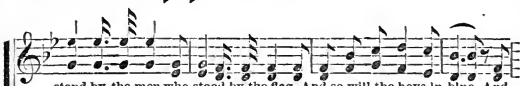
beacon fires burn bright again, They flash on ev'-ry bill, From
ternal Justice nerv'd us then, And gave the conquiring will, With



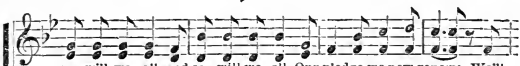
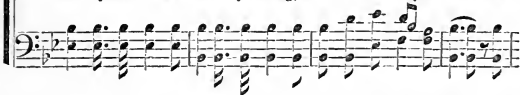
sea to sea the shont goes up, We march to vict'ry still.
hearts a - flame, and God our trust, We strike for Justice still.

CHORUS.

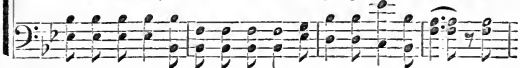
Hurrah! burrah! for our noble cause! Hurrah! for our leaders true! We'll



stand by the men who stood by the flag, And so will the boys in blue. And



so will we all, and so will we all, Our pledge we now renew; We'll





8.

Our motto, equal rights to all ;
 The ballot shall be free ;
 Who stakes his life to save the flag,
 May vote with you and me !
 We'll ask him not his birth or kin,
 Or prate about his hue,
 But ev'ry man unstained with crime
 May vote with boys in blue.

CHO.

4.

We'll keep the nation's sacred pledge,
 Pay ev'ry dime we owe ;
 Each loyal arm will gladly strike
 Each day an extra blow.
 Repudiate — we scorn the word,
 And those who use it too,
 We are not knaves or bankrupts yet,
 Nor are the boys in blue.

CHO.

5.

Haste, loyal men, fill up your ranks,
 Bring ev'ry soldier out ;
 This struggle ought to be our last,
 And give the final rout.
 But lo, they come ! a sea of men !
 Impatient for the fray,
 They come ! they come ! in throngs so vast,
 Our work shall seem but play.

CHO.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASS-MEETING IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

THE reader may wonder what connection a mass-meeting in Illinois, before the war, has with Camp and Hospital. In answer, I reply: That meeting was the first notable event in that historical series with which Mr. Lincoln was connected, and ending in his tragic death. At that meeting, and every subsequent one, till war came upon us, the assembled people saw that a crisis was approaching, and they counselled together as to methods, and means for the occasion.

The Presidential mass-meetings before an election, as all know, are often of huge proportions. The West, above all other sections of the country, gets them up on the grandest scale. The Republican one, at Springfield, August, 1860, was indeed a mass-meeting—a mass of humanity so packing the town, that locomotion was almost impossible. It seemed as though all the people had come to see the man who possibly might become President; not

that Mr. Lincoln had a very strong hold on the affections of the people at that time, for outside of Sangamon County, he was little known previously to taking the stump with Douglas.

This was the first time the West had ever been honored with a candidate for the Presidency, and now it has two. It had never even had a Vice-President. It was fitting that the Republicans should have selected a Western man. The friends of Universal Liberty in the East were well organized, and knew their strength; but giving the West the nomination, the party gained numbers and enthusiasm. It was eminently judicious, for another reason; the Democrats had taken their candidate from that section, and why should not the Republicans do as much?

The people had been stirred, of late, as never before. The mass of Republicans had not thought of Emancipation as a possibility. "Thus far, and no farther," was the watchword of the young party. Men who loathed the negro, and cared little for his condition of servitude, began to see that slavery was a curse, not only to the South, but the whole country, and they were ready to join a party which would stipulate to guarantee the Southerner his right to his slaves, but was determined that the cancer should extend its claws into no new territory.

Many a Western man, who was willing to be called a Republican, hated a new England radical. Nominating Mr. Lincoln was a concession to that part of the West opposed to slavery on the one hand, and New England radicalism on the other. Some of the managers of political meetings, in that section, were as careful in selecting speakers for the occasion as a soldier in picking up scattered muskets from a field the morning after a battle. Trumbull was one of the "big guns" of the campaign in 1860. He had one speech, which, I doubt not, he made fifty times. I heard it no less than ten, and could give it almost *verbatim*, were it worth repeating. There was little in it about the injustice of slavery to the negro. He was left out of the question. It was merely a matter of policy, as to material interests, whether slavery should be restricted or not. His speech was better suited to Springfield, and south of it, than further north. His meetings were large, and very enthusiastic. In some of them, as the one at Rock Island, his friends illustrated his speech by transparencies. Douglas and his doctrines were the chief points of attack. If the Little Giant was supposed to have done anything very silly, when this point was approached, a transparency of a mule would go up among the crowd, and then the people would hurrah. If he was supposed to have done

anything wicked, a transparency of the devil would go up. One would have thought that Douglas was the man, above all others, that the country need to fear; but Trumbull had not learned to plead the cause of the slave, and I have never heard that he ever learned to do it.

Seventy thousand strangers are in Springfield. Some three thousand have come from Chicago in a special train. Farmers have come fifty miles in two-horse farm-wagons, bringing wife, sons, and daughters, and not only these, but camp-kettles, coffee-pots and provisions, to camp out coming and returning. Towns and cities come by delegations. Every road leading to the city is crowded for twenty miles with vehicles. The weather is fine, a little overwarm. Girls can dress in white, and bare their arms and neck without danger; the women can bring their children. Everything that was ever done at any other mass-meeting is done here. Locomotive-builders are making a boiler. Blacksmiths are heating and hammering their irons, the iron-founders are moulding their patterns; the rail-splitters are showing the people how Uncle Abe used to split rails; every other town has its wagon-load of thirty-one girls in white to represent the States; bands of music, numerous almost as those of McClellan on Arlington Heights in '62, are playing; old men of

the war of '12, with their old wives, their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, are here; making a procession of human beings, horses and carriages, not less than ten miles in length. And yet the procession might have left the town and the people would scarcely be missed.

There is an immense wigwam, with galleries like a theatre, but there are people enough not in the procession to fill a dozen like it. Half an hour is long enough to witness the moving panorama of men and women, horses, carriages, representatives of trades, mottoes, and burlesques, and listen to the bands.

Thinking it possible to get up something that would interest the waiting crowd, speaking to a supposed friend across the street, in a tone loud enough to receive some attention, I called out, "Harry! Harry! let's go to the Fair Grounds; we have seen all there is here. Corwin of Ohio is going to make a speech there." Moving on to the next square, I repeat the ruse. In fifteen minutes the current has been started. Hundreds, perhaps a thousand, have started for the Fair Grounds. "What's up now?" says one. "Going to hear Tom Corwin speak." "I thought he was dead long ago," said another. "Well, he was an old Henry Clay Whig, and I wonder if he has become a Republican? I guess Henry himself

would be a Republican if he were alive. Most of the Northern Whigs, but Fillmore and Everett, have come over." Following the stream of country folk, I am soon on the ground, which is scarcely a mile out of the city.

But where is Corwin? Though not carrying him in my pocket, or as Artemus Ward did his wax figures, I have him near at hand, notwithstanding. It requires a little delicate manipulation to put the speaker on the stand in a proper manner. Looking over the crowd, and fixing my eye on a man whose chest is broad enough for a glass-blower, I say, "Friend, call out Corwin, he is in the crowd, let us have a speech from him."

"O! I aint used to hollerin' in meetin'. You try it, and if you can't start out the tiger, I will yell a little."

Calling out, "Corwin! Corwin!" as loudly as possible, my voice sounded small, and I failed to raise the orator. "Now, my friend, sound your bugle once or twice;" and sound he does. A stage-driver could scarcely make his trumpet heard further than this man does his voice. The crowd become impatient, wondering why the Buckeye orator does not make his appearance, if present. Soon a small man, of pleasant countenance, fifty-five years of age, steps on the platform, and the audience is all attention:

"Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Corwin; and I am told that this call for a speech is to me." A

few are remarking on his young appearance. They thought he was certainly a much older man. One thought probably it was Tom Corwin's son, but let us hear his speech. "If I am the individual called for, allow me to say that as you find me unprepared, I might with propriety decline the honor, and perhaps save myself the disagreeable reflection of having made a poor speech. Yet such is the occasion, such are the times, and such are the sentiments dwelling in all our hearts as one, I will do myself the pleasure of speaking to this intelligent and patriotic assembly for a few minutes, getting compensation for my embarrassment by the privilege of looking into your honest faces.

"Fellow-Citizens: We are approaching one of those crises through which a great people must sometimes pass. No nation, of any character, magnitude, or age, ever escaped them. Our grandfathers passed one in their day, we must meet one in ours. In fact, it is upon us. If we, as a great people, are superior to the calamities that threaten us; to the internal fires that seem ready to consume us; and if we forget not the principles of eternal right and justice that God has revealed to us, all will be well. I have not the eye to discern what is before us, but have the heart to feel that God is about to try this people as by fire. We are to be

placed in His furnace. I hope and trust we may come out refined, and not be cast away as worthless dross. Though the future is portentous, I am yet hopeful; hopeful, because this new party to which we have pledged our unswerving fidelity, is to succeed in the present political contest. This outpouring of the people, this emptying the prairie homes for a day to our common country, is glorious augury for victory at the polls. We must succeed: I feel it; you feel it. It almost seems to us an event accomplished. I am hopeful, also, because we are to have a man of the people,—honest Abraham Lincoln,—for President. Hurrah for Abraham Lincoln! *Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!* A man, a true man, a tall man, if you please, but every surplus inch is as full of integrity and patriotism as his noble heart. Hurrah for the tall and true! *Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!* A man who will know no North, no South, no East, no West; a man educated in the forest, and on the flat-boat, and familiar with the peoples of the various genealogies and climes of this vast country.

"If any man can pacify the exasperated South, and at the same time satisfy the Northern heart that is true to equal rights; in other words, if any man can restore harmony to this agitated country, Abraham Lincoln is the man. If there must be

war, which Heaven forbid, Abraham Lincoln, though his picture does not resemble that of Napoleon, of Cæsar, or of Alexander, will be found, like Washington, equal to the occasion.

"Fellow-Citizens: The future is threatening; but let us, like men, prepare for the trial. Prepare for the polls. If you have an absent son who is a voter, be he in college, on the ocean, or in California, see that he shall be at home in November. If you have a neighbor, who is almost ready, see that he is quite ready to vote with you in November. If money is wanted, and, mark me, it will be, it must be had; for a work like this cannot be done without money. I say, if money is wanted, and there is none in the trunk, or secretary, sell a horse, a pair of steers, or all the fattest swine in the herd, and contribute your share. Do not be afraid of giving too much. This is not like a contribution you have to meet every Sabbath; nor like your annual taxes. This comes but once in four years; in fact, my friends, this will be the first time in all your lives you will have ever been called upon to furnish money for a cause, the success or failure of which involves the existence of our country. The men who saw times like the present are in their graves; and shall we prove ourselves their unworthy children by withholding our means?

"Fellow-citizens, there is work to be done; shall we do it? There is money to be given; shall we give it? Let me have one united response, We will." "*We will! We will!*" shouted the crowd. "Now three cheers for the Republican party!" "*Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*" "Now three cheers for Lincoln and Hamlin!" "*Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*"

"But, Fellow-citizens, there are evils in our midst to which our political troubles are as a fierce and destructive shower to a protracted, wide-spread, and devastating storm. I do not refer, as some would conjecture, to the influx of foreigners who are swarming over and occupying the most productive and beautiful portions of our country. I welcome the hard-toiling, warm-blooded, and impulsive Irishman, the thrifty, peaceable, liberty-loving German, the cunning-handed Englishman, the Scotchman and the Scandinavian, and there is room enough yet for all the Mongolian race who may wish to become an integral part of our Republic. I have no fear that Romanism is to overpower and swallow up all other religions of this tolerant America. The Anti-Catholic foreigners increase among us nearly as fast as the Romanists; add to this the natural increase of Protestantism; then we must still add another element, often forgotten. There are four millions of negroes (few of whom will ever become Catholics,

for Romanism is not adapted to them as to the semi-civilized Indians) who are to be incorporated into our body politic. Do you ask what is the danger in our midst—danger greater than our political troubles? Need I answer? Who, that has an eye, cannot see it? Who, that has sat at the feet of the Great Teacher but for one lesson, does not feel it? The eternal and immutable principles of right are constantly violated by the masses of our people. Bad men stand a better chance than good ones to become rulers. Many men in high positions are easily bought with money. Love of money and show, is an evil which has permeated all classes but the very lowest. Dives is the leading man in the Senate, the city, the social circle, and the Church. Men who fail in attempting to manage their own business, are placed in charge of the business and finances of the public. Hence defalcations, a polite term for thefts, are common—in fact, every-day occurrences. Many of our public men are but genteel paupers, brothers of the men who turn the crank of the organ at the street-corners. Public servants are seldom selected for their intrinsic worth, but obtain the coveted places by craft, persistent and wearying importunities, and unblushing impudence. Drunkenness stalks at mid-day in every street, and among all classes, and is seldom rebuked, even from the pulpit. Men and women build

churches for show, and a place of resort to meet persons of their caste, and show their fine clothes, and carriages; the mass of our young men are becoming effeminate, shunning hardy occupations which develop brain and muscle, eschewing marriage, one of the dearest boons ever vouchsafed to mortals; women teach their daughters to be genteel, while to be ignorant of all useful knowledge is a matter for boasting. Shame on our American people! Laugh at the Chinese women for being proud of their dwarfed feet! Our sisters and daughters are proud of their dwarfed capacities. Fellow-Citizens, there are dangers within as well as dangers without. The latter are evanescent, while the former are abiding. We have forsaken God, and must be punished sooner or later. We forget God when we enslave the negro. We forget God when we refuse to give him freedom. We forget God when we honor bad men. We forget God when we are too craven to stand up and vindicate the right, and attempt to put down the wrong; and the Lord has said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.' God help us to do our duty."

I cannot pretend to perfect accuracy in putting this speech on paper, after a lapse of ten years. I have run it over a hundred times in my mind since, but without doubt my report is more or less imper-

fect; still the main ideas are preserved. However it may appear to the reader, as it was rendered by the speaker, every word coming from a heart that charged it with magnetism, the hearers were spell-bound. At the meeting, speeches, and good ones too, were made by Trumbull, Lovejoy, Wilson, Ben Prentice, and others, but none of these held the people like Corwin's. It was not so much his words that affected the hearers, as his manner and feelings. He had the rare gift of bringing most of his hearers *en rapport*, and swaying them at his pleasure. If he saw the threatening cloud, so did they; if he was hopeful, and saw the silver lining, they saw with his eyes, and felt with his heart. If he saw the furnace, and was submissive to God's chastisements, they too saw it, and were ready to suffer. If he was ready to fight, in case of war, so were they, from the youngest to the oldest. If he was ready to give more time, and all that he had, to elect Mr. Lincoln, so were they.

The speech was ended, and Mr. Corwin, in a minute after, would have been surrounded by scores of men, to offer congratulations, but he is not ready for that. "Fellow-citizens," said he, "I will introduce a friend who makes a business of writing patriotic songs, and singing them on occasions like the present. While the singing proceeds, if there are any

present who wish copies for themselves and friends, I will supply them."

Before presenting the reader with the song of the occasion, I will write a few more sentences about the orator.

The point of what has been written of this speech and the speaker, lies in the fact that the crowd had not been listening to Tom Corwin, of Ohio, but a talented medal-peddler by the name of Corwin, from the same State. I knew he was a fine speaker, and a true man. I also knew that, if the people were told his occupation, they would not give his words half the weight to which they were entitled. Had they used any judgment, they could have seen that the famous orator and politician must have been a much older man. But, no matter, we had a good speech, though a peddler made it. Yet, after it was known whom they had been listening to, an old fellow, who had listened with both ears and a huge mouth, suddenly came to the conclusion that the speech was not worth "shucks."

I cannot leave Mr. Corwin without reporting one of his adventures in the city, as it illustrates the feeling of a large class of the people of Springfield, at that time. Not one-half of the citizens of that city had any sympathy with the principles that brought that immense assembly together. All opened their

houses to entertain the people, but this was done for money. Mr. Corwin and myself had entertainment at a small, though quite select hotel, and, after supper, on the day of the grand meeting, we were seated in the parlor, with three young men and as many young women. Conversation was opened, by one of the latter, in this style :

"Big show the nigger-lovers have had. I reckon all there are in the State have been here to-day. I wonder how they liked the looks of the homely old beast?"

Another damsel chimes in,—*"I wish every Republican was obliged to marry a wench, or no one."*

Friend Corwin was mad to his very toes, and, quickly as a flash, replied,—*"I should prefer a wench to most of the white women of this town."*

Every man and woman in the room rose to the feet instantly. One of the men sprung like a tiger at my friend, and aimed a blow at him, which was skilfully parried. Springing between them, I urged the young man not to harm a man old enough to be his father, while Mr. Corwin, by my advice, went to his room. But, the old lady coming in, and being told what he had said, exclaimed,—*"Kick the wretch out of the house ! It is bad enough to have a miserable nigger-lover in the house ! Go up stairs, and whip the miscreant, or I will do it myself, if I am*

an old woman!" My entreaties to spare him were in vain. They did offer to accept an apology. I proposed to make one for my friend, but he heard me, and called out,—“Not a word of apology; all I said was true, and I will stand by it.” In a moment, three men and four women were at his bolted door. While they were consulting, for a moment, whether it were best to force it, Mr. Corwin found there was a back window, from which he could leap into the garden, the distance being not more than twelve feet. The door was forced, but the game had escaped.

The poor peddler could not get over it. He felt that his leaping out of the window was mean. “I ought to have met them single-handed, and done my best. Why, it is the meanest transaction I was ever guilty of, and I shall be ashamed of myself every time I look in a mirror after this. A mean poltroon! Run from an old hen and her brood of chickens! I have a mind to go back, and have it all over again. I had rather be pounded to pumice than to feel so meanly as I do now.”

But I told him if he would let me have half an hour alone, I thought something might be done to change the current of his feelings, and that he could be induced to let the matter drop as it was.

On my handing him the following lines, he ran his

eyes over them, broke into a hearty laugh, and exclaimed, "That is good, better than whipping the whole tribe. But I will carry and deliver it myself to the proprietor."

"No, you will do no such thing. Uncle Sam will carry it for you. Just put your name to it, give him your residence, and invite him to some of your hospitality when he visits Ohio."

AN APOLOGY

DEAR sir, about that musk we had
A night or two ago,
I would have made apology,
But was obliged to go ;
I had no time to frame my thoughts
In shape to sue for pardon,
My haste was great, and so I took
A leap into the garden.

But now I make my humblest bend,
I'm sorry that I said it ;
I wish you'd tell your little wife
That in my note you read it ;

I'd write to her, but that I'm sure
A wife of such ill-breeding,
Whatever her accomplishments,
Cannot be skilled in reading.

About the wenches I was wrong—
Your wife's as good as any,
And if I had to take my choice,
I'd scarcely give a penny ;
Your wife will make the better scold,
The wench the better mother ;
But when you come to feel her lash,
You'll wish you had the other.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

[Sung at the Springfield Convention.]

HARK ! hark ! a signal gun is heard,
Just out beyond the Fort ;
The good old ship of State, my boys,
Is coming into port :
With shattered sails, and anchors gone,
I fear the rogues will strand her ;
She carries now a sorry crew,
And needs a new commander.

Chorus.—Our Lincoln is the man—
Our Lincoln is the man ;
With a sturdy mate
From the Pine-Tree State—
Our Lincoln is the man.

Four years ago she put to sea,
With prospects brightly beaming,
Her hull was strong, her sails new-bent,
And every pennant streaming ;
She loved the gale, she ploughed the waves,
Nor feared the deep's commotion ;
Majestic, nobly on she sailed,
Proud mistress of the ocean.

Chorus.—Buchanan was the man,
Buchanan was the man,
But his four years' trip
Leaves a crippled ship—
Buchanan was the man.

There's mutiny aboard the ship,
There's feud no force can smother,
Their blood is up to fever-heat,
They're cutting down each other ;
Buchanan here, and Douglas there,
Are belching forth their thunder,

While cunning rogues are sly at work,
In pocketing the plunder.

Chorus.—Buchanan is the man,
Buchanan is the man,
But November's sun
Shall complete their fun—
Buchanan is the man.

Our ship is badly out of trim,
'Tis time to caulk and grave her;
She's foul with stench of human gore,
They've turned her to a slaver;
She's cruised about from coast to coast,
The flying bondman hunting,
Until she's strained from stem to stern,
And lost her sails and bunting.

Chorus.—Old Abram is the man,
Old Abram is the man,
And he'll trim her sails
As he split the rails—
Old Abram is the man.

We'll give her what repairs she needs—
A thorough overhauling;
Her sordid crew shall be dismissed
To seek some honest calling;

Brave Lincoln soon shall take the helm,
 On truth and right relying,
 In calm or storm, in peace or war,
 He'll keep her colors flying.

Chorus.—Old Abram is the man,
 Old Abram is the man,
 With a sturdy mate
 From the Pine Tree State—
 Old Abram is the man.

HAS FATHER BEEN HERE?

[By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street, who
 publish the Song in sheet music.]

PLEASE, Mister Barkeeper, has father been here?

He's not been at home for the day;
 'Tis now almost midnight, and mother's in fear
 Some accident keeps him away.
 No, no, little stranger, or yes, he's been here
 Some officers took him away;
 He's gone to the lock-up: I'm sorry, my dear,
 He's done something wicked, they say.

CHORUS.

Oh! 'twas not my father who did the bad deed,
 'Twas drinking that maddened his brain;
 Oh! let him go home to dear mother, I plead;
 I'm sure he'll not touch it again.

Please, Mister Policeman, my father is lost,
A man says you took him away ;
Oh ! can't he go home, sir, and what will it cost,
If mother will send you the pay ?
Oh ! no, little pleader, your father can't go,
We put him in prison to-day ;
Go home to your mother, and quick let her know
What's keeping your father away. [*Chorus.*

Please sir, Mister Jailer, please let me go in,
They say that my father's inside ;
I scarcely can tell how unhappy we've been ;
We could not feel worse had he died.
Please, sir, it was drinking that made him do wrong,
I'm sure, sir, he will drink no more.
Oh ! just a few minutes, a minute's not long ;
But no one would open the door. [*Chorus.*

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door,
In vain with his father to speak ;
It creaked its great hinges twice ten times or more,
As prison-doors only can creak ;
Then speeding thro' darkness to home sad as death
A promise most solemn he bore ;
Dear mother, I'll shun it as long as I've breath,
I'll taste it and touch it no more. [*Chorus.*

THERES A LITTLE MOUND.

[By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street, who publish the Song in sheet music.]

THERE's a fresh little mound near the willow,
Where at evening I wander and weep ;
There's a dear vacant spot on my pillow,
Where a sweet little face used to sleep.
There were pretty blue eyes, but they slumber
In silence, beneath the dark mould,
And the little pet lamb of our number
Has gone to the heavenly fold.

Do I dream when in sleep I behold her,
With a beauty so fresh and divine ;
When so close to my heart I infold her,
And feel her soft lips upon mine ?
When so loving those gentle eyes glisten,
That my vision is lost in my tears,
And bewilder'd, enraptured I listen
To a voice from the spirit's bright spheres.

There's a silence in parlor and chamber,
There's a sadness in every room ;
Oh ! I know 'twas the Father that claim'd her,
Yet ev'rything's burden'd with gloom ;

But I'll not be a comfortless mourner,
Nor longer brood over my pain ;
For I know where the angels have borne her,
And soon I shall see her again.

HEAVEN OUR HOME.

[By permission of GEO. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street,
Boston, who publish it in sheet music.]

AUTUMN's pale leaves, withered and dying,
Bloom of the lily, that lasts but a day ;
Mists of the morn, on the breeze flying,
Tell us how swiftly we're passing away ;
Beautiful things, born but to perish,
Go as the snow-flake is lost in the foam,
Passing away, all that we cherish,
All things are telling that earth's not our home.
Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !
Grasping at phantoms not long shall we roam ;
Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !
Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home.

Beautiful earth, dearly we love it,
Though in its bosom we shortly must lie ;
Teeming with forms angels might covet,
Yet with the grasping they wither and die ;

Beautiful earth ! thou canst not hold us !

Faith, that looks upward to Heaven's high dome,
See outstretched arms, soon to infold us ;

How can we murmur that earth's not our home ?

Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !

Grasping at phantoms not long shall we roam ;

Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !

Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home.

List the faint tones, nearer and nearer !

Earth has no voices with music like this ;

Thrillingly sweet, clearer and clearer,

Angels are hymning their chorus of bliss !

Rapturous sight, over the river !

Frosts cannot wither, nor age bring decay ;

Beautiful things bloom on forever ;

Nothing in Heaven is passing away !

Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !

Grasping at phantoms not long shall we roam ;

Heaven our home ! Heaven our home !

Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

[By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street, who publish the Song in sheet music.]

THERE's a pretty little cottage on the lawn by the sea,
Down by the sea, down by the sea ;
There's a bright-eyed little beauty, who is watching
 for me,
Down by the sea, down by the sea ;
Homeward we're speeding, dangers unheeding,
Proudly our vessel careers through the brine,
Lov'd ones shall meet us, pure lips shall greet us,
Eyes that are brimming, eyes that are brimming,
Eyes that are brimming shall thrill us like wine.

CHORUS.

O, that pretty little cottage on the lawn by the sea,
Down by the sea, down by the sea,
O, that bright-eyed little beauty who is watching
 for me,
Down by the sea, down by the sea.

There's the neatest little garden near the cot by the
 sea,
Down by the sea, down by the sea,
Where the choicest flowers blooming, keep their
 fragrance for me,
Down by the sea, down by the sea ;

Vines of her trailing, creep up the railing,
Honey-bees cluster to sip of her flow'rs,
Sewing and humming, words of my coming,
Hoping and patient, hoping and patient,
Hoping and patient, yet counting the hours.

[*Chorus.*

There's a shady little look-out on the knoll by the sea,
Down by the sea, down by the sea ;
Ev'ry ev'ning thro' the twilight, there she watches
for me,

Down by the sea, down by the sea ;
O, could I follow, swift as the swallow,
Paths that my fancy makes over the main,
Ere the first sunbeams brighten the hill-streams,
True as we parted, true as we parted,
True as we parted, I'd clasp her again.

[*Chorus.*

THE UNION FOREVER.

OUR country, blest land, the favored of nations,
Baptized in the blood of the brave and the free ;
To Him whose right hand sustains thy foundations,
Our prayers shall ascend, O, our country, for thee !
O ! land of the free, how dearly we love it ;
By Treason's vile foot it shall never be trod ;
To die for our flag, the honor we'll covet,
Our lives for our country, our souls to our God.

CHORUS.

The Union, the Union, the Union forever !
The bond of our fathers no treason shall sever ;
The star-spangled banner shall ever wave o'er us,
From fortress and steeple, re-echo the chorus, —
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the Union forever !

Thy sunshine has warmed, thy strong arm protected,
When dangers surround we will spring at the foe ;
Exultant our shout that we are elected
To strike for our flag, though we fall with the
blow ;
That flag as revered as the mothers who bore us,
No star shall e'er fade from its heaven-dyed blue ;
The hand that would clutch shall wither before us,
And woe to the madmen who dare strike anew !
[Chorus.]

Bear witness, our sires, beneath the turf sleeping,
Forever your flag shall wave spotless, untorn ;
Your long-rusted swords from scabbards are leaping,
To follow and smite where our banner is borne ;
While Bunker's spire guards its patriot ashes,
While Lexington's grandsons have arms to be
nerved,
While foam from the sea o'er Plymouth Rock dashes,
The Union, it must be, it shall be preserved.

[*Chorus.*

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL, AND ROOM TO SPARE.

WE hear them there, we hear them there ;
They shout amid their praise and prayer,
"There's room for all, and room to spare !"
And music of delicious notes,
Outgushing from seraphic throats,
Across the dreaded Jordan floats ;
We hear them there, we hear them there.

We see them there, we see them there ;
And though their hosts more countless are
Than ocean-drops, there's room to spare !

With blooming cheeks and brows so fair,
With fadeless flowers in golden hair,
And beckoning us their bliss to share,
We see them there, we see them there.

We'll meet them there, we'll meet them there ;
And back to earth the tidings bear,
"There's room for all, and room to spare !"
We'll sing with them heaven's sweetest strains,
And roam with them the flowery plains,
And tell who cleansed us from our stains ;
We'll meet them there, we'll meet them there.

We'll know them there, we'll know them there ;
Within our Father's mansion, where
There's room for all, and room to spare.
Long-parted friends again embrace,
Divinest joy illumines each face,
The theme of all, Redeeming Grace ;
We'll know them there, we'll know them there.

SWEET CHILD OF THE GLEN.

OVER the meadow she skips like a fairy,
Bright as the daisies that spring in her way ;
Heart full of sunshine, my silver-voiced Mary
Carols her song, like a bird thro' the day ;
My sweet little Mary, with voice so entrancing,
I list and live over my boyhood again ;
My gray locks forgetting, my heart goes to dancing,
So thrilling thy music, sweet child of the glen.

Once, in my childhood, I had a dear Mary,
Guileless and sweet as a rose just abloom ;
Gushing with song like the blithest canary,
Fair as the fairest e'er laid in the tomb :
How often it seemeth some angel's been bringing
The pet of my youth to this cold world again,
That over the meadow she's skipping and singing !
But no, 'tis another, the child of the glen.

Gray locks are whitening, and time's busy fingers,
Writing life's ledger, have reached the last page ;
Yet in my childhood my memory lingers,
Almost forgetting the furrows of age :
With limbs never weary, o'er hill-tops I'm rambling,
I'm climbing to peep at the nest of the wren ;
I'm chasing pet lambs while I mimic their gamb'ling :
But hushed is her song ! I'm an old man again.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

[By permission of GEO. D. RUSSELL & Co., 126 Tremont Street,
Boston, who publish it in sheet music.]

'Tis Sabbath morn, and tolls the bell
Its invitations free ;
But why come they to my lone cell ?
They cannot be for me ;
These iron bars, these walls of stone,
To move them who shall dare ?
So I must sing my hymn alone,
Alone must breathe my prayer.

The moving throngs now heed the chimes,
And seek the house of prayer ;
Oh ! what care they for me whose crimes
Have plunged me in despair ?
No one looks in with pitying eye,
No friendly face I see,
And heedlessly all pass me by,
There's no one cares for me.

See, yonder goes a happy boy !
His mother by his side !
Her step is light, her eye beams joy,
Her bosom swells with pride ;

Oh, could I see my own sweet child !
And take him on my knee,
And hear once more his prattle wild,
I'd fancy I were free !

I know my Mary loves me yet ;
Perhaps she'll come to-day ;
A heart like hers can ne'er forget,
Though e'er so far away.
She'll bring a kiss for my pale cheeks,
And words my heart to cheer,
Such words as none but Mary speaks,
And angels love to hear.

My child will bring the choicest flowers
To deck his father's cell,
And how to spend the gloomy hours
The little prattler 'll tell.
But hush ! 'tis all an idle dream,
They'll not be here to-day ;
Though near my cell they ever seem,
They're very far away.

I FEEL I'M GROWING OLD, LIZZIE.

[By permission of Root & Cady, who own Copyright. This and all the preceding songs, by E. W. Locke, may be obtained of the Publishers of this book.]

I FEEL I'm growing old, Lizzie,
My noon of life is past ;
The bloom has left my cheek, Lizzie,
My hair is whitening fast ;
But my heart beats quick and warm, Lizzie,
As when we both were young,
And words of truest love, Lizzie,
Are ever on my tongue !

What though the brow be scarred, Lizzie,
And bent by age the form ;
What though the eye be dim, Lizzie,
The heart may yet be warm ;
True love fades not with youth, Lizzie,
But deepens to life's even ;
'Tis here an opening bud, Lizzie,
And only blooms in heaven !

Our life is on the wane, Lizzie,
And briefer grow the hours ;
Though thorns be in our way, Lizzie,
We'll only pluck the flowers ;
We'll love as young hearts love, Lizzie,
And bravely meet each storm ;
And die as we have lived, Lizzie,
With hearts as true, as warm !

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